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THE WAR IN CAFFRARIA

IN 1650, the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, at the south-west extremity of Africa, was founded by the Dutch government, who located there 100 men, and as many women, selected from the House of Industry at Amsterdam. Cape Town, in Table Bay, was built upon land purchased for a few glittering trifles from the aboriginal Hottentots; large adjacent tracts of territory were subsequently acquired in a like manner, and the nucleus of a flourishing settlement was definitively constituted. The revocation

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of the Edict of Nantes greatly helped its prosperity, by inducing a large number of intelligent and industrious individuals to emigrate, and permanently establish themselves in the new African colony, where, amongst other agricultural novelties and improvements, they introduced successfully, in accordance with an apparently inevitable law of progression, the cultivation of the vine. The ordinary result of the collision of the white with the coloured race speedily followed: the Hottentot was driven inland, or reduced to bondage; and the limits of the settlement were gradually extended—in this instance, northward and eastward only—the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans clipping in the colony on the west and south. On the north frontier, but slight difficulty was experienced; and the Orange or Gariep River, which, after traversing two-thirds of this part of Africa, debouches in the South Atlantic at about 27 degrees of south latitude, became the admitted boundary in that quarter, after a trifling opposition from the scattered Bosjesmans, Koranses, and other Hottentot tribes, who withdrew to the companionship of their congeners beyond it. The extension of the eastern frontier was not so easily effected. Long before the establishment of the Dutch colony, other races of invaders had begun to move in search of fresh and abundant pastures for their numerous herds from the north-east shores of Africa in a south-westerly course, leading directly towards the new European settlement. These nomadic tribes were, mainly, of two nations—the Caffres and the Zoolahs. By far the more numerous of these, and the earlier on their march, from at least as far northward as the Zambega River, were the Caffres—a people differing essentially from the Hottentot and negro races. Some writers affirm them to be of Arab origin; and one ingenious theory suggests, they may be the lineal descendants of the Arabs who refused to conform to the Mohammedan dispensation; who, by skirting round the southern shore of the Isthmus of Suez, and progressing gradually southward, had at length, after a march of some twelve centuries' duration, reached their present very troublesome grazing-grounds. The word Caffre is certainly Arabic, signifying infidel: then the Caffre nose is arched; his hair, though curly, is not so woolly as that of the Hottentot and negro; his colour is not nearly so black as the latter race; and the ladies of Caffraria are undeniably the comeliest of the dark female denizens of Africa. The habits and instincts of the Caffres, moreover, resemble those of the Bedouin Arab in several respects: they build their huts in the shape of tents; are fierce and wily guerilla soldiers, and withal dexterous and unscrupulous cattle-stealers—'a nation of irreclaimable thieves,' in fact, to borrow an exultant expression, used not long since by their celebrated chieftain Sandilli—for theft, on the one indispensable condition of success, is held in as honourable estimation amongst Caffres as it is said to have been in classical and heroic Sparta. The conquering march of this, possibly, semi-Arab people—the more modern portion of it at all

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events—has been a murderous and desolating one, the feeble populations that lay in their route towards the South Atlantic having been exterminated, absorbed, or reduced to slavery. As they neared the goal, the Great Kei, the Buffalo, the Keiskamma, the Great Fish Rivers, were successively passed, and the countries watered by them and their numerous tributaries and offshoots, thinly occupied by themselves and their countless herds of cattle. The Great Fish River, which, like the others, reaches the ocean on the south coast of Africa, proved to be the limit of their conquests; for on advancing beyond it, they encountered (1702) the white man, who had already pushed his eastern frontier to the Sunday River, which falls into Algoa Bay, and were driven back over the Great Fish River, which, till a few years since, continued to be the boundary, eastward, of the Cape Colony. The Zoolahs —a name derived from one of their early kings—moved westward from about one or two degrees north of the Tropic of Capricorn, on the east coast of Africa, nearly opposite Madagascar; their terrible incursion concluding in the country about Natal. They could muster 80,000 warriors, and were led by one of the most sanguinary and remorseless ruffians—Chaka by name—that even the annals of African regality reveal for the abhorrence of mankind. One rather numerous nation, located in this wretch's line of march, fled with their flocks and herds to the protection of the Caffres settled eastward of the Kei. Their prayer was granted upon the simple condition—that they forthwith became the slaves of their protectors! These are the people called Fingoes—the Caffre name for slaves—whom we so frequently read of in reports from the Cape.

Such were the neighbours and actual or proximate adversaries of the Dutch settlers when, in 1795, Holland being then little better than a French province, Cape Town, after a slight resistance by the burgher militia and Hottentots, was captured by a British force. The colony remained in the possession of Great Britain till the peace of Amiens, when it was restored to its old masters. On the revival of the war with France, and her unwilling satellite Holland, an expedition landed at the Cape (1806) under Sir David Baird, drove the Dutch troops into the interior, and after some sharp fighting there, compelled the governor to cede the entire colony to Great Britain, under whose sovereignty it has since remained. By this conquest, England acquired a corner of South Africa, partially peopled by about 30,000 hostile Dutch settlers, and about the same number of Hottentots and purchased negroes—the serfs and slaves of those settlers—and the privilege of defending the eastern frontier against the Caffre and Zoolah races, the quarrel with whom had been already well initiated by the Dutch boers' (farmers) forcible expulsion of the Caffres from the territory west of the Great Fish River. When the annexation took place, the principal tribes of Caffraria were classed and divided as follows:—The most advanced who had encountered the Dutch

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at the Sunday River, were the Amakosas, and these again mainly formed two divisions: the Gaika tribes—so called by the English after the name of their principal chief, the father of Sandilli—and the T'Slambie tribes, so designated for a like reason. The Gaikas chiefly inhabited the Amatola Mountains, and the country about the Kat, the northern branch of the Great Fish River, and the fastnesses of the Upper Keiskamma; the T'Slambie tribes dwelt nearer the sea, some of them, of whom Pato is now chief, beyond the Buffalo. North-eastward of them all were the Tambookies—governed by the celebrated chief Hintza, and since by his son Kreili—whose territory was bounded westward by the Great Kei. According to a dispatch of Sir Harry Smith's, dated 2d February 1852, the trans-Keian chieftains exercise a paramount authority—influence would, we fancy, be a more appropriate word—over all cis-Keian chiefs, Sandilli himself, the lord of the Gaikas, not excepted. There are other minor divisions, and many subordinate chieftains, whose names have acquired notoriety in Caffrarian war—Makanna, Stock, Umkala, Macomo, Tyali, Seyolo, and others. T'Slambie's widow, Nonnube, who possesses considerable influence with her tribe, is the grand-daughter of Miss Campbell, one of the three unfortunate daughters of General Campbell, who were wrecked in the *Grosvenor*, East Indiaman, on the east coast of Africa, during the last century, and compelled, all three of them, to become the wives of Caffres. The country in which these people dwell, is for the most part admirably adapted for a harassing guerilla warfare. The Amatola Mountains, one of its chief fastnesses, which stretch eastward from the frontier of the colony, in a directly parallel direction with the coast, are intersected with deep, narrow, gloomy *kloofs*, or ravines; the steep hills are capped with huge masses of sandstone, resembling and answering the purpose of vast battlements; and both mountains and ravines are covered with the peculiar bush of Africa, more difficult to destroy or penetrate than the densest thickets of the tropics. The vegetation is so succulent, that fire, even in the hottest season, has no effect upon it; and, except by paths made by wild beasts, it is impassable by Europeans, albeit Caffres and Hottentots creep through with snake-like ease and agility. The banks of the rivers—of the Great Fish River especially—are covered with this impenetrable, incombustible bush, to which the Caffre invariably betakes himself when hard pressed, and thence, unseen or unapproachable, shoots down his pursuer. The weapons of the Caffres were formerly a bow and arrows; *assagais*, or iron-headed spears, about four feet long, which they hurled at an adversary with considerable force and dexterity; and a *keerie*, or knobbed club: now, they are plentifully supplied with firearms and other munitions of war of the best British manufacture. As a more than usually ludicrous instance of the fancies sometimes indulged in by enthusiastic travellers, Le Vaillant's estimate of Caffre and Hottentot character may be worth quotation. 'The Caffre,' writes Le

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Vaillant, 'always seeks his enemy face to face; he cannot launch his assagai, except when he is himself openly in view. The Hottentot, on the contrary, hidden beneath a rock, or behind a bush, sends death without exposing himself to receive it. The one is the perfidious tiger, who leaps treacherously upon his prey; the other is the generous lion, who announces, shews himself, attacks, and pays the penalty if not successful.' By this it will be seen, that painting Caffres in fancy and inviting colours, is not so modern an art as might have been supposed, although it may be that later limners have displayed more imagination and ingenuity than M. le Vaillant.

Thus much for the physical and moral aspect of South Africa, at the time of Sir David Baird's onerous acquisition; yet spite of the manifest difficulty and hazard of the position rashly assumed by the British authorities, there can be no doubt that if the system of tactics adopted by the Dutch colonists had been persisted in, we should have heard very little of Caffre wars, how frequently soever Caffre massacres might and would have taken place. The Caffres never made the slightest head against the boers, whose mode of dealing with them was a very simple and effective one. The frontier war was carried on by *commandos;* that is, when cattle were stolen, a sufficient number of the nearest boers mounted their horses, and, armed with their long guns, made a foray, under the direction of a leader of resolution and experience, into the nearest and most accessible part of the enemy's territory, shot all the Caffres they encountered, as they would so many four-footed animals of prey, and captured as many head of cattle—no matter to whom belonging—as would replace the number stolen, and a goodly quantity besides, quite sufficient to defray the trouble and risk of enforcing compensation. Whatever may be thought of the justice or humanity of this commando system, there can be no question that it was thoroughly effective and successful, and that a mortal dread of the whites was taking possession of the Caffre mind, till the gradual but thorough change of policy and tactics adopted by the British government revived their courage, and stimulated their audacity. Immediately on the attention of the House of Commons being called to the subject, it was determined that a system of levying private war at anybody's caprice or discretion, and remorselessly slaying such of the Caffre race as happened to be nearest at hand, whether innocent or guilty of the alleged offence, should not be permitted, however effective for its purpose it might be. 'The colonists,' said Lord John Russell in the debate in the House of Commons, 6th April 1852—'the colonists were not permitted to defend themselves by committing injustice against the savage tribes, and destroying them when they were innocent. . . . . Questions were asked with regard to the treatment of the savages, and the House declared that, while on the one hand they would not allow the colonists to be murdered, so, on the other, they

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would not allow injustice to be done to the aborigines; and that, at the same time, they would take care that the savages did not go to war with and murder one another.' No one can deny the humanity, the almost romantic generosity, of this resolution of the Commons; but it certainly appears extraordinary, that the inauguration of the new policy, which aimed at keeping the peace with a high hand, not only between the Dutch colonists and numerous tribes of warlike savages (who, by the way, are no more the aborigines of South Africa than the boers or English are), but amongst the savages themselves, should not have been accompanied by such an augmentation of the British force in the colony as would render it equal to the lofty mission imposed upon it. The very reverse course was, in fact, pursued; and, *pari passu* with the restriction of the commando system, and its formal abolition in 1833, the English regiments were withdrawn from the Cape; so that when the first serious Caffre war broke out in 1834, Sir B. d'Urban had only 400 infantry and 200 mounted Hottentots to defend a frontier 100 miles in length; and the colony was rescued from the most imminent peril by the mere chance touching at the Cape of the 72d Regiment, on its way to India!

Nothing, however, occurred for some years to excite any very serious alarm for the safety of the colony under the new régime; and early in 1820, an eastern settlement, hundreds of miles from Cape Town, though westward of the admitted Fish River boundary —between that and Bushman's River, in fact—was founded with the help of a government grant of L.50,000; several thousand Scotch and English settlers were located in the Albany District, as it was named; the town of Bathurst, in Lower Albany, was founded; and Port Elizabeth, on the adjacent coast, was commenced. Previous to this, in 1817, Colonel Graham had founded Graham's Town, about twenty-five miles inland, and in the same vicinity. Two years subsequently—that is, in 1819, and but a few months prior to the planting of this new Albany settlement—a Caffre outbreak had devastated this very locality, and narrowly missed effecting the destruction of Graham's Town. This inroad, which it was thought the peopling of the Albany District with a large body of British settlers would prevent a repetition of, owed its origin to the following circumstances:—In 1817, Lord Charles Somerset, then governor at the Cape, had made a treaty with Gaika, negotiating with him alone—from inadvertence, probably—to the great mortification of other cis-Keian chiefs, who, although they acknowledged a superiority in Gaika, were not content to be so unceremoniously overlooked, or to be bound by Gaika's engagements. Ill-blood fermented in consequence between the Caffre tribes; and T'Slambie, Gaika's uncle, aided by Makanna, attacked Gaika, and defeated him at the Debe Flats, on the Upper Keiskamma. The British governor thought it necessary to interpose on behalf of his ally; and Colonel Brereton enforced the restitution of 23,000 head of cattle —the aim and end of almost all Caffre contests—of which he had

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been forcibly despoiled. Of course, this high-handed interference of Lord Charles Somerset greatly exasperated Makanna and his confederates; and their smouldering rage kindled into flame at the sight of Graham's Town, a new and menacing settlement, erected at the very threshold, as it were, of Caffreland. A superstition, originating with the wizards, who possess unbounded authority and influence over the Caffres, had long been prevalent amongst them: 'That when the Children of the Foam [the English] should make the resting-place of their sea-wagons at the mouth of the Buffalo, Caffreland would die;' and to Makanna's distempered mind, this planting of Graham's Town seemed to foreshadow visibly the dreaded consummation. By the aid of one or two friendly wizards, he got up a counter prophecy, investing himself with the divine mission of driving the Children of the Foam into their native element. He set about it resolutely too; burst at the head of 5000 or 6000 Caffres into the colony; and after murdering, plundering, and firing everybody and everything that came in his way in the open country, as far as Algoa Bay, attacked Graham's Town in great force. The Dutch sobriquet for Makanna was 'The Lynx,' and Lynx Kop Station was the spot from which the furious Caffre chief directed the assault upon the town. It was saved by the unflinching hardihood of the military, under the command of Colonel Willshire, and of the armed citizens, by whom he was zealously supported. Upwards of 500 Caffres were slain in this desperate attack; and Makanna himself was soon afterwards captured, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to conclude his divine mission at the penal settlement of Robben Island, in Table Bay—a judgment which is to this day strongly inveighed against by certain writers, as setting at nought the indefeasible regal right of an independent Caffre chieftain to declare and levy war upon whomsoever and whensoever he pleases, without incurring any other penalty in the event of failure, than being compelled to subscribe a more or less disadvantageous treaty of peace.

The vigorous repression of this outbreak was followed by comparative peace for about fifteen years; during which period of treacherous calm, however, the seeds of future troubles were sown broadcast upon a genial and tenacious soil. About 1830, Gaika exhibited unmistakable symptoms of premature and rapid decay. The fire-water of the whites was swiftly drying up his springs of life; and it was evident that, before long, the lord-paramountship of the Gaika tribes would devolve upon Sandilli, his son by his chief wife Sutu, and consequently, according to Caffrarian usage, his true heir, although he had two other sons much older—Macomo and Tyali—by other but inferior wives. Sandilli at this time (1830) was only in his twelfth year, and, moreover, a weak, deformed lad, his right foot and ankle being completely withered. Macomo and Tyali had been residing by the Kat River with one of the chief Gaika tribes, on land forming part of the ceded or neutral territory, where it had been agreed that neither Caffre

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nor colonist should be located. Macomo and his brother remained there, upon sufferance, till 1829, when they were ordered to remove eastward, to make room for a colony of Hottentots, whom, for reasons to be presently stated, the British government had determined to settle there. The Gaika brothers sullenly removed to the neighbourhood of the Chummie, a tributary of the Keiskamma; but the old complaints of cattle-stealing continuing, they were directed, in 1833, to retire beyond the Chummie. They did so with rage and hate festering at their hearts; and the death of Gaika the following year, placed at Macomo's disposal the means of giving vengeful scope to his roused passions. By the death of his father, Sandilli became as of course the lord-paramount, the 'Inkoso Eukuli' of the cis-Keian Caffres; but wanting yet several years of his majority, his half-brothers, Macomo and Tyali, became the *de facto* chiefs of the Gaika tribes, the principal authority resting with Macomo, the elder of the two. From this time, an aggressive movement against the colonists was quietly determined upon; and very soon increased audacity in cattle-stealing, the deliberate murder of Purcell, a peaceful trader, when the conspiracy had extended to the trans-Keian tribes under Hintza and his relative Boctoo, plainly intimated that the meditated blow would not be long withheld.

The hostile demonstrations of the Caffres would have been without importance in a military point of view, but for certain measures of the British government, which, prompted as they unquestionably were by considerations of both humanity and justice, had, nevertheless, the effect of materially weakening the defence of the colony at the crisis of its greatest peril.

The first of these measures, conceived in the spirit which Lord John Russell truly said had always animated the councils of Great Britain when legislating for the Cape Colony, was the emancipation of the Hottentots from the degrading serfdom to which they had been reduced by their Dutch masters. By the 50th Ordinance of the Amended Charter of Justice, issued by Governor Sir Richard Bourke, with the sanction of Mr Huskisson, the Hottentot was made equal before the law with the white man, to the infinite amazement and disgust of the boers, whose rooted conviction, it seems to have been, that if one of the dark-skinned race refused to work for the benefit of his pale-faced superior, the only and proper remedy was to flog him till he did; and that failing, knock him on the head as so much worthless carrion. There is little doubt, moreover, that the indolent, vagabond, pilfering habits and propensities of the aboriginals of South Africa, occasioned the Cape farmers much loss and annoyance. Then a black chattel, as he used to be deemed, would perhaps be so impertinent as to summon his master or mistress before a magistrate, to answer for some real or supposed offence against his person, dignity, or rights—an intolerable grievance to a white African farmer, as a Dutch agricultural colonist usually styles himself, and awakening in his mind

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the first glimmerings of a desire to *trēk* away from the colony he had helped to plant, to the far wilderness, swarming though it might be with savages: he would know how to deal with *them* when once beyond British supremacy and control! No immediate result followed these bitter musings; and the plan devised by the British authorities for raising the down-trodden Hottentot in the scale of humanity, was pursued with vigour and apparent success. Macomo and his Caffres, as we have previously stated, were ordered away from the Kat River, and a numerous settlement of free Hottentots was planted in the vacated territory. A considerable number of the same race were enrolled, disciplined, and armed under the designation of Cape Mounted Rifles; and being officered by Englishmen, would, it was thought, do good service against the Caffres, especially in bush-fighting, should those restless savages again disturb the peace of the colony—an expectation which, for a time at least, was amply fulfilled.

The work of innovation went bravely on. Commandos were at length formally prohibited under severe penalties—a regulation hastened probably by the death of Seko, one of Gaika's relatives, who had been slain in one of those reckless forays of reprisal. It is quite possible, however, that these comparatively minor causes of discontent might have been borne with by the Dutch farmer, had it not been for the monster grievance of the Slave Emancipation Act. The cup of bitterness now ran over, and all moral bonds between him and the English government were at once dissolved, and for ever. He was no longer permitted to do as he pleased with his own purchased negroes—with slaves bought and paid for with his own honest moneys! These were to become apprentices, forsooth, hedged about with law, and in a few years to be their own masters—positively to possess the use of their own limbs! This was past all bearing; and to render matters worse, a portion only of the miserable solatium awarded to the lawful proprietors for the loss of the indispensable services of their slaves reached the said proprietors' pockets—chiefly, it would appear, on account of the drafts being made payable in London, instead of at Cape Town; a chance cleverly speculated upon by some English capitalists, who, foreseeing the probable difficulty, despatched an agent to the Cape, and he, taking advantage of the financial ignorance of the boers, bought up their claims, in many instances, it is said, at less than half their value! The enraged farmers hesitated no longer; they would pack up their household stuff, and trēk away to the north-east frontier, beyond the Orange River—to the fertile country about Natal—no matter where, or through what difficulty and danger—their rifles would make a road, and enable them, too, to keep their own against all comers, save, perhaps, the English, who would scarcely, however, be induced by their new-fangled notions of black equality, to follow them into the distant wilderness. This was a natural, although it proved to be a mistaken calculation; and preparations for the Dutch exodus were carried on with

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eagerness and vigour. But before any effective arrangement or combination could be agreed upon, the Caffre war of 1834-5 burst upon the unprepared colony, swept the eastern frontier, from the Winterberg to the sea, devastating all before it, and surging onwards considerably further westward than Graham's Town and Bathurst. Every dwelling, every farmstead in the route of the yelling savages, was given to the flames; and such of the inhabitants as failed to escape, either to Graham's Town or one of the eastern forts, were ruthlessly murdered. Purcell, the trader before spoken of, had been assassinated at Hintza's own *kraal* (village) across the Kei; and that unavenged crime was now, at the close of December in the same year that it befell, followed by scores of similar deeds; whilst the material losses suffered from this unprovoked attack were afterwards officially ascertained to have been 5438 horses, 111,418 cattle, 156,878 sheep, and 455 houses; reducing 7000 colonists to absolute destitution.

To meet this invasion, Colonel Somerset, the commandant on the frontier, had of disposable troops 400 infantry and 200 mounted Hottentots! These were quickly concentrated in defence of Graham's Town, already crowded with panic-stricken fugitives, not from the open country only, but also from Bathurst, which, enclosed by an immense thicket on the banks of the Kowsie, could not be defended. Dispatch after dispatch was hurried off to the governor, Sir B. d'Urban, at Cape Town; though whether he would be able, with the mere handful of troops he had there, to render effective aid, was a matter of grave doubt and concernment with those who knew how affairs really stood. The terrified fugitives in Graham's Town—a by no means secure place of refuge—beheld, as they looked forth upon the night, the entire horizon lit redly up with the flames of their blazing homesteads—a circle of devouring fire, in which were being consumed the fruits of fifteen years of peaceful industry! St George's Church, on the first Sunday that occurred during these miserable and anxious days, was crowded all day long with an agitated multitude eager to take part in the services; and the one celebrated late at night, has been described as a peculiarly affecting and impressive one; the galleries being filled with weeping women and children, who had just with difficulty escaped from their ruined homes. The chapter read on this occasion, Isaiah 37th, was singularly appropriate; and never, perhaps, has the prophet's sublime supplications to the Lord God of Hosts for help against the heathen, excited profounder echoes than arose from the troubled hearts of the pale worshippers assembled in that rude temple of a naked city, founded but the other day in the very midst of a wilderness swarming with African savages.

Help was not far off, and the bold countenance maintained by Colonel Somerset gave time for its arrival. The answer from Sir B. d'Urban was brought by Colonel, now General Sir Harry Smith, who, with four companies of infantry and a troop of

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cavalry, had performed the journey from Cape Town in six almost unresting days and nights. He brought great news. The 72d Regiment, on its way to India, had touched at the Cape in the very crisis of this peril, and was now on the way to Port Elizabeth, accompanied by Sir B. d'Urban himself. Great news, indeed! It was a special Providence, everybody said; and confidence, soon swelling into audacity, succeeded to the consternation felt during the previous fortnight. It was soon ascertained, too, that the boers, satisfied—by positive assurances from high quarters they afterwards declared—that the Caffres were to be effectually dealt with this time, after the old commando style, with an improvement thereon, were turning out in large numbers; and when the 72d Regiment, which, with Sir B. d'Urban, arrived at Port Elizabeth on the 11th of January 1835, actually marched into the town, there was an immediate cry for an impetuous, wide, sweeping, unsparing advance, which should not only drive the whole of the murdering Caffres over the Kei, once for all, but teach them such a lesson as would prevent them from recrossing it in a hurry again. So far as a prompt advance went, the wishes of the colonists were fulfilled, and a vigorous and dashing one it was. The Regulars, the Graham's Town Volunteers, the boers, the Hottentots, vied with each other in zeal and alacrity. The Fish River Bush was cleared in an incredibly short space of time, and the fierce, retributive march of the British force was only stayed on the eastern side of the Kei, and after the full submission of Hintza, who, with his son Kreili and relative Boctoo, came with a retinue of some 150 persons into the British camp, to arrange the conditions of peace. The conditions finally agreed to by Sir B. d'Urban, though much lighter, in a pecuniary sense, than the justice of the case required, went no doubt to the extent of Hintza's ability to comply with. They were: the condign punishment of the murderer of Purcell, and 300 head of cattle, as some compensation to his widow; 50,000 head of cattle, and 1000 horses, in part replacement of the losses sustained by the colonists; and, finally, the liberation of the nation of Fingoes, who were to be allowed to depart into the British territory, and to carry with them such domestic requirements and stock as would be necessary for their location in their new homes. This last condition was to Hintza and his trans-Keians a very bitter one, but Sir B. d'Urban was inexorable upon this point. The Fingoes had taken part with the British as soon as they heard of the advance, supplied useful information and other aid, and could not therefore be abandoned. So exasperated were the Caffres generally when they heard of this stipulation, that they began massacring a number of the unfortunate Fingoes in the vicinity of the British camp. Hintza, upon being remonstrated with upon his people's atrocious doings, exclaimed: 'What! may we not do as we please with our own dogs?' He, however, pretended to send orders to stop the massacre, which not being obeyed, Colonel Smith bluntly assured him,

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that if he were not instantly more successful with other messengers, he would hang him, his son Kreili, and Boctoo, up to the nearest tree, without delay or hesitation. This produced the desired effect; the butchery still going on was stopped; and, soon afterwards, the treaty upon the precited conditions was consented to on both sides.

We now turn over a brilliant page in the grimed and spotted annals of these wars—that which records the passing of the Kei, on the 7th of May 1835, of the liberated Fingoe nation, under the protection of the British forces. Their muster was 4000 men, 6600 women, and 11,700 children: they had with them 27,000 head of cattle, which were driven forward by the men; the women were loaded with baskets of corn, sleeping-mats, milking-buckets, and cooking-pots, and on their backs sometimes more than one child. This rescued people, as they marched on exultingly towards the British territory, broke into snatches of rejoicing and triumphant song, of a wild pleasing character, it is said, interspersed with continued exclamations to each other, as if the repetition was necessary to assure themselves of the almost incredible fact: *Siyaya-Ebul-Ung-Weni*—'We go to the place of the right [good?] people.' It is pleasant to be able to add, that these people have since approved themselves the faithful and efficient auxiliaries of the power by which they were liberated from the cruel thraldom of the Caffre.

This important matter achieved, difficulties arose with respect to the delivery of the cattle agreed for, although Sir B. d'Urban consented to be satisfied with half the number for the present; the other moiety to be delivered at a future period. Hintza pretended that the reason the cattle were not brought in was, that he himself was not present with his people to enforce his orders; and he at last proposed that Colonel Smith and 'a small party' should accompany him to the Caffre kraals; in which case, all difficulty would be at once removed. Colonel Smith communicated this proposition to Sir B. d'Urban, who at the time was at King William's Town, a new settlement on the Buffalo River, and he, after some hesitation, consented to it; but instead of 'a small party,' he sent orders that 500 men should accompany Colonel Smith, and the important hostages, Hintza, Kreili, and Boctoo. Hintza had been staying at Colonel Smith's quarters during the whole of the negotiations; and that officer, before setting out, plainly told him, that if he attempted to escape, he would shoot him without a moment's hesitation. With this distinct understanding, the party set out; and nothing of moment occurred till they arrived at a narrow cattle-track in the face of some hills rising from the east bank of the Xabecca stream, and presently opening into narrow kloofs, covered with the impenetrable bush of South Africa. Not far beyond these hills was a large Caffre kraal. Hintza, who was mounted on a strong horse, which, it was noticed, he had spared during the day, rode foremost, close by Colonel Smith.

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Suddenly, Hintza darted off at full speed, instantly followed by the colonel, shouting to him to stop, and threatening, if he did not, to shoot him through the head. Hintza for all reply half-turned in his saddle, and hurled an assagai at his pursuer, which missed its mark by a few inches only. Colonel Smith, still galloping at speed, then drew a pistol, aimed, and fired: it flashed in the pan; and having no better luck with another, he threw it at Hintza's head, which it struck pretty smartly. The Caffre huts were by this time in sight; and Colonel Smith, aware that not a moment must be lost, buried his spur-rowels in his horse's flanks, and the animal by springing madly forward enabled him to grapple Hintza by the collar of his *kaross* (cloak), and pull him to the ground. The colonel, so far successful, could not, however, check his horse, which carried him on to a considerable distance, thereby liberating Hintza, who immediately took to his heels, and endeavoured to gain the shelter of the bush. Close up by this time was Mr G. Southey, a mounted officer in command of the guides, who presently fired, and wounded the Caffre chief in the leg. Hintza uttered a cry of pain, but limped on, and succeeded in reaching, and for a time concealing himself in the bush. By and by, Mr Southey sighted him, fired again, and Hintza's head was almost literally blown off. Thus miserably perished this redoubtable trans-Keian chief, one of the prime instigators, and certainly the most powerful member of the confederacy engaged in this first serious Caffre war.

We need not dwell further upon the details of this thoroughly successful campaign—successful, that is, in a military sense. The uncompensated losses of the colonists had, however, been enormous; and Sir B. d'Urban resolved upon taking effective precautions against the recurrence of such calamities. The Kei was to be the new boundary; and Sir Benjamin proposed that it should be made a real, not a nominal one, by driving the Caffres over it, and the erection of a number of forts along the frontier-line. Above all, he was determined that so wily and unscrupulous an enemy should not be permitted to hold possession of the Amatola Mountains, from which they could, at any favourable moment, swoop upon the open, richly-cultivated district of Albany, and their murderous and marauding purposes accomplished, reshelter themselves in its fastnesses from the pursuit of any force less than an army.

The Caffrarian chiefs were profoundly dismayed, there is no doubt of that, by the proclaimed determination of the British general. The predicted time when Caffreland should die by the hands of the Children of the Foam had, they feared, arrived, when deliverance reached them from an unexpected quarter. Lord Glenelg, then colonial secretary, happily for them, dissented altogether from Sir B. d'Urban's estimate of the Caffre character, and the means of securing the peace of the colony. His lordship mildly rebuked Sir Benjamin for calling the Caffres 'wolves;'

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hinted, upon anonymous authority, at the general's extreme severity towards those worthy people; and peremptorily ordered that all the newly-acquired territory should be given up, and the British forces withdrawn within the old boundary of the Fish River, which, in its lower course, was to be the limit of the eastern frontier; only, as the Hottentot settlement on the Kat could not be given up, the northern part of the frontier-line was to be carried along the hills between that river and the Chummie. Fort Willshire, moreover, on the Keiskamma, which had cost England an enormous sum—L.50,000, it is said—was to be abandoned; and that nothing might be omitted likely to insure the success of a pacific policy, and to obviate any future cattle-collisions, agents were appointed at different stations, clothed with diplomatic functions of a certain sort, to whom the aggrieved person or persons must first make complaint, and not by any means dare to follow the *spoor* or tracks of his or their abstracted animals, till that functionary gave them leave to do so. To Lord Glenelg, also, is due the suggestion, afterwards carried out by Sir H. Pottinger, of a Caffre police to put down cattle-stealing, and secure the quiet of the frontier.

Sir B. d'Urban refused to incur the responsibility of attempting to govern the colony in accordance with this policy, and forthwith sent in his resignation. The treaty was, notwithstanding, concluded in 1836 by Andries Strockenstrom—a highly respectable colonist, of Dutch parentage, who had rendered good service during the war. For achieving this treaty, he was created lieutenant-governor of the eastern province, received the honour of knighthood, and presented with a pension of L.700 a year, payable by the people of Great Britain, which he still enjoys.

Notwithstanding the outcry instantly raised against this treaty by the colonists, no one for a moment doubted that Lord Glenelg's intentions in thus returning good for evil, were of the purest, most amiable kind; and it is unfortunate that his well-meant policy should, in its practical results, have proved just the reverse of what he had anticipated. The English colonists were, however, from the first amazed and indignant at the treaty; the boers were rendered more furious than ever; whilst the Caffre chiefs attributed the favour shewn them to some unsuspected weakness on the part of their adversaries—and quite naturally; for how should men who respect no authority but that of force, comprehend no reason but that of necessity, be able to appreciate rightly the benevolent motives governing the conduct of the English colonial secretary? The mode of action adopted by the three parties, in circumstances so entirely unexpected, was characteristic and instructive. The British colonists, having first burned Sir Andries Strockenstrom in effigy, commenced a vigorous agitation for representative government, as the only means of emancipating themselves from the control of the colonial office; the Dutch boers finished packing their wagons, determined to be off without

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further delay, and leave the colony to sink or swim as good or evil fortune might determine, though they had little doubt of what all this coaxing of Caffres and dandling of blacks would come to; and the Caffre, quietly resettling himself in the fastnesses from which he had been expelled, organised at his leisure the sanguinary outbreak of 1844.

Sir George Napier was prevailed upon to accept the command vacated by the resignation of Sir B. d'Urban. The chief incidents which marked his otherwise uneventful administration, was the emigration of the disaffected boers. Some of these people trēked off to the north-east, under the guidance of an Albany farmer of the name of Louis Treichard, and spread themselves (June 1836) along the banks of the Vaal, beyond the Orange River, in a fertile tract between the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh parallel of south latitude; spite of the resistance of Moseklate, a neighbouring Caffre chief, whom they soon taught reason, after their peculiar manner of giving such lessons. Others, under the guidance of Peter Retief, forced their way into the rich country about Natal, thereby coming into hostile contact with Dingaan, the successor of Chaka in the sovereignty of the Zoolahs. Only one serious battle took place between the Zoolahs and the emigrant boers. The Dutch farmers' line of battle was a peculiar one. They formed an enclosure with their wagons, firmly lashed together, placing the women and children in the centre, the horses next them, and the farmers themselves, with their long rifles, immediately within the line of wagons. Hundreds of Zoolahs—thousands, by some accounts—were slain in the attempt to force this formidable barricade; and when put to flight, the survivors were pursued by the remounted farmers for miles, and shot down without pity or remorse. These emigrants, finally settled at about fifty miles from Port Natal, immediately commenced building Pietermaritzburg; and under the inspection of one Andries Pretorius, proclaimed themselves an independent republic, under the protection of the king of Holland.

This absurd proceeding was taken no notice of by the colonial government till they attempted, in 1841, to make practical application of their independence by attacking the Griquas, a half-breed between Caffre and Hottentot. This the colonial office could not for a moment tolerate; and Captain Smith, of the 27th Regiment, was sent against them from Graham's Town, at the head of 250 men and five guns. After a march of 600 miles through a rugged country, intersected by a hundred streams, he arrived at Port Natal in the early part of May 1842; upon hearing which, President Pretorius ordered him to quit the territory of the republic of Pietermaritzburg without delay. This message the English officer replied to by an immediate attack upon the capital, in which his force got roughly handled; and after three hours' fighting, Captain Smith was compelled to retreat with the loss of two of his guns. A fierce skirmish two days afterwards resulted

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in the loss of another gun; and Captain Smith had no resource but to intrench himself in the best manner he could, and patiently await the succour which he despatched an active runner of the name of King, to Graham's Town, to tell his pressing need of. Captain Smith's defence of his hastily improvised encampment was a brave and successful one; for although more than half of his horses had been consumed for food, he still held his post on the 26th of June, when Lieutenant-colonel Cloete arrived at Port Natal, in the *Southampton* frigate. Some resistance, easily brushed aside, was offered to the landing of the troops from the frigate; but on Colonel Cloete preparing to attack Pietermaritzburg, the republic yielded without further contest, and was formally abolished by proclamation. Captain Smith remained in command of the posts about Natal with a force of 350 men.

Meanwhile, another Caffre conspiracy was hatching in the recesses of the Amatolas. Sandilli, whilst eagerly looking forward to the day when he should attain his majority (1841), and the unshared, unchallenged command of the Gaika tribes, had been feeding his natural vanity and presumption with wizard predictions, which, in direct opposition to earlier and equally respectable prophecy, announced that he was the victorious leader destined to resume the conquering march of his nation towards the southern seas, and sweep away the intrusive white man, that had so long barred its progress. Sandilli felt or affected implicit faith in these breath-bubbles; but his lips kept the secret of his heart, young as he was, and it was only from the less cautious tongue of Macomo that expressions were sometimes heard to fall which might have put the colonists on their guard. Macomo had several times been heard to say, that he would never build himself a dwelling till he could erect it on the territory from which he had been expelled to make room for the Hottentot settlement—in itself a great offence to Caffre ideas, quite as much as the affairs of the Fingoes; and the annihilation of both settlements, or the reduction of the individuals composing them to bondage, was a settled point with the Caffres—when they had once rid themselves of the whites. With all this, the mask of an affected resignation to the defeat of 1835 continued to be successfully worn by the conspirators, when, as occasionally happened, they came in contact with the colonial authorities. Sir G. Napier had a conference with the Gaika chiefs in 1839, at a missionary station on the Chummie, when Tyali, Sandilli's half-brother, spoke with a charming ingenuousness as follows:—'You are our father, we are your children; and if after this, anything goes wrong, do with Sandilli as you would with your own son. Be patient and long-suffering: give him your advice, and refer him to his father's laws. We cannot entirely put an end to the stealing, because we do not know of it. Perhaps, while we are speaking, the thieves are out and moving about. You are like a parent to us: be patient with us, as we are your children.'

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Such speeches as these, of which there was an abundance during the next few years, must have entirely disabused the Colonial Office of any suspicion previously entertained there of the good faith and loyal intentions of the Caffre tribes; for Sir P. Maitland, a distinguished soldier, but much too aged for active campaigning, was sent out, on the retirement of Sir G. Napier, to pass a few quiet years in the evening of his life as governor of the 'now thoroughly tranquillised Cape Colony.' The new governor was not long left in doubt as to the delusion under which his patrons at home were labouring with regard to Cape affairs; for almost simultaneously with his arrival out, overt preliminaries of the long-contemplated outbreak, by the stealthy assassination of a number of frontier Hottentot herdsmen, commenced. It was suggested by the intercessory or diplomatic agents we have spoken of, that the cattle-keepers, being armed, not only irritated the Caffres by a needless display of precautionary force, but supplied an almost irresistible inducement to slay them, in order to obtain possession of their arms; and whether it might not, therefore, be advisable, with a view to make things pleasant, that the herdsmen should follow their vocation in the peaceful guise that naturally beseemed it. This politic suggestion, quite seriously offered, did not avert the storm—perhaps it was made too late—no more than did the comforting declaration of Sandilli himself, who, at the head of 2000 warriors, well mounted upon stolen horses, and accoutred with arms manufactured at Birmingham, visited the lieutenant-governor, Colonel Hare, at Block Drift, now Fort Hare, and assured him that the colonists had nothing whatever to fear, 'upon the word of a Caffre!'

The value of the word of a Caffre was speedily and strikingly illustrated by the repetition, in the beginning of 1846, of the audacious attack made on the colony in Sir B. d'Urban's time, but now on a much better combined and more extensive scale. Sir P. Maitland very narrowly escaped being slain or captured at the very outset of the war; and the struggle in the Fish River Bush, in the Waterkloof, in the Amatolas, was a desperate, bloody, yet indecisive one. On the 17th April 1846, the baggage-wagons of the 7th Dragoon Guards and the 91st Regiment, fell into the hands of the Caffres at Burn's Hill; a misfortune which an immense fuss was made about, both in the colony and in England, although it could have no possible military result, and would not have occurred, if unflinching gallantry and devotion on the part of the troops could have prevented it. Fort Hare, defended by Major Lindsay, was attacked by Sandilli in person, fruitlessly of course; and many affairs of posts and detachments took place in contiguous localities, all more or less harassing, sanguinary, and indecisive. One only opportunity of striking an effective blow at the stealthy Caffre presented itself to the angry impatience of the soldiers. Major Somerset, with the Dragoon Guards, and some mounted Hottentots, had halted for a brief space near the Gwanga,

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when an officer, who had been riding alone at some distance from the troops, galloped up with the intelligence, that a large body of Caffres were only a short distance off, in an open flat, concealed from view by some rising-ground. The soldiers vaulted in a moment to their saddles; and before the Caffres, whom the sudden appearance of the mounted officer had greatly alarmed, could near the bush, towards which they instinctively hastened, the polished helmets of the dragoons crowned the intervening ridge — one fierce hurrah burst from their ranks, and the next minute they were charging through and through the panic-stricken savages, who were cut down by hundreds, and without mercy; for the recollection of Burn's Hill, and other bitter fights, where they could not reach, and seldom see their adversaries, nerved the arms and steeled the hearts of the soldiers. This affair had a favourable influence on the struggle; the Caffres found that even 'civilised' warfare, which they had been almost disposed to laugh at, had its terrible aspects; a manifest lowering of their tone was the almost immediate consequence; and several of the chiefs intimated a very decided opinion, 'that the land had been troubled long enough.' Peace, however, involving future impunity, was not quite to be had just yet, at least, for the asking: reinforcements from England were arriving. One of the great sea-wagons of the Children of the Foam, 'that spit forth red men,' had arrived on the eastern coast, and spit forth the Rifle Brigade of green men, a most valuable force in such a war; the aged veteran, Sir P. Maitland,* was relieved of the command by the end of February 1847; Sir Henry Pottinger, the new governor, and Sir G. Berkeley, the new commander-in-chief, had reached Cape Town, and a vigorous campaign would no question be initiated without delay. It so proved. The Amatolas were simultaneously attacked from the north, east, and west approaches, by Major Salter, Colonel Somerset, and Colonel Campbell. They encountered no effective resistance; and it was soon apparent that the contest was verging to a close. Macomo was the first considerable chief to give up the desperate game; he surrendered at Fort Hare, and solaced his captivity with copious libations of strong waters, which kept him in a state of constant intoxication from morning till night. Sutu, Sandilli's mother, an extremely plethoric lady, whom her amiable boy had once with some difficulty been dissuaded from burning alive, came in to offer terms for her son, and was told that unconditional submission alone remained for him. Nonnube, General Campbell's grand-daughter, also protested her anxiety for peace, 'but that Seyolo had his hand

* The frequent change of governors of the Cape Colony is a remarkable feature in its history; nearly all of those important functionaries having resigned, or been deprived of office, just when experience had fitted them, one would suppose, to discharge its duties efficiently. Since 1806, there have been fifteen. Here are their names in the order of succession: Sir D. Baird, Honourable H. Grey, Earl Caledon, Sir J. Cradock, Honourable R. Meade, Sir Rufane Donkin, Lord Charles Somerset, Sir R. Bourke, Sir G. L. Cole, Sir B. d'Urban, Sir G. Napier, Sir P. Maitland, Sir H. Pottinger, Sir Harry Smith, and the Honourable George Cathcart.

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upon her shoulder, and kept her down.' At last Sandilli himself, unable longer to evade the pursuit of the Rifles and mounted Hottentots, gave himself up, and was marched a prisoner into Graham's Town, on Sunday the 25th of October 1847. With Sandilli's surrender terminated the second general Caffre war, during which the Hottentots and Fingoes had rendered efficient services. The burghers and remaining boers had turned out in small numbers, and reluctantly, except when immediate danger pressed, mainly in consequence of their firm persuasion, that the temporising system pursued towards the savages would render Caffre wars the chronic plague of the colony; and that peace with such a people on the heretofore accorded conditions, was only another name for breathing-time, to enable the Caffres to organise fresh aggressions upon the lives and properties of the whites.

Sir Henry Pottinger would seem to have been of a very different opinion, and must have been convinced in his own mind, that the insurrectionary spirit of the Caffres was completely broken by the issue of the recent contest, and their once savage instincts changed to a taste for the peaceful avocations of civilised life. He unhesitatingly admitted all Caffres in the rebellious districts to the privileges of British citizens, upon merely surrendering, or pretending to surrender, their arms—a few assagais sufficed—and taking out a kind of ticket of registration, by which acts they were held to have become the dutiful subjects of Queen Victoria. Sir Henry, furthermore, intrusted to Lieutenant Davis, formerly adjutant of the 90th Light Infantry, the organisation of a Caffre frontier police, who were to be well armed and drilled after the manner of English soldiers. Sir Henry, however, did not conclude any arrangement as to the line or limit of the eastern frontier, he being aware that Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal, would shortly arrive to assume the chief command. Sir Harry's coming was impatiently looked for by the colonists generally, not so much on account of his high military reputation, as that he had formerly been a warm partisan of Sir B. d'Urban's policy, and it was hoped he would pursue the same course now. Another pressing affair rendered Sir Harry Smith's presence desirable. Pretorius and the boers north of the Orange River, with whom the expected governor was also a great favourite, had passed from legal remonstrances and petitions for redress of grievances to open revolt—a mischief which required prompt dealing with in the actual state of the colony, and the more pressingly, that the Dutch settlers in the Natal country were again shewing signs of a kindred insubordination. Pretorius sought an interview with Sir Henry Pottinger, with a view to settle the dispute by negotiation. But Sir Henry, not wishing to fetter the actions of General Smith in the matter, declined seeing Pretorius. Sir Henry was also especially careful that the two important prisoners, Sandilli and Macomo, should be kept in safe custody till his successor's arrival; and that they might be so kept, he directed Macomo to be sent under escort to a station

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at Algoa Bay, greatly to the discontent and dismay of that personage, who passionately entreated permission to reside on *parole* in his own country. This was, as a matter of course, bluntly refused; and as a last resource, his daughter Anakeya, a youthful Caffrarian belle, of very high pretensions as an African beauty, presented herself before Colonel Campbell of the 91st Regiment, and offered, with heroic self-sacrifice, to become that officer's wife—not, perhaps, his 'great' wife, as he might already have one—on condition that her father, Macomo, was permitted to dwell in peace with his own people. That request granted, she was quite resigned 'to accept the colonel's country for her country, and his home for her home.' Colonel Campbell was a good deal startled by this sacrificial proposal, and with much kindness and delicacy explained to the damsel, that although two Mrs Campbells would, in Caffraria, be quite orthodox and proper, such an arrangement would, in Scotland, be regarded in a very different light; and he must therefore, even if he had the power of granting her request with regard to Macomo, which he had not—the governor's orders being clear and peremptory upon the matter—decline her very handsome offer; an answer which the young lady, after much pouting and entreaty, was fain to return with to her father, who, shortly afterwards, was sent off to Algoa Bay.

In December 1847, the batteries of Cape Town announced the arrival of Sir Harry Smith, and the departure of Sir Henry Pottinger. The new governor and his lady were received with enthusiasm; and Sir Harry addressed himself to business without delay, although in a mode that, but for the reliance placed upon his knowledge of the Caffre mind and temperament, must have appeared not surprising only, but altogether unaccountable. At his first meeting with Macomo, Sir Harry ordered him to kneel down, and then placing his foot on his neck—not figuratively, but in downright boot-and-spur reality—said: 'This is to let you know that I am come hither to teach Caffreland that I am chief and master here, and this is the way I shall treat the enemies of the Queen of England.' To Sandilli he addressed the sarcastic question: 'Who is *now* the great chief of Caffreland?' to which that ingenuous young Caffre meekly replied: 'Kreili' (Hintza, the trans-Keian chief's son and successor). 'No,' replied Sir Harry Smith; '*I* am the chief of Caffreland—the Inkoso Eukuli. From me, as the representative of the Queen of England, you all hold your land. My word shall be your law, else I will sweep you from the face of the earth.' On the 23d January, the active governor was at King William's Town, where he made a number of Caffre chiefs, in the presence of some 2000 of their countrymen, kiss his boot in token of submission; after which, he tore a sheet of paper to shreds, to emblemise that not paper stipulations, but his *will*, should be the future rule of law. 'There go your treaties!' exclaimed the triumphant governor as the paper shreds flew away. The action was no doubt a significant one, and

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had, we daresay, a good dramatic effect; but we see by the Cape papers, that such unusual vagaries shook considerably the confidence previously reposed in his wisdom—much more so when it was found that the boot-kissing chiefs were to be made justices of the peace; that Sandilli and Macomo were not only liberated, but presented with brass-mounted batons, symbolic of their new dignity, to be placed beside the cow-tails, which, streaming from short poles stuck in the ground before a chief's tent or hut, is the ancient Caffrarian emblem of authority. Sir Harry next decided that the Keiskamma should be the eastern limit of the colony proper; and that East London should be the name of the port at the mouth of the Buffalo.

Having thus summarily disposed of the Caffre troubles, Sir Harry Smith directed his attention to the state of affairs beyond the Orange River. After some time spent in fruitless negotiation, he published, on the 17th of August, a last warning to the contumacious Dutch colonists upon the folly and wickedness of their proceedings, which, not producing the hoped for effect, Sir Harry crossed the Orange River in force—an operation greatly facilitated by the inflated pontoons (an American invention) he had brought from England; and, finally, inflicted a heavy defeat on the boers at Bloem Fountain, where he found them strongly posted, and in large numbers. The general, writing of this affair, says: 'A more rapid, fierce, and well-directed fire I have never seen maintained; and for some time they held their ground, when a rush of the Rifle Brigade upon their left flank, of the 45th upon the left centre, and the 91st upon the right centre, carried all before it.' The ultimate result of this decisive blow, was the formal assumption by the British crown of the responsibilities and duties of the Orange River sovereignty.

The insurrection of the Caffres and boers having been thus put down, the extra regiments returned to Great Britain; and except amongst the colonists themselves, an opinion prevailed that we had seen the last of Caffre and all other Cape wars. As a slight measure of precaution, however, as well as to reward a number of well-deserving veterans, many soldiers discharged from the 27th and 91st Regiments, and 7th Dragoon Guards, were presented with small grants of land, and located at Alice, Auckland, Woburn—military villages near the frontier.

The progress made by the British Cape colonists towards the obtainment of *their* panacea for all existing or prospective evils, Caffre wars inclusive—namely, self-government by means of a representative assembly—being a subject apart from the scope of this narrative, has been merely incidentally glanced at; but we now come to an event in Cape constitutional agitation which had so marked an effect in bringing about and envenoming the war—now, it may be feared, only temporarily extinguished—as to oblige us to touch slightly upon it. In September 1849, the *Neptune* convict ship cast anchor in Table Bay, and the colonists of Cape

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Town—joined subsequently by their more distant fellow-citizens—instantly and vehemently opposed themselves to the landing of the convicts on their shores. Not content, however, with a legal agitation and remonstrance against Lord Grey's penal project, they forthwith placed her Majesty's forces in a state of moral siege or blockade, by peremptorily forbidding any one to furnish them with provisions; and Sir Harry Smith, thinking himself obliged to acquiesce in this strange proceeding, sent for supplies to Madagascar and the Mauritius, and kept the wretched outcasts in the *Neptune* tossing in the bay till fresh instructions were received from England. The violent conduct of the colonists had of course an accompaniment of violent speeches, very loudly echoed and applauded, upon the facility with which, if need be, the independence of the colony could be vindicated against Great Britain—speeches taken quite seriously by the eagerly-listening, armed, and disciplined Hottentots and their countrymen, who saw in all this imbroglio the beginning of the end of white rule in South Africa. 'Many of them,' writes Sir Harry Smith in his dispatch, dated 7th April 1852—'many of them, possessing just sufficient education to make them mischievous and capable of observing what occurred at public meetings held within the colony to resist and oppose the measures of government, which the colonists regarded as the exercise of constitutional rights, though, in point of fact, such proceedings approached the brink of anarchy and confusion, could not discriminate between national remonstrance and open resistance.' The distinction between blockading the Queen's troops and 'open resistance' is so very fine a one, that its non-perception might be excused in persons of the most educated vision. Other influences were at work to mislead the unfortunate Hottentots. We again quote Sir Harry Smith's dispatch:—'The Hottentots had been taught, or had imbibed the marked impression, that they were "an oppressed and ill-used race;" and that Holy Writ, which they are very fond of quoting, taught them they were justified in fighting to regain the country of which they regarded themselves as deprived.' Finally, on the 21st of February 1850, the *Neptune* sailed with her living freight for Van Dieman's Land; and bonfires, illuminations, discharges of cannon, proclaimed the triumph of the colonists. From this moment, the rebellion of the Hottentots was irrevocably decided upon; and they proceeded, writes Sir Harry Smith, 'covertly to concoct with the Caffres those hostile schemes which soon approached maturity.' In reality, the reasoning of the Hottentots, up to a certain point, was quite logical according to the assumed premises. There were very few troops at the Cape; England, defied by her colonists, would certainly send no additional ones to their aid in any extremity; the armed boers were many hundred miles away: when, then, could they hope for a fairer opportunity, in conjunction with their smooth-speaking friends the Caffres, of ridding the colony of the whites, and dividing it, as proposed, between themselves and their

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allies? That the Hottentots could not see beyond that consummation, if attained, their own certain resubjugation by the more powerful Caffres to a worse bondage than that from which the British government released them, must of course be attributed to the but partially developed intellect Sir Harry Smith speaks of. The Fingoes alone, of all the black tribes, kept aloof from this confederacy, which, before the year was out, had thoroughly matured its plan of action.

Sir Harry Smith held his last conference with 'the restless Gaika chiefs' at Fort Cox, on the 19th of December 1850, before which the colonists of Albany, from Bathurst to the Tarka, were in a state of feverish agitation in consequence of the now openly-menaced attack. It burst upon the colony on the 24th, when tumultuous hordes of Caffres and Hottentots threw themselves upon the military villages, as they were absurdly designated, of Alice, Auckland, Woburn, and others, massacred every man, woman, and child they could lay hands on, and fired the entire district. The defection amongst the regimental Hottentots shewed itself immediately afterwards; and the Caffre police, well armed and disciplined, in readiness for such a chance, joined the rebel ranks in a body. Colonel Eyre, of the 27th, after a fruitless attempt to capture Sandilli in the fastnesses of the Upper Keiskamma, was compelled to fall hastily back upon King William's Town; Colonel Somerset, checked in the Amatolas, retreated to Fort Hare; and Sir Harry Smith himself was enabled to reach King William's Town only by a lucky and rapid dash from Fort Cox, at the head of 200 Cape Mounted Rifles, who fortunately remained faithful. The eastern province was both figuratively and literally on fire; and Sir Harry Smith's resources for extinguishing the conflagration were, for months, altogether inadequate to such a task, 'consisting only of 1800 British troops, the greater part of whom occupied twelve unavoidable garrisons, leaving only 800 disposable for general purposes,' to control thousands of as yet but passively rebellious Hottentots, 'and to meet hordes of well-armed, athletic, and intrepid barbarians in the field.' This desperate and utterly unequal conflict was maintained by the British soldiery with a fierce hardihood and resolution which the magnitude of the peril served but to augment and inflame. And well it was so; for, surrounded as they were by masses of savage warriors, drawn from the eastern as well as western districts of Caffraria, one sign of hesitation, one but apparent failure, would have thrown, according to Sir Harry Smith, the whole country into a chaos of tumult and rebellion—the troops must have fallen back from their advanced positions, the T'Slambie tribes would have risen at once with every curly-headed black from Cape Town to Natal. Everywhere an iron front was shewn by that 'astonishing infantry;' the rebel Hottentots were shelled out of Fort Alexander on the Kat by Colonel Somerset; Hermanes, formerly a friendly Caffre chief, was slain in an unsuccessful attack upon Fort Beaufort; and

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ultimately, as reinforcements arrived from England, a deadly and protracted struggle, lasting many months, beneath a burning sun, during night-marches, amid torrents of rain, with Sandilli and Seyolo in the fastnesses of the Keiskamma and the Amatolas, with Macomo strongly intrenched in the Waterkloof—a natural and numerously garrisoned fortress—with Stock in the lurking-places of the Fish River Bush, eventuated, wrote Sir Harry Smith in his last dispatch, in the ferocious * Caffres 'being driven from all their strongholds with a loss, by their own account, of 6000 warriors, and the destruction of the whole of the Gaika crops, as well as of those eastward of the Kei.' Sir William Molesworth, the leader of the colonial reform party, spoke as follows of the heroic endurance and achievements of the British troops in these terrible African wars:—'I must say, that when I consider the position of our gallant troops in South Africa, in the midst of a population, one-half of whom are hostile, and the other half are in about equal proportions discontented, disaffected, and doubtful —when I consider that those troops have not suffered one positive defeat—have not lost one single convoy, but have accomplished many gallant feats of arms, I think they deserve great credit for themselves, and reflect honour upon their veteran commander, whose health has been worn out in the service.' A yet more valuable and quite as disinterested appreciation of the veteran commander's services in the field, where, at all events, he was thoroughly at home, however he might have now and then stumbled and lost his way amidst the pitfalls and mazes of the council-chamber, was afforded by the colonists, who, notwithstanding they had very liberally availed themselves of their constitutional privilege of criticising and condemning every measure, civil or military, that had been adopted, heartily recognised the general's merits when he was about to leave them. 'Sir Harry Smith,' says a local paper, 'left King William's Town for New London, to embark in the *Styx*, at three o'clock in the morning. Although it was quite dark, a large number of the inhabitants turned out in token of respect, and cheered him loudly as he passed. At Cape Town, a triumphal arch was erected at the landing-place, decorated with banners, flowers, evergreens, and bearing the motto "Gratitude" on one side, and "Farewell" on the other. He was met at the landing-stairs by the chief-justice, and many other of the principal functionaries of the place; and a numerous body of merchants and gentlemen of all shades of politics accompanied the carriage of the harshly-superseded general.' After all, there is nothing in which Englishmen so entirely differ from nations it is needless to name, as in their

* To give quarter is unknown in Caffre wars, and those of our men who have chanced to fall into their hands, have been invariably put to death with torture. Sergeant Laing of the 91st, it has been ascertained, was roasted alive; and the band-master of the 74th, Mr Hans Hartung, a most amiable man, and favourite with everybody, was for three days subjected to every imaginable mode of torture before death put an end to their fiendish cruelty and his sufferings.

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doubtful, growling, half-recognition of successful greatness, and their instant and large appreciation thereof, when death or misfortune tumbles the idol from its pedestal.

Besides the evidences already enumerated of Sir Harry's military successes in his last campaign, it is certain that Sandilli and Macomo had both, before his departure, become suppliants for peace; 'which wise step was retracted,' said the ex-governor, because 'the fickle nature of the Caffre delights in change, which he ever believes will turn in some way to his advantage. Peace having been made by me in 1847 on my arrival in Caffraria, Sandilli is fully impressed with the idea that a similar course will be now pursued on the arrival of my successor.' If this were so, Sandilli and his friends must have been very unpleasantly surprised by the proclamation issued by the Honourable George Cathcart, Lieutenant-governor, High Commissioner, &c., on the 12th day of April 1852, from King William's Town, a few days only after his arrival at the Cape, in which, addressing the chiefs and people who dwell between the rivers Kei and Keiskamma, he says: 'Our great and good Queen Victoria, has sent me, George Cathcart, to be your great chief and governor. I am come among you to do good to all those who are true and faithful to their word; therefore Pato, Siwani, Umkai, and all those chiefs and men of the T'Slambie tribes who have been faithful during this war, I am your good friend as long as you will allow me to be so. But as for Sandilli, and all the Gaika chiefs and people, and the T'Slambies, Seyolo, and Umfundisi, and their followers, they have rebelled against their sovereign, Queen Victoria, and have suffered rebel Hottentots and others to join them in fighting against her soldiers. This is a great crime, and cannot be forgotten; therefore, though I wish for peace, and that all bloodshed should cease, Sandilli and all those who have taken part in this most wicked rebellion, must go beyond the Kei, and none of them will ever be suffered to return and live in peace in the country they occupied before the war.' This manifesto, though partially approved of, did not go far enough for the colonists, who, as ever, contended that no permanent tranquillity could be hoped for till every Caffre, whether man, boy, woman, or child, to whatever tribe belonging, was driven across the Kei, with an intimation, that any attempt to return would be visited upon the offender 'capitally.' They were much better pleased with General Cathcart's determination to hang the councillors of Seyolo and Stock, who were made prisoners whilst endeavouring to excite Pato and other half-friendly Caffres to join against the whites; and the erection of the gallows at King William's Town for that purpose, was received with loud demonstrations of approval; whilst to the Caffre chiefs it appears to have suggested, in a very intelligible way, that for the future, murder, though accompanied by insurrection, would scarcely be so easily atoned for as it had been. General Cathcart also directed the Sappers and Miners to construct a fort which, commanding the more important passes of

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the Amatolas, would prevent the Caffres from reoccupying those fastnesses. In fact, the general tenor of the dispatches received from the Cape since Sir Harry Smith's return, fully bear out that officer's assertion, that the war, so far as military operations were involved, was substantially concluded when he came away, and that the sole question remaining for General Cathcart's solution, was the prevention of its recurrence. Sandilli and Macomo, soon after the new governor's arrival, renewed their proposals for peace; and for all reply were told, that the preliminary to any negotiation was their and their people's retirement beyond the Kei. It could not be expected that this bitter condition would be acquiesced in by the chiefs of the Gaika tribes, save in the last and most desperate extremity, it being well known to be Sandilli and Macomo's long since formed opinion, that their enforced residence beyond the Kei must render cattle-stealing from the English utterly unprofitable, if not impossible, by interposing the whole width of British Caffraria between them and the well-stocked pastures of the colony proper; and a sullen, impotent, but harassing guerilla sort of contest, chiefly in the Amatolas, was for some time maintained. It was clear, however, from the first moment of General Cathcart's arrival, that the war, so far as the Gaika tribes and their allies were concerned, was reduced to a mere system of isolated brigandage, which could have but one termination, and that a not very distant one. The Caffres, however, in the vicinage of the Vaal River, emboldened by the compelled inaction of the Dutch colonists, had become troublesome; and as the British general had forbidden the boers to take the matter into their own hands, he marched in November 1852 at the head of a considerable force, and inflicted a severe chastisement upon them on the 20th of the next month, at what has been dignified with the name of 'the Battle of Berea.' The British, at all events, attacked the Caffres, who as certainly ran away, and sustained considerable loss, not in the 'battle,' but the flight; a result acknowledged by their commander and principal chief, Moshesh, in the following characteristic letter:—'BORREJO, *midnight, 20th December* 1852.—YOUR EXCELLENCY—This day you have fought against my people, and taken much cattle. As the object for which you have come is to have a compensation for boers, I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken. I entreat peace from you; you have shewn your power; you have chastised; let it be enough, I pray you, and let me no longer be considered an enemy of the Queen. I will do all I can to keep my people in order. Yours dutifully—MOSHESH.' General Cathcart was not, however, quite so easily satisfied; much additional cattle was required, and ultimately obtained; and terrible vengeance was threatened in her Majesty's name should the Caffres ever again presume to molest her Dutch subjects; the gist and essence of which menaces were, in the opinion of the boers themselves, as well as of the Caffres, contained in the significant paragraph of the official manifesto which announced the general's

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'intention of giving to commandants and field-cornets *power to make commandos* in a regular manner; and with the consent of the Resident, to enter your country in search of plundered horses and cattle that may be stolen after this time.' This cautiously-worded threat seems to corroborate an intimation made in the newspapers a short time ago, that the British government have been anxiously meditating some scheme of South African defensive policy, which might combine the efficiency of the old commando system with the humanity of civilised warfare. The boers, however, interpret the announcement according to their own wishes, and see in it a reluctant acknowledgment, that the system pursued since the disavowal of Sir B. d'Urban, has irretrievably broken down, and that at no distant day the mass of the British army will be withdrawn, and they, the boers, permitted to fight their battles with the ferocious Caffres in their own way, and, as they believe, the only effective mode in which they can be so fought. Concede to them that privilege, and we are told the Queen would have no more loyal subjects in South Africa than the hitherto malcontent Dutch boers.

Peace being concluded with Moshesh, General Cathcart returned to his head-quarters, King William's Town, and was busy with the organisation of the frontier-line of permanent defence, when intelligence reached him in February last, that Sandilli and Macomo, who had been for some months expelled the Amatolas and other mountain fastnesses, were without followers, and almost without food, had again bethought themselves, as in 1847, 'that the land had been troubled long enough,' and were at length willing to listen to terms of accommodation. Kreili also was pleased to inform Colonel Maclean, 'that he had no more strength to fight the English,' and was therefore equally anxious with his friends, the Gaika chiefs, for renewed amity with Queen Victoria. These overtures appear to have been received with a somewhat inexplicable eagerness; and Mr Brownlee was appointed to meet Sandilli and Macomo, to assure them of forgiveness and protection, but at the same time to intimate, that peace could not be made till they and their tribes were beyond the Kei. This condition was, however, subsequently modified; and the Gaika tribes—Sandilli being guarantee for their future good behaviour—are to be permitted to reside in British Caffraria, 'within the territory of Umhala, situate west of the Kei, between that river and the great north road, bounded on the north by the River Thomas;' capital punishment, by process of court-martial, to overtake any Caffre, chief or otherwise, caught westward of these limits. This concession—one of very doubtful policy, according to the unanimous opinion of the frontier press, and only reluctantly acquiesced in because 'it will hasten the time when a less costly mode of colonial defence than the continued presence of a numerous British army, must be had recourse to'—led naturally to fresh and more audacious demands from Sandilli and his half-brother

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Macomo. Sandilli declared that the assigned territory was much too small. Caffres were already so numerous there, that the intrusion of the Gaika tribes 'would oblige them to go to war with each other for grass;' whereas the only desire of himself and friends for the future, 'was to fight for the Queen of the English'—a loyal solicitude which he, moreover, represented ought in justice to insure the reversal of General Cathcart's order to surrender his own and followers' arms—'100 guns at least, in addition to the arms carried off by the Caffre police.' Sandilli's keen moral perception, however, compelled him to admit that the Caffre police, having obtained their arms in a dishonourable manner, they, the arms, ought, in strict justice, to be given up, and should be, if they could be found—a contingency which, he candidly admitted, he entirely despaired of. These objections were urged at great length at a subsequent interview of Sandilli, Macomo, and other repentant chiefs, with the governor, Sir George Cathcart, himself. The following extract from the published record of that interview, reads strangely by the light thrown upon it by previous Caffre and governor conferences, protestations, and promises. His Excellency having said: 'Now you are forgiven, and it is peace with you;' Sandilli's half-brother thus replied:—

Macomo. We have but one word to say and to thank. We thank the governor for taking us out of the bush, and for giving us a home to live in, only that it is too small. When a chief errs, he is punished and forgiven. This young man [Sandilli] erred, and has been punished, and is now forgiven; but the country you have given him is small. Toisi, who formerly occupied it, had but a small tribe. Sandilli has a large one, which will not find room there.

The Governor. These are things you should have thought of before you went to war. It is too late now. I know, besides, that Toisi had but a small tribe, and that it never half filled the country allotted him.

Macomo. We look to you to speak for us, and represent our case to the Queen. We are her subjects for ever. When settled in the country your excellency has allotted us, Kreili, Umhala, and Toisi will affect to be satisfied, but will all the while regard us as intruders; and this will cause constant heart-burnings between us.

The Governor. I will send your words to the Queen; but I will give you no hope of ever again occupying the Amatolas, as, when you were there, you were constantly plotting mischief, and cannot be trusted there again.

The high contracting parties then separated, and the final ratification of the terms of peace between her Majesty Queen Victoria and Sandilli and Kreili was immediately proclaimed. Equally droll as this strange scene, was a proclamation, directed at the same time by his Excellency against certain British traders, who had been long suspected of furnishing the Caffres with

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munitions of war, and dissuading them from making peace with the English. The Hon. George Cathcart, the war being now over, thought it his duty no longer to delay solemnly warning the suspected delinquents, that the offence alleged against them was nothing less than high treason; and that, if detected in the commission thereof, they would certainly have to undergo the penalty attached to that crime. Certain burghers of King William's Town took great offence at this sort of post-obit proclamation; and, in an address to the governor, warmly protested their loyalty to the British crown; to which his Excellency replied, that that being the case, the proclamation could not possibly apply to them. It is evident, however, spite of Sir John Pakington's eulogy in April last of Lord Glenelg's dispatch, dated December 1835, in which his lordship said: 'The claim of sovereignty over the new province bounded by the Kei must be renounced,' that the policy of Sir B. d'Urban—to whom that dispatch was addressed, after seventeen years of fruitless efforts to persuade the Caffres into permitting our people to dwell in peace within the old boundary—is about, willingly or unwillingly, to be acted upon, though with some slight, and, we may be quite sure, temporary modification. The immense addition of territory involved in the contemplated extension of the eastern frontier, has been always forcibly dwelt upon by gentlemen of high position and large influence. 'In 1842,' exclaimed Sir W. Molesworth, 'the British Empire in South Africa covered an area of 110,000 square miles, now it will extend to 260,000 square miles, about the same as that of the Austrian Empire.' Another honourable member, Mr Hume, insisted that there is safety only in returning to the Fish River boundary, and that the large acquisition of territory has been effected against the wishes of the colonists. With all deference to the opinions of these gentlemen, we cannot but demur to the inferences attempted to be conveyed by such statements. It is altogether incorrect to infer that the cost and difficulty of defending South Africa increases, or has increased, proportionately with the extension of the eastern frontier. The line of the Kei is not more extensive, and is certainly easier of defence—the sea-communication from Cape Town being always open and facile—than the bush-encumbered line of the Fish River; and as to withdrawing within the boundary of the Fish River, which, in plain terms, means replacing the colony in the position it held when it was attacked in 1835—is to fortress an implacable and savage enemy within easy spring of the cultivated district of Albany, and the thousands of industrious settlers located there. We know by experience what that means.

But the matter has, in reality, passed, or at all events, is about to pass, from the control of the home government into that of the colonists themselves. Self-government, soon to be practically enjoyed by the Cape settlers, both English and Dutch, will settle the Caffre, as well as many other colonial difficulties—*and this not by contracting the Cape territory, nor by amicable arrangements*

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with the Caffres and Hottentots. The connection which ought to subsist between a great monarchy like that of England and her colonies, is beginning to be generally and clearly understood. It is this: that the only union should be an offensive and defensive federation, for the maintenance of the independence and just rights of every member thereof against foreign aggression, cemented by the golden link of the crown, and harmonised by the freest possible commercial and kindly intercourse—the Houses of parliament at Westminster having no more power to make laws for the internal government of a colony, than a colonial assembly would have to impose a tax upon Middlesex. This union—an adamantine one, foreshadowed by the prescience of the late Sir Robert Peel, and urged onward to a speedy consummation by the rapid march of events which his hand so powerfully directed—must be frankly accepted with all its consequences; and at the Cape—unless history is *not* philosophy teaching by examples—unless the earlier American frontier settlers were *not* men of like passions with ourselves—those consequences will be the extirpation, or, at least, the banishment, the driving away of the coloured races from the colony of South Africa. And, indulging for once in prophecy, we venture to predict that, twenty years hence, the eastern frontier will *not* be the Kei, nor westward of that river.

All this is very well understood—although, for certain reasons, not very plainly stated—by all persons who have looked with calm and thoughtful eyes at the struggle, the rough outline of which has been traced in the foregoing pages. 'The abolition of the old and cheap system of self-protection by the colonists,' exclaimed Sir W. Molesworth, addressing the assenting Commons, 'has been in a large degree the cause of the great increase of our South African military expenditure. . . . . The commando system, abolished in 1833, worked well in protecting the lives and properties of the frontier farmers. For this old, cheap, and effectual system, the colonial office has substituted the system of protecting the frontiers by treaties made with savages, and enforced by British troops.' Again: 'The boer classed the prowling and marauding savage with the beast of prey.' No question that they did, and do; and like beasts of prey will the prowling and marauding savages be hunted—it is vain to disguise from ourselves—as soon as the colonists conduct and control their own wars, and the British army is withdrawn, as it will and ought to be, from South Africa. Mr Roebuck very frankly accepts this result of the legislative independence of the colony, and at the same time suggests consolatory considerations: 'If they gave power to the colonists of England to maintain their own dominions, they would exterminate the aborigines. He was merely stating a fact, over which they had no control: the black man would disappear before the white man. There was, however, a compensating circumstance. In peopling South Africa, the first

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steps might be painful; there might be much cruelty, great unfairness and immorality, but the result would be the planting in that country of a population far more moral, and more capable of happiness, spreading Christianity, civilisation, and science, over that great territory. Let the colonists be defended by the home government against outward aggression from Europe or elsewhere, but let them have the power of defending themselves from the population within.' This is plain-speaking, at all events, and true as it is distinct and outspoken. There is, perhaps, no popular delusion more gross, than that which represents the British army in South Africa as employed in carrying out the ambitious views of the home government in opposition to the wishes and interests of the colonists themselves. The lives of the British soldiery have been sacrificed; millions of money, raised by the taxation of the British people, have been expended—we will not say squandered—to prevent the coloured race from being unjustly dealt with by the white; to substitute regular, responsible, 'honest' war, to borrow the expression of a celebrated military historian, for private war and indiscriminate massacre. The emancipation of the Hottentots and negroes caused the emigration of the boers; and we then made war upon the boers, to prevent them doing so upon the neighbouring blacks! The colonists of South Africa do not require, have never required, the assistance of British troops to deal effectively with the savage tribes there, if permitted to manage the business in their own way. They did not, when there were only about 20,000 Dutch settlers in the colony; and they will scarcely do so now, that the number of the whites there exceed 100,000, chiefly of British blood. How lamentable is it, then—how vivid a proof does it afford of the sad ignorance which pervades the public mind upon this subject, to hear a distinguished member of parliament rise in his place and say, with exultant veracity, that 'he heard a public assembly led by the teachers of religion, and standing in the presence of the Deity, pray that He would send defeat upon this country's arms, because they thought that this country's armies were employed in felony!'

In sooth, there is not a brighter, more stainless chapter in the great annals of the British army, than that which records its toils, combats, sacrifices in South Africa; and one passage, episodical to the fierce consuming struggle, reflects a glory which will shine with undimmed splendour even in that, we fear, far-distant time when the sword shall have ceased to be the last argument of kings and nations. We of course allude to the foundering of the *Birkenhead*, off Point Danger, in Simon's Bay, on the night of the 26th of February 1852, when 500 gallant men, young soldiers principally, 'chiefly recruits' drafted from various regiments, calmly accepted death for themselves, in order that the lives of the women and children with them might be saved. What bulletin of merely vulgar victory, penned by the conqueror of the proudest field that ever drank the blood of the children of men, has power to kindle

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the pulse, or appeal with such a trumpet-call to the sympathy and admiration of mankind, as the simple narrative lines of Captain Wright of the 91st, himself saved, after the final catastrophe, by floating to shore on a piece of the wreck?—'Major Seaton [of the 74th Highlanders] called all the officers about him, and impressed on them the necessity of keeping order and silence amongst the men. . . . . Every one did as he was directed, and there was not a murmur or a cry among them until the vessel made her final plunge. I could not name any individual officer who did more than another. All received their orders, and had them carried out, as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom: there was only this difference, that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise or confusion.' At the last moment, the commander of the frigate, disdainful of his own life, called out to the soldiers, that if they would save theirs, they must jump overboard at once. 'We begged them,' the narrative goes on to say, 'not to do as the commander said, or the boats with the women and children would be swamped—three only attempted to do so—and they all, officers and men, went down together!'

Not vainly did those gallant men calmly confront that silent, hideous Death, and look him sternly in the face, though only the silent stars were witnesses of the heroic sacrifice, which, not untimely, reassured the world that the conquests of civilisation —other than merely material ones—the prerogatives of genius, the sanctity of conscience, the sacred right of thought and speech, are still safe beneath the only guardianship remaining to them in Europe—that of the Island-men, who can face death with tranquil resolution, in order that the women and the children may be saved.

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RURAL LIFE IN GREECE.

OUR ideas of the ancient Greeks are nearly all connected with their political institutions, their arts, and their literature; it is seldom we direct our inquiries to their manner of spending their time in the country—to their agriculture, their gardening, their care of animals, their rustic architecture, and those forms of social life which were developed in their villages and hamlets. This is partly owing to the fate that has overtaken a large portion of their literature. The Hellenic works which have been preserved and become popular in modern times, relate generally to history and philosophy, to politics, social economy, and war: if we except that small but rich body of poetry, which describes, however, rather the passions and feelings, than the rural habits and pursuits of the nation. There exist, indeed, a few fragments connected with rural life and economy, with a small number of pastorals; but these, for the most part,

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relate rather to the forms of industry, and the habits and amusements of a particular class, than to the general mode of living adopted by the agricultural populations of Hellas.

It requires, however, no positive testimony to establish the fact, that very large classes among the Greeks must always have applied themselves diligently to the various processes of rural life. What we regret is, the loss of those works which described the peculiar habits and manners by which the rustic populations were characterised. It is at present necessary to carry on numerous researches; to collect and compare fragments; to peruse the works of philosophers, historians, and poets; and carefully to examine the remains of ancient art, if we would form any adequate conception of the way in which the Greeks spent their time in the country.

Of one notion not at all uncommon among learned men, we must get rid entirely, if we would not deceive ourselves on this subject. The Greeks were not by any means a listless, dreamy, fantastic people, aiming at finical elegance, and intent exclusively upon multiplying monuments of their taste for posterity. What they did, they did for themselves, for their own enjoyment or amusement; to display their superior knowledge, to outdo their neighbours, and generally through much the same motives as actuate people in our own day. Owing to some fortunate accidents, the elements of taste and beauty were more rife among them than among any other known nation, ancient or modern. But they converted this superiority to their own advantage, without caring much for the ages to come; being, like other people, more intent upon the pleasures of the passing hour than on the indulgence of poetical fancies, or busying themselves with the excitement and admiration to be produced in remote periods of the world's history.

Though, in geographical extent, Greece was a small country, it contained within itself a greater variety of tribes and classes than any other region inhabited by one people and subject to one political system. In some provinces, men were found who had attained the highest degree of civilisation known to antiquity; while in others, there existed large tribes or classes who, down to the latest period, remained in a state of rudeness scarcely conceivable by those who confine themselves within the ordinary range of classical studies. In some places, the nomadic habits of the aborigines were restrained only by the narrow limits of the country at their command. The care of herds and flocks, the breeding of horses and mules, the sale of cattle, and the manufacture of the rude garments they wore, constituted the entire life of certain sections of the Greek people. Others addicted themselves to simple primitive traffic, disposing of their goods at farms and markets, or descending timidly towards the sea-shore, where they bartered them with foreigners for the coveted productions of the East.

When the fine arts sprang up, they gave rise to new modifications

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of rural industry: the marble statue implied the existence of rude quarrymen, who pierced the bowels of the mountains in search of that beautiful material which afterwards glittered on the Acropolis, amid the shrines of the gods. The productions of groups in bronze gave employment to the miner, to the smelter of metals, to the charcoal burner, to the woodman, and to several other classes of rustics, who ministered at a distance to the taste and elegance of Athens or Corinth.

In modern times, the mountains of Greece are denuded and barren, so that the most hardy species of animals can scarcely find nourishment among their solitudes. It was altogether otherwise in old times: all the ridges by which the country was traversed; all the subordinate chains, isolated mountains, hills and eminences, were clothed richly with wood, and gave birth to innumerable fountains, streams, and water-brooks, by which the entire land was beautified and fertilised.

The piety of the people tended still further to multiply the charms of the landscape. Here and there, on the most picturesque sites, in leafy dells, in the green recesses of the mountains, on rocky pinnacles, beside every beautiful spring, in the groves, in the thickets near the sources of rivers, arose elegant chapels to the nymphs and water-gods; with rustic altars and basins of pure water, where the wayfaring peasant, and even the beasts of the field, might at all seasons of the year quench their thirst.

Other circumstances likewise tended to augment the loveliness of the landscape. Neat comfortable homesteads were thickly scattered, and beside nearly every one stood a small chapel, with a group of tombs, constituting the family burial-ground. Around these were planted trees of elegant form and delicate foliage, which, as they fluttered in the breeze over the sepulchre, formed of themselves a picture. As in England, also, the fields were separated from each other by hedgerows; and between the several estates ran small roads or green lanes, generally shaded with trees, and often in winter converted into the beds of small streams or mountain-torrents. From farm to farm, also, were carried neat little pathways, with rustic stiles, and seats at intervals, to encourage the women of the several mansions to visit each other. In summer, the warm fields resounded all day with the songs of the cicada or the tettix. The nightingale poured her rich notes through the darkness; while the thrush and the black-bird, the bull-finch and the linnet, enlivened the mornings and evenings with their singing.

In the heroic ages, the rural life in Greece was of an extremely simple character. The varieties of cultivation were few, and the animals bred still fewer. But as civilisation made progress, the arts of the husbandmen were multiplied and refined, new breeds of animals were introduced, the economy of the farmyard became more complicated; the introduction of one new fruit followed that of another; gardens were constructed, partly for profit, partly for

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pleasure; and all the beautiful varieties of trees, shrubs, and flowers, known to the climate, were planted for use or luxury. The East contributed its share to augment the rural wealth and beauty of Greece, by supplying numerous animals, and birds of elegant shape or plumage, with odoriferous or flowering shrubs, and plants and flowers. The cock was introduced from Media; the peacock from India; the pheasant from the shores of the Black Sea; while other birds came flocking in from Africa, from the Adriatic, and from the western extremities of the Mediterranean. The naturalisation of the horse and cow preceded the dawn of history, though traditions remained among the inhabitants down to the latest ages, from which it may be inferred that the former was brought from Arabia, or the northern shores of Africa.

Greece clothed with poetry all the achievements of civilisation, and often so completely disguised facts, in the gorgeous costume of fiction, that our curiosity is defeated by that which was at first perhaps meant to gratify it. For example, what really was aimed at by the Expedition of the Golden Fleece, we are now no longer able to decide, though it may possibly have signified nothing more than the first importation of sheep from Colchis.

Attica contained within her own bosom most of those vegetable productions which confer a poetical beauty on the face of nature—the rose and the violet; the lily of all colours, white, blue, and orange; innumerable species of campanula, with the lotus and the myrtle; and an infinite variety of flowering shrubs, at once odoriferous and graceful. These by degrees were transplanted from the fields into gardens, to beautify the grounds of the opulent, the vicinity of temples, and the cemeteries of the dead.

Olive-groves and vineyards, with orchards and kitchen-gardens, were found in Greece from very remote antiquity. Oil, therefore, soon became one of the great exports of the country; and the art of cultivating the olive may probably be said to have been brought, at least in some of the states, to its utmost perfection. Vines of all varieties covered the slopes of the hills; and wines were made, which were at length reckoned among the most valuable exports of the country. Through this part of her commerce, Greece seems, in the first instance, to have become known to Egypt, and afterwards to a great portion of the East; where, whatever may be the beauty of the climate, or the fertility of the soil, the vine seems never to have attained any high degree of perfection. Consequently, all the western parts of Asia, as well as Northern Africa, have in all ages depended on Europe for their supply of wines.

Until very recently, it was impossible, without the toil and investigation of years, to form any adequate idea of rural life among the inhabitants of Hellas. But in Mr St John's *History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece*, we now find collected all that can possibly be known on the subject. To that

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work, therefore, we acknowledge ourselves much indebted, especially in what relates to farming, the cultivation of flower-gardens, the management of bees, and to pastoral life.

It was common, we find, in Attica, and in many other parts of Greece, to erect farmhouses in the midst of plantations of silver-fir, which in winter defend those habitations from cold, and in summer attract the breezes that imitate in their branches the sound of trickling runnels, or the distant murmur of the sea. Towards the centre of the grove, with a spacious court in front, and a garden behind, stood the house, sometimes with flat, sometimes with pointed roof, ornamented with a porch of picturesque structure, and surrounded with a rustic colonnade. Opulent persons had sometimes large pots, in which citron-trees were planted, placed on either side their doors, facing the south. These they were careful to water well, and cover during winter. In the more ordinary class of dwellings, numerous outhouses, such as stables, sheds for cattle, henroosts, pigsties, &c., extended round the court; while the back-front in the east, generally the principal, opened upon the garden or orchard; for the notion had not then been adopted, that the neighbourhood of trees is unhealthy. Neither, at the present day, is this believed in the East, where nearly all villages and hamlets are erected in palm-groves, or other plantations. One reason of this may be, that whereas here, in the north, our object generally is to enjoy as much sunshine as possible; in those tropical latitudes people desire, on the contrary, to enjoy protection from the sun. Everything is thought delightful that produces shade—a great rock in the desert, a sycamore-tree, a cluster of acacias, or even a copse of henna or tamarisk shrubs, appears to the Orientals a special luxury. And much the same taste would appear to have pervaded the populations of ancient Greece.

Great pains were taken in selecting the site of a farmhouse. Owing to the heat of the climate, they, as often as possible, avoided a southern exposure, and preferred hills, sloping towards the north or east. Sheltered situations in the valleys, so much coveted in other parts of Europe, were eschewed as unhealthy, as well as the vicinity of rivers, marshes, and watery plains. With them, the east wind was thought to be particularly balmy and salubrious, coming, as it did, over the cool waters of the Ægean, by which it was refreshed and purified.

As a rule, these dwellings were large and roomy, though of course their dimensions depended greatly on the taste or means of the owner. In a plain farmhouse, more attention was no doubt paid to substantial comfort, than to that cold finical elegance which certain persons are fond of associating with whatever is classical. An Attic farmer of the true old school was anything but a formal gentleman. On entering his dwelling, much caution and no small skill were needed, to make your way between bags of corn, heaps of new cheese, hurdles of dried figs, and packages of raisins. The racks groaned with sweet hams and fat bacon

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flitches. In later days, even the bed-chamber was often made a store-closet for some species of fruit, and melons hung in long festoons suspended from the rafters. In an ancient farmhouse, one corner of the ground-floor was occupied by a large corbeil, filled with olive-dregs, recently pressed; another, by packs of wool, or piles of dressed skins. In the room looking out on the garden, with honeysuckle blooming round the open lattice, were the mistress's loom and spinning-wheel, and carding-apparatus and work-baskets; and there she might be seen, as early as the lark, serene and happy, suckling one baby, and rocking the cradle of a second with her foot. All the while, she thriftily gave directions to Thratta, or the neat-handed Phillis.

Close to the house was the Chenoboscion. Here the geese were kept and fed; and from the accounts transmitted to us from antiquity, it appears that the birds were considered of far greater importance than they are by agriculturists of the present day. Whole chapters of the works on rural economy were filled with rules and observations connected with the rearing and fattening of them, and of ducks also. The place was surrounded by enclosures, made of net or wire; and near it were the dove-cots or columbaries, in which there were sometimes thousands of pigeons. Peacocks, pheasants, partridges, and common barn-yard fowl, were bred on most farms, besides goats, pigs, and dogs. Sheep and cattle commanded a large share of the farmer's attention, as well as horses, though these last, on various accounts, were never numerous in Greece. There were men in different provinces of the country, who devoted more of their care to the breeding of animals than to the cultivation of the soil. Much pains, therefore, as might be supposed, were taken to improve the breeds. Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, prided himself on introducing into that island the Molossian and Spartan dogs, the Scyrian and Naxian goats, and sheep from Miletos and Attica. The fineness and beauty of the Merino fabrics were not unknown to the Greeks, who traded for them with Spain, and brought from that peninsula many rams for breeding, at the price of about L.241 sterling each. Horses, as we have said, were not common, and were consequently seldom employed in agriculture, being bred and kept chiefly for military purposes, for religious pomps and processions, and for the chariot-races at Olympia. As in modern times, however, the mule and the ass were much used in rural labours: the former, on account of its superior strength, at the cart and the plough; the latter, in drawing small tumbrils or drays, as well as by the wood-cutters to carry fagots to the city.

Though some agriculturists exclusively devoted themselves to the breeding of stock, the care of cattle necessarily formed, in all farms, a principal employment. The oxen were useful in ploughing, treading out the corn, drawing manure to the fields, and bringing the produce home. Their milch-cows, in the selection of which much anxiety and circumspection were dis-

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played, were generally fed on cytisus and clover. The usual milking-times were in the morning, immediately after the peep of dawn, and in the evening, just when the twilight closed; though, occasionally, cows, sheep, and goats were milked several times in the course of a day. Butter was little used in classical times, though the Greeks were thoroughly familiar with its properties. Of cheese, however, many varieties were manufactured; but from all the accounts which have been transmitted to us, we are not led to envy the individual condemned to eat much of it. Nevertheless, for the taste of their contemporaries, the milkwomen, churners, and cheesemakers of those times were deep adepts in all the arts of their profession. So much, indeed, we may infer from the minute directions, for example, which are given by several authors for detecting the presence of water in milk. If, says one writer, you dip a pointed reed into milk, and it run off easily, it has been diluted; or if you pour a few drops on your thumb-nail, that which is pure will remain there, while the adulterated will speedily make its escape.

Among the important employments of the rustic population in Greece, was the tending of bees, which, owing to the circumstances of climate and soil, thrive better, especially in Attica, and produce more honey than in any other part of the world, if we except the flowery environs of Mount Hybla, in Sicily. Among the principal articles of export were the wax and fragrant gold-coloured honey of Hymettos, considered superior to any in the ancient world. Specimens of Greek honey were found in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and it was thought to be among the finest known to commerce. It enters into the composition of the conserve of Athenian roses, brought occasionally to this country, and which, if it were known, would in all likelihood be more largely used and admired. In the Homeric age, these little animals had not yet been accommodated with hives, but were forced to search for their own dwellings; for whenever we find mention of them in the poet, it is either when they are streaming forth from a hollow rock, or settling in golden clusters on the spring blossoms. Virgil, also, who rather imitated what he read than pictured what he saw, goes back to the heroic ages when he speaks of bees that

> 'Hunt the golden dew
> In summer heat, on tops of lilies feed,
> Or creep within their bells to suck the balmy seed.'

Hesiod, where he discourteously compares women to drones, has an expression, however, which proves that hives were already made use of in his time:

> 'As when within their well-roofed hives the bees
> Maintain the mischief-working drones at ease,
> Their task pursuing till the golden sun
> Down to the western wave his course hath run;
> Filling their shining combs, while snug within
> Their fragrant cells the drones with idle din,
> As princes revel o'er their unpaid bowls,
> On others' labour cheer their worthless souls.'

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From the vocabulary of technical terms connected with the management of bees, we may discover the extraordinary importance that was in ancient Greece attached to the subject. Many persons devoted their whole lives to studying the natural history of the bee, living alone in sequestered spots, where, at their ease, they might watch its habits, observe it busy through 'the shining hours,' enjoy the delicious taste of its honey, and breathe with this the rich fragrance of the flowers on which it loves to feed. Philiscos, of Thasos, from his fondness for this poetical retirement, obtained among his contemporaries the name of the Wild Man. Nor was the bee-keeper, who tended the insects for profit, less attentive. His grounds were chosen and laid out with peculiar care. In a sheltered spot, generally on the slope of a hill, covered with thyme, the hives were arranged in the midst of flowers, delicate plants, and odoriferous shrubs; and if nature had not scattered there the necessary kinds, the gardener planted and cultivated them. Experience soon taught them what blossoms yielded the best honey, and were most agreeable to the bees. These, in Attica, were supposed to be the wild pear-tree, the bean, the clover, a pale-coloured vetch, the Syria myrtle, wild poppy, wild thyme, and the almond-tree. To these may be added, the rose, balm-gentle, the galingale or odoriferous rush, basil-royal, and, above all, the cytisus, which begins to flower about the vernal equinox, and blooms until the end of September. Of all the plants, however, affected by the bee, none is so grateful as is the thyme, which, in Attica and Messenia, so extensively abounds, as to perfume the whole atmosphere. In Sicily, too, all the slopes and crests of the beautiful hills from Palermo to Syracuse are clothed with a mantle of this fragrant plant, and others equally sweetly-scented; and this, according to Varro, gives its unrivalled flavour to the Sicilian honey. Box-wood abounded on Mount Cytoros, in Galatia, and in the island of Corsica; on which account the honey of the country, like that found in some provinces of Southern India, is bitter and unwholesome.

Great care was taken to conduct near the assemblage of hives small runnels of the purest water, not exceeding two or three inches in depth, with shells and pebbles just rising dry above the surface, whereon the bees might alight to drink. When, of necessity, the apiary was situated on the margin of a large stream or lake, other contrivances were resorted to for the convenience and safety of the airy labourers.

> 'Then o'er the running stream or standing lake,
> A passage for thy weary people make.
> With osier-floats the standing water strow,
> Of massy stones make bridges if it flow,
> That, basking in the sun, thy bees may lie,
> And resting there, their flagging pinions dry,
> When late returning home, the laden host
> By raging winds is wrecked upon the coast.'

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The hives were of various kinds—some made of the supple bark of trees, others of hollow trunks; while there was one sort constructed with the *lapis specularis*, which, being almost as transparent as glass, enabled the curious owner to contemplate the movements and works of the bees. Another branch of industry which necessarily prevailed all over Greece, was the making of charcoal. Our common coal was found in the Morea, and used by smiths in their forges; but it does not appear to have ever got into general use, or to have been employed in culinary operations. The method of preparing charcoal, though careful, was simple. Digging a round pit, the burner paved it with stones, and piled up straight billets of wood as close as possible, covering the whole over with turf, so as to form a circular barrow. Fire was then applied to the whole pile, and the covering pierced with holes for the escape of the smoke. When it had burned for a sufficient time, the wood was taken out and laid by for use. Oak and walnut were the woods principally used.

Lord Bacon, in whom a fondness for external nature was combined with a love of abstract science, observes that the cultivation of gardens is introduced at a later period of civilisation than the building of spacious houses and palaces. The Greek philosophers also were of this opinion, though it was not until a comparatively late period of their history that the art of gardening was brought to perfection among them. Many modern writers would seem desirous of persuading us, that the ancients were entirely deficient in this branch of rural economy, because they loved to unite utility with pleasure, and often mingled fruit-trees and vegetables with their flower-beds and ornamental plantations. Unfortunately, however, no Greek writer has left us a complete picture of a garden. Allusions are found in the poets, and occasional hints are given by many prose writers; but when we desire to represent to our minds the charms of an Hellenic gentleman's pleasure-grounds, we must ourselves construct it out of those scattered materials which the living author of the history of Grecian manners, to whom we have already alluded, has collected and arranged.

That portion of the garden which was appropriated to the cultivation of flowers and odoriferous shrubs, usually approached and projected inwards, between the back wings of the mansion; so that from the windows the inmates might command, at nearly all seasons of the year, a prospect over rich and variegated parterres intermingled with verdure, while the breeze wafted, evening and morning, clouds of fragrance into the apartments. Much would, no doubt, always depend on individual taste and the accidental preferences of different populations. In Northern Greece, for example, people might prefer one class of flowers; in Southern Greece, another; while in the islands, where the soil is generally thin and the air light, a taste totally different might prevail. We discover, in fact, that of all the inhabitants of Greece, the Athenians

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were most addicted to the rearing of beautiful flowers; though in the northern divisions of the Peloponnesus, the attention paid to the sacred games, at which every spectator sat crowned, gave rise to habits and preferences somewhat analogous.

To return. The shrubberies, thickets, lawns, arcades, and avenues, were generally laid out in a quaint and artificial manner, though the effect was often extremely picturesque. Improvements in the art of gardening were no doubt made from age to age, but the principal object appears at all times to have been to combine utility with magnificence; for which reason we find that fruit-trees and shrubs, vegetables and fine flowers, were often seen scattered over the same grounds, not without a certain pleasing effect, though occasionally a highly-cultivated taste might have been offended by the approximation.

In those southern latitudes, shelter from the sun's rays has always been regarded as a necessary ingredient of pleasure, for which reason we find all the poets of antiquity, including those of Palestine and Arabia, constantly dwelling on the luxury of shade, and the beauty of a great rock in a sultry wilderness, on the delicious coolness of groves, and splashing fountains, and murmuring streams. To insure this enjoyment, great care was taken to plant in all grounds an abundance of trees, such as the cedar, the cypress, the black and white poplar, the ash, the linden, the elm, and the platane. Occasionally, these were beheld singly, at other times in groups: here, those of the same species were crowded together; there, you beheld the clumps of various kinds, affording additional beauty by the blending of their foliage.

Throughout the grounds, it was customary, whenever practicable, to conduct small streams, sometimes through clay channels, but generally, perhaps, through beds of hewn stone, delicately ornamented, as we still find to be the practice in the East, where, in some cases, little artificial fishes of marble are beheld through the transparent water, as it murmurs and gurgles from one fountain to another.

Copses of *agnus-castus*, roses, myrtles, and other sweet-smelling shrubs, intermingled with a pomegranate-tree in the midst, were usually planted on elevated spots, that being thus exposed to the winds, they might the more freely diffuse their fragrance. The spaces between these masses of foliage were sometimes filled with roses and lilies, and violets and golden crocuses, and sometimes presented a breadth of smooth close green-sward, sprinkled with flowers, such as the violet, the blue veronica, the pink and the pale primrose, the golden mother-wort, the cowslip, the daisy, the pimpernel, and the periwinkle. In many gardens, the custom was to plant the several kinds of trees in separate groups, and each species of flower also had, as now in Holland, a distinct bed assigned to it; so that there were expanses of white violets, of irises, of the golden cynosure, of hyacinths, of ranunculuses, of the blue

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campanula, or Canterbury-bells, of white gillyflowers, carnations, and the branchy asphodel.

One of the principal causes which led to the cultivation of flowers and shrubs of delicate foliage, was their being constantly required for forming garlands, crowns, and wreaths made use of by the Greeks, on innumerable occasions. When they offered sacrifice to the gods—when they were present at the Olympian, Isthmian, or Nemean games—when they went to the theatre—when they attended at banquets, or when they visited their mistresses, their heads were habitually crowned with flowers. These also were piled on altars and the doors of temples; and frequently the whole front of the houses of the women they loved, appeared like one blaze of garlands. For this reason, the cultivation of flowers was as much attended to in most parts of Greece as that of fruit-trees, or the vegetables most commonly in use. The indigenous mythology was connected with all beautiful trees and flowers, associations which added greatly to the interest with which they were beheld. We, of colder temperament and less gorgeous imaginations, find it difficult to represent to ourselves the state of mind in which a pagan of ancient Hellas strolled at dawn, or at close of evening, through his garden. He did not, possibly, extend a historical belief to the myths which had come down to him from antiquity, but a light and easy credulity led him to admit, without questioning, the legends preserved by tradition, and embalmed in immortal verse by the poets. This caused him to think of the tale and transformation of Daphne, the object of Apollo's love; the cypresses—denominated by the poets the Graces of the vegetable kingdom—were the everlasting representatives of Eteocles's daughters, smitten with death because they dared to rival the goddesses in dancing; the myrtle, a most beautiful maiden of Attica, fairer than all her countrywomen, swifter and more patient of toil than the youth, was therefore slain by them through envy; the pine was the tall and graceful mistress of Pan and Boreas; the mint, that of Pluto; while the rose-campion sprung from the bath of Aphrodite; and the humble cabbage from the tears of Lycurgus, the enemy of Dionysus.

Some modern writers, through affectation of singularity, have laboured to give currency to the opinion, that the greatest ornament of modern gardens was unknown to the ancient Greeks—we mean the rose. But this notion is altogether unfounded. Controversial criticism is apt, in most cases, to warp the understandings of men; and in the present instance, the object of the theory was to destroy the claims of the Anacreontic fragments to be considered genuine. We are not, however, left to depend on Anacreon for proof that the rose was known in the remotest ages in Greece. When Homer speaks of the rosy-fingered morn, he does not, as has been pretended, allude to the flower of the wild pomegranate-tree, which was of a different colour. Herodotus has preserved a tradition of extremely ancient date, where he speaks of the rose

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of sixty leaves as found in the gardens of Midas, in Thrace, at the foot of the snowy Bermios. Elsewhere, too, he compares the flower of the red Niliac lotus to the rose; and Stesichoros, an older poet than Anacreon, distinctly mentions chaplets composed of this flower—

'Many a yellow quince was there
Piled upon the regal chair;
Many a verdant myrtle bough,
Many a rose-crown fealy wreathed
With twisted violets that grow
Where the breath of spring has breathed.'

According, moreover, to a tradition preserved to later times, the seasons of the year, which in remote antiquity were but three, were symbolically represented by a rose, an ear of corn, and an apple.

But at whatever period the rose began to be cultivated, it evidently, as soon as known, shared with the violet the admiration of the Athenian people, whose extensive plantations of this most fragrant shrub recall to mind the rose-gardens of the Fayoum or Serrinnaghur.

Another favourite denizen of Hellenic gardens was the lily, which, probably introduced from Susa or from Egypt, beheld the virginal snow of its bells compelled by art to put on various hues, such as deep red and purple. This flower naturally begins to blow just as the roses are fading. Along with these, about the dank borders of streams or fountains, grew the favourite flower of the Athenian people, purple, white, and gold—

'The violet dim.
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.'

The pansy, 'freaked with jet;' the purple cyperos, the iris, the water-mint, the hyacinth, the narcissus, the willow-herb, the blue speedwell, the marsh-marigold, or brave bassinet, and the jacinths and early daffodil,

'That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty'

—flowered profusely in the gardens of Greece.

A netting of wild-thyme, tufted with sweet mint and marjoram, which, when crushed by the foot, yielded the most delicious fragrance, was spread over the sunny hillocks; while here and there, singly or in beds, grew a multitude of other herbs and flowers, some prized for their medicinal virtues, others for their beautiful colours, others for their delicate odour—as the geranium, the spike-lavender, the rosemary, with its purple and white flowers, the basil, the flower-gentle, the hyssop, the white privet, the cytisus, the sweet-marjoram, the rose-campion or columbine, the yellow amaryllis, and the celandine.

'Here too
Their gem-like eyes
The Phrygian melilots disclose,'

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with the balm-gentle; the red, the purple, and the coronal anemone; the convolvulus, yellow, white, pale, pink, and blue, together with our ladies-gloves, the flower of the trinity, southernwood, and summer savery, œnanthe, gith, the silver sage, St Mary's-thistle, and the amaranth; while, high above all, rose the dark pyramidal masses of the rhododendron, with its gigantic clusters of purple flowers. We have introduced this enumeration of plants and flowers, in order to afford some idea of the wealth of the vegetable kingdom in Greece. Anciently, a considerable trade was carried on in herbs and plants, which were exported to nearly all the countries lying on the shores of the Mediterranean. This gave rise in the country itself to a peculiar branch of industry, which flourished as long as Greece figured as a commercial community: it was that of gathering, drying, and preserving of medicinal roots and herbs, which required much study and toil, and was therefore, after a time, abandoned by the physicians to the professed herbalists. These individuals travelled, at the proper seasons of the year, through the mountainous provinces, inquiring about the medicaments in use among the country-people, and gaining knowledge valuable for their purpose from the mouths of the shepherds and husbandmen themselves, whose observation, if limited, was very exact. The collectors of simples passed of course the greater portion of their lives in the open air, in the fields and valleys, and among the streams and rocks, searching for new plants, and picking their leaves or flowers. There was much pretended mystery in their science, and they laid much stress on the proper seasons, and hours, and influences, for carrying on their vocation. Some herbs were good if gathered when wet with dew; some, if plucked in the heat of the day. They had rules, too—some founded on experience, others on superstition—for their own protection. When collecting mountain-rue, for instance, they smeared their skin with oil, to prevent inflammation; and when they had been picking hellebore, they drank a little pure wine. About one plant they drew a treble circle with a two-edged sword before they touched it; and the mandrake they cut out of the ground with a knife, while the most extraordinary incantations were performed.

Bowers and arbours were often formed entirely of myrtles. Occasionally these were intertwisted with the honeysuckle, the eglantine, the jasmine, and the broad-leaved philyrea, whose yellow tufts, mingling with the jasmine and myrtle, constituted one of the most graceful adornments of Greek gardens. Thickets, composed of other beautiful shrubs, lay between the bowers and the copses, the flower-beds, and the turfy slopes, with those loftier piles of verdure consisting of the pine-tree, the smilax, the cedar, the carob, the maple, the ash, the elm-tree, the platane, and the evergreen oak, which here and there waved their stately foliage over the grounds.

The orchard, which lay beyond the garden, was usually sur-

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rounded by close hedges of black and white thorn, and sometimes by rows of olives, which, mingling with the other verdure, assisted in shedding an air of beauty over the whole country. Among these olive-grounds, in summer, the song of the tettix is heard; and also that of the black-bird, the roller, the butcher-bird, the thrush, the nightingale, and the 'amorous thrill of the greenfinch.' The trees found in a Greek orchard were very numerous; and among them we may reckon the apple, the pear, the cherry, the damascene, the common plum, the quince, the apricot, the peach, the nectarine, the walnut, the chestnut, the filbert, the hazel-nut, the medlar, the mulberry; the fig, white, purple, and red; the pomegranate, the orange, the citron, the lemon; the date-palm, the pistachio, the almond, the service, and the cornel tree. If we follow the produce of the orchard to market, it will enable us to complete the picture of this branch of industry. Our information is chiefly derived from the Attic writers, and, therefore, what we shall say will apply peculiarly to the Agora of Athens, though the same exhibition was repeated, on a smaller scale, all over Greece. The space allotted for the sale of rustic produce was in most cities very considerable; and the Greeks, being an out-of-door people, spent much of their leisure in sauntering about in such places. In one part of the market might be seen mighty pyramids of shining apples and pears, quinces and pomegranates, and dates and bloomy plums, ready to melt under the palate; with cherries, black and white mulberries, grapes, citrons, oranges, purple figs, and melons. Near the fruit-booths were the greengrocers' stalls, not so unlike Covent Garden as might at first be supposed. There the epicure could buy his daily feast of truffles, besides the roots of the carraway and jagged lettuce. There were piles of long and round radish, turnips, asparagus, broccoli, garlic, summer savory, pease, beans, and all sorts of vegetables and herbs. Next were the stands of the flower-sellers, where garlands of the richest colour and fragrance were exhibited, ready wreathed for the brow; some carefully cultured in gardens, others collected wild by the young flower-girls, who rambled far and wide in the country and the city to gather them. We have already spoken of the universal use of flowers in Greece. They were worn at some of the ceremonies attending on the birth of infants, many of the games of youth, during courtship, marriages, and at every religious festival and private banquet or public procession. And lastly, the corpse, before being placed in the coffin, was crowned with a chaplet; garlands and everlastings were laid on the tomb, as in modern France; and mourners, when they came to visit the grave, wore wreaths of flowers upon their brows. This taste is still prevalent in Greece; and on May-day every door in Athens is decorated with a garland.

One of the most important branches of Greek husbandry was the cultivation of the vine, which, introduced before the historical period, gave rise, in the earliest ages, to fables and traditions, transmitted to posterity by the poets. To the farmer, however,

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instead of being an object of poetical interest, its cultivation was one of the ordinary occupations of life. Disregarding the pleasures of the imagination, and waiving all reference to the picturesque, he only cared to know what soils would produce the best wine, and enable him to make the most money. In this branch of industry, the Greek rustics displayed great intelligence and skill, and have left us a body of rules to be used in the selection of a piece of ground for a vineyard, which might still be studied with advantage by their descendants. We, however, shall pass them over, and proceed to describe the formation of a vineyard. When the husbandman had found a piece of ground to his liking, he first enclosed it with a hedge sufficiently thick and strong to keep out the goats and foxes, which loved to prey upon the vine. His next care was to grub up the hazel-bush and the oleaster, the roots of the former being supposed to be inimical to the Dionysiac-tree, while the oily bark of the latter rendered it peculiarly susceptible of taking fire, by which means vineyards would often appear to have been reduced to ashes. Thus at least writes Virgil:—

'Root up wild olives from thy laboured lands,
For sparkling fire from hinds' unwary hands
Is often scattered o'er their unctuous rinds,
And often spread abroad by raging winds;
For first the smouldering flame the trunk receives,
Ascending thence it crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoky fires.
But most when driven by winds, the flaming storm,
Of the long piles destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes, then, the unhappy vineyard lies,
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise,
Nor will the withered stock be green again,
But the wild olive shoots and shades the ungrateful plain.'

The next process was to trench the ground, and throw it into lofty ridges, which, by the operation of the summer sun, and the rain and winds and frosts of winter, were rendered mellow and genial. Occasionally a species of manure of pounded acorns, lentils, and other vegetable substances, was dug in, for the purpose of giving to the soil that warmth and fertility required to nourish the vine. The ground having remained in this state during a whole year, its surface was levelled, and a series of shallow furrows traced for the slips by some—rather close on rich alluvial plains, but diverging more and more in proportion to the elevation of the site.

There were three kinds of vine in Greece—first, that which was supported on short props, as in France; second, the vine which climbed over trees, as now in Savoy and Italy; third, that which being planted in stony places, on mounds, or on the steep sides of hills, was suffered to spread over the ground, and to ripen its grapes in that situation. When props were employed, they consisted in some cases of stout reeds, which occasionally took root, and by outgrowing the vine, shaded it and defrauded it of its due share of

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nourishment. In rich lands, the vines were allowed to attain the height of six feet; but on the slopes of hills, and where the soil was lighter, they were usually reduced to the height of three feet. Where reeds were not procurable, ash props were substituted, having been first carefully barked and smeared at top with pitch, to prevent their being decayed by the rain.

A vineyard consisting wholly of anadendrades, or vines trained upon lofty trees, most common in Attica, presented in spring and summer a very picturesque appearance, especially when situated on the steep declivity of a hill. The trees intended for the support of the vines, planted in straight lines, and rising behind each other, terrace above terrace, at intervals of three or four and twenty feet, were beautiful in form and varied in feature, consisting generally of the black poplar, the ash, the maple, the elm, and probably, also, the platane, which is still employed for this purpose in Crete. Though kept low in some situations where the soil was scanty, they were in others allowed to run to thirty or forty, and sometimes, as in Bithynia, even to sixty feet in height.

The face of the tree along which the vine climbed was cut down smooth like a wall, against which the purple or golden clusters hung thickly suspended; while the young branches crept along the boughs, or over bridges of reeds, uniting tree with tree, and when touched with the rich tints of autumn, delighting the eye by an extraordinary variety of foliage. As the lower boughs of these noble trees were carefully lopped away, a series of lofty arches was created, beneath which the breezes could freely play; abundant currents of pure air being regarded as no less essential to the perfect maturing of the grape than constant sunshine. Sometimes the vine, in its ascent, was suffered to wind round the trunk of its supporter, which, however, by the most judicious husbandmen, was considered prejudicial, since the profusion of ligatures which it threw out in its passage upwards, was thought to exhaust too much of its strength, to prevent which, wooden wedges were here and there inserted between the stem and the tree. In trailing the branches, moreover, along the boughs, care was taken to keep them as much as possible on the upper side, that they might enjoy a greater amount of sunshine, and be the more exposed to be agitated by the winds. In this respect, the modern vine-growers of southern Europe display a far inferior degree of care and attention, and therefore it is perfectly reasonable to infer, contrary to the opinion of most writers on the subject, that the ancients also excelled the moderns in the making of wine itself; for it is hardly to be supposed that the superior skill they exhibited in producing the grape, or at least in bringing it to maturity, would immediately forsake them when they came to make use of it.

The spaces between the trees were not in these vineyards allowed to remain idle, but having been ploughed, were sown with beans, gourds, cucumbers, and lentils. In some cases, this ground was

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appropriated to smaller fruit-trees, as the pomegranate, olive, quince, and apple.

While the grapes were growing, they were suffered to be shaded by a thick crop of leaves; but as soon as they began to turn colour, the leaves, which of themselves then shrivelled, were carefully stripped off, to allow the full force of the sun's rays to pour upon the fruit, and hasten its maturation. Such clusters as ripened before the others were cut off, to prevent their falling to the ground and being lost; that is, in gardens, for the season of gathering in of the vintage in the regular vineyards was determined by law, to prevent the mischievous frauds which might otherwise have been practised. As soon as the magistrate had declared that the season of vintage was come, the servants of Bacchus hurried forth to the vine-clad hills, converting their labours into a pretext for superabundant mirth and revelry. The troops of vintagers, composed of youths and maidens, with crowns of ivy on their heads, and accompanied by rural performers on the flute or phorminx, moved forward with shout, and dance, and song, to the sacred enclosures of Dionysus, surrounded with green hedgerows and blue streamlets. Here where

> 'The showering grapes
> In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
> Purple and gushing,'

they at once commenced their joyous task, separating the clusters from the vine with pruning-hooks. They piled them in baskets of plated reeds or osiers, and bore them on their shoulders to the wine-press, which stood usually under cover. In this work, both men and women joined; but the press was trodden by men alone, who, half-intoxicated by pleasure and the fumes of the young wine, chanted loudly their ancient national lays in praise of Bacchus.

The pastimes which took place during the vintage were boisterous and frolicsome, and occasionally distinguished by great licence. They brought forward to the village-green a number of wine-skins, filled tight with wine, and smeared with oil, upon which, being thrown on the ground, the half-intoxicated rustics sought to stand with naked feet. The missing, slipping, and falling, the grotesque figure they sometimes made upon the ground, the jokes, shouts, and laughter of the bystanders, mingled with the twanging of rustic instruments, and the roar of bacchanalian songs, constituted the charm of this rural Dionysia, out of which, through many changes and gradations, proceeded the Greek Drama. In order that they might be the less restrained in their songs, raillery, and bantering, they sometimes put on masks made of the bark of trees, from which evidently originated those afterwards worn on the Athenian stage. On some occasions they performed a sort of farce, which represented the rustics of Attica engaged in searching for the bodies of Carios and Erygone. So much has been written on this subject, that it is quite unnecessary to enter here into more

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than a few details. We shall purposely omit all allusion to the Athenian stage, which occupied the opposite end of the pole from the rural drama. Dionysus having, from the commencement, been a deity connected with agriculture, his worship had its origin, and for a long time prevailed, chiefly in the country. Great merriment accompanied his festivals; and the rustics, accustomed to mimicry, threw much natural expression into their representations of farcically-imagined adventures and events. Though actors at Athens formed part of a guild, the general body was composed of strollers, sometimes wandering about the country, throwing up temporary theatres of turf and boards, and collecting their audiences from the lower classes of people throughout the rural districts. They played usually in coarse satirical pieces, enlivened by songs, which sparkled often with very equivocal wit. Some of them were mere mountebanks or tumblers, with an apparatus of drums, cymbals, and female disguises; and they combined with this vocation that of the sellers of amulets, charms, and spells. Thus, sometimes amusing the humbler people, sometimes practising upon their credulity, they strayed through Greece, leading a life of rude romance, and adding to the hilarity of every festive scene. At every merriment of the rustics, some of these actors, or villagers who had learned their tricks, performed for the amusement of the rest, and especially at the picking and pressing of the grapes, at the gathering in of the olives, at the feasts of flowers, and the famous sacrifice to Pan.

Immediately after the vintage, the country-people turned their attention to the gathering in of the olives and the making of oil, which constituted an important branch of Attic husbandry. For the most part, the olives were picked by hand; and when a sufficient quantity had been gathered, they were spread upon hurdles, having first been cleansed from leaves and every particle of wood, and suffered to remain there a whole night and a day, in order that they might not lose the delicacy of their flavour. A little salt was usually sprinkled over them; after which they were put into the mill, and arranged so that they could be bruised without crushing the stones. They were then put into the press, and the oil, as it flowed forth, was received in leaden vessels, and preserved for use or exportation. Besides the oil, the olives themselves formed an article of trade, with many other fruits; such as figs, which the Persians considered the best in the world, quinces of the richest colour and finest flavour, pears, grapes of all qualities, including the modern currant, almonds and walnuts from Thasos, and myrtle-berries from Lesbos.

The agriculturists of Greece, though, like those of most other countries, addicted to rely chiefly on experience, often applied themselves assiduously to the study of theoretical husbandry. Numerous writers produced treatises on the subject; while others delivered their instructions orally, and were as carefully attended to as those who opened schools of philosophy. Consequently, the

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studies of a Greek farmer were highly varied and interesting; though, in remoter ages, in the more sequestered parts of the country, even to a later period, all the instruction possessed by those engaged in the cultivation of the soil consisted in a knowledge of the rules of husbandry, transmitted from father to son. These in course of time were collected and embodied in the works of the poets, such as Hesiod and others, who gave them by degrees a universal currency. To these precepts were added a slight acquaintance with physics, and some familiarity with natural history. Of course, they were enabled to make but slight progress in such departments of science. They contented themselves, for the most part, with observing the variations of the year; the influence of the sun and moon; the rising and setting of the stars; the motion of the winds; the generation and effects of dews, clouds, meteors, showers, tempests; origin of springs and fountains; and the migration and habits of birds, and other animals. All information connected with springs was peculiarly valuable in Attica, which was chiefly watered by means of wells. These, in long and dry summers, often failed, and caused among the citizens of the democracy a scarcity of vegetables, which, owing to their peculiar tastes and habits, was regarded as a national calamity. By way of illustrating the unfounded traditions which sometimes prevail among large families of mankind, we may observe that the Greeks learned from their ancestors that Danaus, coming to Greece from Egypt, taught the ancient inhabitants the art of making wells. But as these conveniences have always been unknown in the Nilotic Valley, we know what value to attach to this myth, which was no doubt invented to serve some temporary purpose.

Among the studies of the agriculturist was included a careful observation of the weather, and of all those signs by which its changes are foreshewn. It was incumbent on him to notice the phenomena of day and night, and the state of the atmosphere at the rising of the Pleiades, since it was expected to continue the same until the winter-solstice, after which a change sometimes immediately followed. The weather then usually maintained one character till the vernal equinox, when another variation took place, after which it remained steadily in the same course till the rising of the constellation with which his observations commenced. It was supposed to undergo successive mutations at the summer-solstice and the autumnal equinox. According to experience, a rainy winter was followed by a raw and dry spring—and the contrary; and a snowy winter by a year of abundance.

As nature, however, by no means steadily follows this course, even in Greece, it was found necessary to subject her everchanging phenomena to a more exact scrutiny, in order to obtain rules for foretelling the approach of rain or tempests, or droughts or a continuance of fair weather. Some of these were founded on observation, while others, no doubt, were entirely the offspring of

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fancy. Of all the circumstances pre-signifying the approach of rain, the most certain was supposed to be the aspect of the morning; for if, before sunrise, beds of purpurescent clouds stretched along the verge of the horizon, rain was expected that day or the day after the morrow. They drew the same augury, though with less confidence, from the appearance of the setting sun; especially if, in winter or spring, it went down through an accumulation of clouds, or with masses of dusky rack, on the left. Again—if, at its rising, the sun appeared pale, dull red, or spotted; or if, previously, its rays were seen streaming upwards; or if, immediately afterwards, a long band of clouds extended beneath it, intersecting its descending beams; or if the orient wore a sombre hue; or if piles of sable vapour towered into the firmament; or if the clouds were scattered loosely over the sky, like pieces of wool, or came waving up from the south in long sinuous streaks, denominated 'mares' tails' by our sailors—the husbandman reckoned with certainty upon rain, floods, and tempestuous winds. The phenomena of thunder and lightning likewise instructed the husbandman who applied himself diligently to the study of the heavens. Thus, when thunder was heard during winter in the morning, it betokened wind; when heard in the evening, or at noon, in summer, it foretold rain. When lightning burst from every part of the heavens at once, it signified both wind and rain. Falling-stars were thought to denote wet weather, which they supposed would originate in that part of the sky from whence they proceeded.

There is a saying among our rustics on the subject of rainbows, which most readers will remember:—

> 'A rainbow at night
> Is the shepherd's delight;
> A rainbow in the morning
> Is the shepherd's warning.'

The peasants of Hellas entertained pretty nearly the same opinion, though they expressed it somewhat differently.

Several modifications in the rural economy of the Greeks arose out of the existence among them of a vast system of servitude, originating in the earliest times, and transmitted from age to age, with only such changes as were caused by the progress of civilisation. This peculiarity in their social economy led them to consider it best that all the processes connected with country-life should be performed, in as many cases as possible, on the farm, where they kept smiths, carpenters, wheel-wrights, and potters, partly with an eye to cheapness, but partly, also, to prevent the necessity of sending the rustics to the neighbouring towns, where they contracted bad habits, learned to drink, became slothful and dishonest, and were often tempted to make their escape. They, consequently, constructed their own carts and wagons, though in many cases it was found necessary to bring the wood home from a distance. Before the invention of mills, they reduced the grain

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to meal or to flour with a pestle and mortar; and, to give the pestle greater force, it was fixed above in a cross-bar, seven feet long, worked by women. By this rude contrivance, it is possible to produce flour as fine as that proceeding from the most elaborate bolting-machine.

The Greeks seemed to have entertained very just notions on the subject of manure, though it would lead us into too much detail to describe either their modes of employing it, or the means by which it was preserved. In light soils, they had recourse to a sort of spade-husbandry. Where ploughing was resorted to, they usually repeated the process thrice; and the third time, the ploughman cast the grain into the furrow as he advanced, while a lad, following behind, broke the clods and covered the seed, to secure it against birds. In very hot weather, they often laboured all night, thus protecting themselves and their oxen against the sun, as well as profiting by the dew, which rendered the soil more moist and pliable. At these times, they employed two pair of oxen, and a heavy share, made to open the deeper furrows, and to reach and turn up the hidden fat of the earth. In choosing a ploughman, they carefully fixed upon one of great vigour and stature, that he might be able to wield the implement easily; nor would they have him under forty years of age, lest he should be unsteady in the performance of his duties.

In sowing, they followed various rules, some of which were not a little curious. Common sense taught them to adapt the grain to the soil, to choose rich plains for wheat, and crop them at intervals with vegetables. Barley was sown where the ground was oily and soft; while thin and hungry tracts they gave up to lentils, vetches, lupines, and other pulse, which were cultivated on a large scale. Beans and pease were supposed to thrive best on level and fat lands. The principal sowing season was in autumn; for as soon as the equinoctial rains had moistened the earth, the sower went forth to sow, and committed to the ground the hopes of the future year. The time for wheat was September, about the setting of the constellation of the Crown, avoiding, if possible, those days during which the south wind prevailed, as well as all other cold winds, because they were ungenial to the planting of this grain. A mixture of prudence and superstition regulated the act of casting the seed, teaching them first to distribute it equally over the glebe, and, second, to see that none fell between the horns of the oxen; since such grain, if it sprung up, would, they thought, produce corn that could neither be baked nor eaten. They often made use of a sowing-sieve of wolf's hide, pierced with thirty holes, as large as the tips of the fingers. From superstition, too, they, in later times, inscribed the barbarous word 'Phriël' on the plough. To protect the seed from birds, they set up scarecrows of various kinds, and had recourse to charms and enchantments, in which, apparently, they put great faith. When the young corn sprang up, it was carefully weeded twice. Harvest usually commenced

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in Greece about the rising of the Pleiades; that is, nearly a month earlier than in Italy. At this time, labourers collected, as in Palestine, in the market-place, where they stood, arranged in bands, till persons hired them. They then, with sharp sickles and lightly clad, proceeded to the fields, where, dividing themselves into two parties, they commenced reaping at either end of an expanse of standing corn, each striving which should first reach the middle. Sometimes they took advantage of the wind, which, blowing before them, bent down the straw to their hands. Women, in many parts of Greece, joined in these labours. Two classes of harvesters followed the reapers, one of which bound the corn up into sheaves, while others carried it away and piled it up into mows. Homer, who peculiarly delighted in delineating rural pictures, has described in the *Iliad*, with great vigour and felicity, many of the principal features of a Grecian harvest-field:

> 'There, in a field, 'mid lofty corn, the lusty reapers stand,
> Plying their task right joyously, with sickle each in hand.
> Some strew in lines, as on they press, the handfuls thick behind,
> While at their heels the heavy sheaves their merry comrades bind.
> These to the mows a troop of boys next bear in haste away,
> Piling upon the golden glebe the triumphs of the day.
> Among them, wrapped in silent joy, their sceptered king appears,
> Beholding, in the swelling heaps, the stores of future years.
> A mighty ox beneath an oak the busy heralds slay,
> With grateful sacrifice, to close the labours of the day;
> While near, the husbandman's repast the rustic maids prepare,
> Sprinkling with flour the broiling cates, whose savour fills the air.'

In that remote and unsettled period which we denominate the heroic age, the produce of the harvest was never considered safe until it had been lodged behind strong walls in the farmyard. As we are told also of the Arabians, even the ploughmen and reapers themselves were sometimes in danger, in the more sequestered parts of Greece, of being carried off and sold for slaves, for which reason they ploughed and reaped with arms by their side; and while thus engaged, had often to fight for their personal liberty. As civilisation and general freedom made progress, however, increased security came along with it; so that, when the several Greek states were at their culminating point of political greatness, the inhabitants might perhaps be said to enjoy much the same sort of protection they now do in the free countries of the west.

The implements usually employed were the sickle and the scythe; the former for wheat, the latter for barley and other inferior grains. It may be worth observing, that in ancient Gaul, a contrivance, which probably suggested the reaping-machines of our own day, would seem to have been used from very remote ages. A car, with scythes in front, was driven forward by bullocks, and, cutting the corn at a certain height from the ground, caused the ears, with the upper part of the straw, to fall into the tumbril. Whole fields were soon reaped in this manner, though the ingenuity of those semi-barbarians would not seem to have been

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imitated by the more civilised communities in their neighbourhood. As a long succession of fine weather could generally be counted on, thrashing-floors were constructed in the open fields, where the grain was separated from the straw by oxen. The same practice also prevailed in Syria, as we learn from a passage in the Hebrew laws: 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' Occasionally, in later times, they made use of a thrashing-machine, as well as of the common flail. The Syrian law alluded to, that the ox which trod out the corn should not be muzzled, was conceived in a noble and poetical spirit. In a similar spirit was the regulation made in ancient Greece, that when common footpaths traversed the orchards and vineyards, no passer-by was prevented from stopping and plucking a bunch of grapes or a little fruit. The account of our Saviour in the cornfield is an illustration of the same circumstance. In Burgundy and Switzerland, however, where there is a right of way through the vineyards, you may often see the grapes near the path smeared with lime, and at Foix two children recently lost their lives by eating poisoned grapes on the wayside.

In winnowing, they trusted, on windy days, entirely to the breeze; but in calm weather, made use of a machine which, though turned by the hand, would seem to have possessed great power, as we may infer from its having been employed in cleansing vetches and beans. To save the chaff, which was too valuable to be lost, pits were sunk all round the thrashing-floor, which, for the passage of the men and cattle, would appear to have been covered, except in the direction of the wind. For immediate use, the corn was sufficiently cleansed by one winnowing; but when designed to be laid up in granaries, it underwent a second cleansing process. In the construction of granaries, they displayed great skill, and were successful in proportion; insomuch that by their method wheat could be preserved for fifty, and millet for a hundred years. The contrivances varied in various countries; but throughout antiquity, so much care was bestowed on this object, that famines rarely made their appearance; and even during war, the inhabitants of fortresses and besieged cities were not often compelled to surrender through lack of provisions. In most parts of Greece, an effective rural police, or *garde-champêtre*, was organised to protect the boundaries of estates, and prevent depredations in fields and vineyards.

Another department of rural life among the Greeks was that of the shepherds, which may be regarded as a prolongation of the original habits of the race; for it is now undoubted that the Pelasgi, from whom the Hellenes sprang, brought along with them from Asia a fondness for pastoral pursuits which has never entirely disappeared in Greece. As civilisation, however, extended, the domains of the shepherd race were narrowed, until they came at last to be restricted to the broad slopes of those great ridges separating Greece from the rest of Europe on the north, and intersecting it

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at intervals throughout its whole extent. In those wild solitudes, amidst forests, lakes, rocks, and the bubbling sources of rivers, the pasturage of sheep and goats constituted in all ages a separate calling; and amidst the softest refinements of luxury, the most stately triumphs of art, and the perfection of political institutions, statesmen, philosophers, and poets, often sought among them traces of that contentment and felicity which they themselves had forfeited. In all stages of society, men linger regretfully in thought on the past, and bound hopefully forward to the future. The passing time never forms the beau-ideal in a reverie of happiness. All the world over, however, men aim through toil at acquiring the means of enjoying repose. Now the shepherds of antiquity, who fed their own flocks, commanded as much of peace and material enjoyment as any condition of this world is susceptible of. But, in contemplating their lives, we must not deceive ourselves. Happiness consists not so much in possessing an abundance of the materials and sources of enjoyment, as in making a wise use of them. The shepherds of Hellas had leisure, had plenty, had solitude, if they liked it, or could live, if they pleased, in companionship with persons of both sexes, as careless and comfortable as themselves. But education could never have given them the power to extract all the delight out of their situation which it was capable of affording to minds highly cultivated and enlarged. In presence of the grandest scenery, they often wanted an appreciation of the picturesque. If sublimity lay around, it was too grand for their conception. Their ideas moved along a humble level, and brought them none of those raptures, those splendid visions of fame and glory, those intoxicating draughts of pleasure, which the wielding of power, the acquisition of fame, and the exercise of the nobler virtues, bestowed on the more refined inhabitants of cities.

Still, it is impossible entirely to deliver ourselves from the persuasion, that in the rude simplicity of the pastoral life, there existed a very seducing charm. In general, the shepherds could have no care for the morrow, leading about their herds and flocks, and seeing their wealth perpetually increasing, without the need of any corresponding exertions on their part. They sat down at their ease upon rocks, and in the shade of trees, and saw the quiet stream of life flow by in careless indolence. Throughout the greater part of the year, the climate in which they lived was balmy and genial. The phenomena of nature followed in regular succession; and their curiosity was excited, and their knowledge increased, by the appearance of migratory birds, by the singular habits of animals, by the rapid and startling changes in the aspect of the external world. In some countries of the East, men who attended on sheep are supposed to have invented the science of astronomy. Awake all night, and in a delicious atmosphere, they could not fail to observe the motions of the stars; and one observation awakening another, and exciting the appetite for knowledge,

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they gradually put together in their minds the results of their experience, and set the rest of mankind the example of studying the phenomena of the heavens.

It is very much to be regretted, that a large portion of Hellenic literature, describing different phases of pastoral life, has utterly perished. From what remains, however, especially among the poets, we may still form a tolerable picture of the existence led by herdsmen and shepherds. At the same time, we must not suffer ourselves to be misled. The Bucolic bards, not excepting one of the number, delineate the holiday aspect of this department of rural life. Nor could it well be otherwise. Hesiod, in his picture of rustic existence among the Hellenes of a remote age, though he descended to the toil and drudgery of farming, sought, by all the arts of which he was master, to throw the witchery of romance around them, and to shape into poetic form things uncouth and simple enough in themselves. Poetry, however, springs naturally from the pursuits and recreations of the shepherd; though possibly he may be like the mute figure in a painted landscape, unconscious all the while of the emotions of delight which the scene he witnesses is calculated to excite.

Nevertheless, when under the influence of the universal passions belonging to our nature, he, too, must have experienced what poetry there is in life. Indolence, it is said, is the parent of love; and if so, wide indeed must have been the rule of the affections among those pastoral races, whose devotion to indolence constituted the most remarkable feature of their lives. In Theocritus, and still more in Virgil, the system of our ideas is sometimes rudely disturbed by visions of poverty and servitude, passing like blights over the pastoral landscape. But, in general, the panorama is sunny and hospitable, so that nothing could be more delightful than the collection of all those glimpses of the Grecian fields and woods, and wild poetical recesses, which occur at intervals in the writings of their poets, who loved to dwell amid these haunts of repose and beauty. Let us take one or two specimens, to shew what riches of this description may still be found in Hellenic literature. Chœremon, who, on account of his fondness for what the ancients called 'stars of the earth,' was denominated the flower-poet, has the following brilliant picture of a bevy of pastoral maidens sporting in a landscape lighted up by the summer-moon:—

'There one reclined apart I saw,
Within the moon's pale light,
With bosom through her parted robe
Appearing snowy white.
Another danced, and floating free
Her garments in the breeze,
She seemed as buoyant as the wave
That leaps o'er summer seas.
While dusky shadows all around
Shrunk backward from the place,
Chased by the beamy splendour shed
Like sunshine from her face.

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Beside this living picture stood
A maiden passing fair,
With soft round arms exposed; a fourth
With free and graceful air,
Like Dian, when the bounding hart
She tracks through morning dew,
Bared, through the opening of her robes,
Her lovely limbs to view.
And O the image of her charms—
As clouds in heaven above,
Mirrored by streams—left on my soul
The stamp of hopeless love.
And slumbering near them others lay
On beds of sweetest flowers,
The dusky-petalled violet,
The rose of Paphian bowers.
The inula and saffron-flower,
Which on their garments cast,
And vests—such hues as deck the sky
When day is ebbing fast.
While far and near tall marjoram
Bedecked the fairy ground,
Loading with sweets the vagrant winds
That frolicked all around!'

It would doubtless be easy to multiply from Theocritus, pictures and dialogues innumerable, descriptive of the manners of shepherds; but it is necessary to resist the temptation, since the illustration of that exquisite poet would of itself form the subject of a whole Tract. We shall, however, translate one passage, delineating a pastoral picture, supposed to have been represented in relief on a shepherd's cup:—

'And there by ivy shaded, sits
A maid divinely wrought,
With veil and circlet on her brows,
By two fond lovers sought.
Both beautiful, with flowing hair,
Both suing to be heard;
On this side one, the other there,
But neither is preferred.
For now on this, on that anon,
She pours her witching smile,
Like sunshine on the buds of hope,
In falsehood all, and guile:
Though ceaselessly, with swelling eyes,
They seek her heart to move,
By every soft and touching art
That wins a maiden's love.'

Probably these passages suggest a too favourable idea of the appearance and manners of pastoral society in the later ages of Greece. To realise them thoroughly, we must go back to heroic times, when princes and chiefs, and whatever men were most distinguished by their country, retired voluntarily from cities and palaces, to roam simply with flocks and herds, in the peaceful and beautiful pastures that lay among the hills of Greece. In one of the Homeric hymns, we find a glowing picture of the shepherd life of Anchises, the father of Æneas, who, in the lofty recesses of Mount Ida, was believed to have been visited by the goddess of love. The author represents this youthful chief as an adventurous

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hunter, courageous even to fierceness in his contests with beasts or men; but in his approaches to the gentler sex he was mild, tender, reverential; and, to borrow the language of Chaucer—

'Of his port as meek as is a maid.'

His couch consisted of the skins of beasts and lions slain by his own hand, but covered over with soft garments, to gratify the luxurious taste inherent in all southern nations.

In later ages, however, the attendants on sheep were less favourably circumstanced. Performing their task for wages, they lived more sparingly, and were far more humbly clad. In allusion to their poor costume, is a passage in the *Cyclops* of Euripides:—

'Much-loved Bacchus, where dost thou
Lonely dwell afar,
Shaking thy gold locks at eve,
Like a blazing star;
While I, thy minister, am fain
To serve this one-eyed Cyclop swain—
A slave, borne down by fortune's stroke,
In wretched goatskin cloak?'

It is much to be regretted, that the ancients have not left more specimens of those tales and narratives and songs, with which this lazy part of the population amused its long and dreamy leisure. Plato, whose flexible imagination grasped all things small and great, has presented us with one strange fragment of pastoral literature, half Asiatic, half Grecian, an outline of which we shall borrow from Mr St John. Observe the wild picture which Plato, in his academic dream, presents to us of a group of Lydian shepherds. It has all the poetical elements of an Arabian tale. Tradition, he says, represented Gyges, the ancestor of Cresus, as a hired shepherd, who, with many others, guarded the imperial flocks in the remoter districts of the country. At this time happened a great earthquake, attended by floods of rain, which, in the parts where they were, opened up a chasm in the earth. Gyges, arriving alone at the mouth of the gap, stood, amazed at its depth and magnitude; but, observing a practicable descent, went down, and roamed through its subterraneous passages. Many marvellous things, according to the myths, did he there see; and, among the rest, a hollow brazen horse, with doors in its side, through which, looking in, he beheld a colossal corpse, with a jewelled ring on its hand. Transferring this to his own finger, Gyges departed. Shortly afterwards, still wearing the signet, he went to the assembly of shepherds, which met monthly, for the purpose of selecting a person to bear the usual report of the flocks to the king. Sitting down among the rest, he happened to turn the jewel of this ring towards himself, upon which he became invisible to his companions, as he clearly discovered from their discourse, which proceeded as if about an absent man. Smitten with much wonder, he returned the ring to its former position, and again became visible. He made the experiment over and over again, and

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always with success; upon which, like another Macbeth, a vast scheme of ambition darkly shadowed itself upon his mind, and a crown, slightly tinged with blood, swam before him. It does not, however, appear that, like the Thane of Cawdor, he was perplexed with scruples. He does not say:—

> 'Why do I yield to that suggestion,
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
> Against the use of nature? Present fears
> Are less than horrible imaginings:
> My thought, whose murder's yet but phantasy,
> Shakes so my single state of man, that function
> Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,
> But what is not.'

Gyges, with the ruthless resolution of an Oriental, forms his plan at once, and coolly works it out. He procures himself to be elected one of the mission to the king, and, on arriving at the capital, dishonours the queen, murders his master, and ascends the throne. This forms, indeed, a striking contrast with the character and manners of the real Greek shepherds; of whom, however, we have no picture completely drawn, though poets and sophists occasionally disclose interesting glimpses. Dion Chrysostom, in one of his declamations, depicts a scene of pure pastoral simplicity, which he professes himself to have witnessed among the high valleys of Eubœa. The passage is too long to be quoted in full. It begins with telling of his journeyings along the southern coast of the island, to which he had been driven by a storm. Upon this bleak, harbourless, and perilous shore, was one of the most famous purple-fisheries of antiquity, which tempted thousands to endanger their lives, gaining a livelihood amid its tempest-beaten rocks. Clambering up a precipice, the sophist fell in, as he tells us, with a hunter, who, with his dogs, had just slain a deer, and invited the stranger to taste of his hospitality. As they went along, the rustic described his way of life, his dwelling and his neighbours, and, in doing this, he gives to the imagination a picture of true rural simplicity and grace. Dion is liberally entertained on his arrival, and delights himself in remembering the pleasure of his little sojourn with two shepherd families of Eubœa, just about to be made more united by a marriage. The youthful beauty of Capharœus, secluded from the world, is worshipped by her cousin, who, an adventurous hunter like her sire, joins the family circle in the evening, accompanied by his father, bringing a hare as a present. The old man salutes the guest; the youth offers his gift with a kiss, and immediately undertakes the office of the girl, who resumes her place by her mother's side.

Observing this arrangement, the stranger inquires whether she is not soon to be married to some wealthy peasant who might benefit the family. Upon this blushes glow in the cheeks of the young lovers; and her father, glancing at them, replies: 'Nay, but she will take a husband humble in rank, and, like myself, a hunter.'

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'How is it, then, that you wait?' says Dion. 'Do you expect him from the village?'

'No,' answered the father; 'he is not far off; and as soon as we can fix upon a fortunate day, the nuptials will be celebrated.'

'And by what do you judge of a fortunate day?'

'The moon must be approaching the full, the weather fine, and the atmosphere transparent.'

'And is the youth in reality an able hunter?'

'I am,' said the young man, answering for himself; 'in the chase of the stag or boar, as yourself, if you please, shall judge to-morrow.'

'And did you take this hare, my friend?'

'I did,' replied he smiling; 'having set a gin for him by night, the weather being surpassingly beautiful, and the moon larger than it ever was before.' Upon this both the old men laughed, and the lover abashed, held his peace.

'But,' observed the father of the maiden, 'it is no fault of mine that the solemnity is deferred: we only wait, at his father's desire, till a victim can be purchased, for a sacrifice must be offered to the gods.'

'As for a victim,' interposed the girl's younger brother, 'he has long provided one, and a noble one too, which is now feeding behind the house.'

'And is it truly so?' demanded the old hunter.

'It is.'

'And where,' addressing the youth, 'did you procure it?'

'When we took the wild sow, which was followed by her litter,' answered he, 'the greater number, swifter than hares, made their escape. But I hit one with a stone, and my companions coming up, threw a skin over him. This I secured, and exchanged in the village for a young domestic pig, which has been fatted in a sty behind the dwelling.'

'I now understand,' exclaimed the father, 'the cause of your mother's smile when I wondered what that grunting could be, and how the barley was disappearing so fast.'

'Nevertheless,' remarked the young man, 'to be properly fatted, our Eubœan swine require acorns. However, if you will just step this way, I will shew her to you.' So they set off, the boys running with extreme glee.

In the meantime, the maiden, going into the other cottage, brought forth a quantity of split service-berries, medlars, and winter-apples, and bunches of superb grapes, bursting ripe; and brushing down the table, she spread them on a large piece of clean fern. Next moment the lads returned, bringing in the pig with much joking and peals of laughter. Then came, too, the young man's mother with two of his little brothers; and they brought along with them nice white loaves, with boiled eggs on wooden salvers, and a quantity of parched pease. Having embraced her brother, with his wife and daughter, she sat down beside her husband, and

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said: 'Behold the victim which my son has long fed for his marriage; and the other things also are ready—both the barley-meal and the flour. A little more wine, perhaps, may be wanting; but even this we may procure from the village. And her son standing near, fixed his eyes wistfully upon his father-in-law, who smilingly observed:

'All delay is now on the lover's part, who, perhaps, is anxious to fatten his pig.'

'As for her,' said the youth, 'she is bursting with fat.'

Upon this Dion, willing to aid the lover, interposed, saying: 'But you must take care lest, while the pig is fattening, he himself grow thin.'

'The stranger's remark is just,' said his mother, 'for already he is more meagre than he used to be; and I have of late observed him to be wakeful at night, and to go forth from the cottage.'

'Oh, that was when the dogs barked, and I stepped out to see what was the matter.'

'Not you!' said his mother; 'you went moping about. Let us, therefore,' continued she, 'put him to no further trial.'

And, throwing her arms about her sister, the maiden's mother, she kissed her; whereupon the latter, addressing her husband, said: 'Let us grant them their desire.' To which he agreed, and it was arranged that the marriage should take place in three days. The stranger was invited to remain, and join in the festal ceremony; which he gladly did, remembering with delight after many years the shepherd's nuptials in Eubœa.—In the island of Crete, there were tribes of men still more primitive, who subsisted by catching birds—among others, the blue nightingale, which is still found among the mountains. In size, it was somewhat smaller than the thrush, which it resembled in the melody and diversity of its tones. It was often taken and kept in cages, where it was taught to mimic the human voice. In the same island was found an elegant species of merops, which sail in flocks over the sides of the thyme-covered mountains, hunting the bees which delight in those fragrant spots. In plumage, it is like the lory. The children captured it in a very ingenious manner. They passed a crooked pin through the hard corselet of the cicada, attached to a fine thread. The insect mounted into the air; the bird darted upon it, became hooked like a fish, and was easily drawn to the ground.

When the shepherds, rousing from their indolence, addicted themselves to the chase, they found among mountains and forests abundant scope for their courage and their skill. The lion was early known in Greece, though many of the romantic traditions of that ferocious animal scattering flocks and herds doubtless came from the East. In defence of their charge, the shepherds were necessarily engaged in contests with wild beasts which had to be repelled, often nightly, by men and dogs. The wolves, in hilly and woody districts, troubled them much, and a passion for

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hunting was engendered by the warfare carried on against them. Gradually, by this means, the shepherd became a hunter. Philosophers have attempted to separate these two stages of society, in which men are engaged in the care of flocks and in the chase, but the division is impracticable. They were at the same time addicted to both pursuits, the defence of their rural wealth being absolutely necessary in leading forth their herds to pasture.

In whatever way excited, a passion for hunting prevailed very generally in Greece, and led its people to study the habits of animals, the breeding of dogs, the training of horses, and the topography of the country where their sports were carried on. The chase of the wild boar, discussed by Xenophon with so much zest and eloquence, was one of the most striking and curious passages in a hunter's life. In that hardy recreation, the Attic gentlemen readily perilled life and limb, riding forth with dogs, nets, and spears, and dashing with headlong speed through wild defiles in the mountains, through tangled forests, marshes, and morasses. At once more elegant and more touching was the chase of the stag, and Xenophon is betrayed into a burst of poetical tenderness as he speaks of the young fawns sporting in the uplands with their dams at break of day, or the timid hares frolicking by moonlight in the meadows.

We have thus gone rapidly through the different phases of rural life in Greece, passing necessarily over many topics in themselves full of interest, but to treat of which would have betrayed us into too great length. Our object has been to shew, that in all ages the Hellenic population has loved equally the quiet of the fields and the political excitement of cities. No region in Europe was better fitted in their day to encourage rural tastes. Time has now destroyed half its pastoral beauty. Its woods have disappeared; many of its fountains and rivers have been dried up; whole districts, once famous for their fertility, are now desolate and barren: we must not, therefore, trust hastily to the flippancy of those travellers who oppose what is called personal experience to the testimony of ancient writers. Chains of mountains denuded of wood no longer generate springs, and thus are stopped the sources of streams, which gave half their beauty, and so much of their fruitfulness, to the valleys and plains of Greece. Even now the work of disforesting is going on there; the lazy and reckless shepherds firing the brushwood, in order to obtain a fresh supply of grass, so that on summer nights whole mountains are on fire, while they who caused the devastation are flying in dismay with their flocks and herds before the roaring and spreading flames.

When Greece shall have a wise and patriotic government, a stop will be put to these destructive conflagrations, and pains will be taken to clothe the crests of the mountains with vegetation, which will at once restore all its ancient beauty to the land, and along with it that fertility which once rendered it the envy and

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admiration of the world. It is sad now to look upon its blenkness and aridity; upon its glens and valleys unwatered; upon its bare rocks; upon its uninhabitable fastnesses, which are even deserted by the wild beasts, because they can find there nothing to prey upon. This is particularly the case in the Morea, while along the whole western shore, you may travel for entire days without beholding a single tree. In Northern Greece, especially on the borders of Thessaly, the scene is still somewhat more cheering; but even there the woods are fast melting away beneath the apathetic stupidity of the government and the people. All that can be done to stay this process, is to spread knowledge among the inhabitants; and it is even possible that this Tract may not be without its utility in awakening among the descendants of the Athenians that taste for rural beauty, occupations, and pastimes, which distinguished their renowned ancestors.

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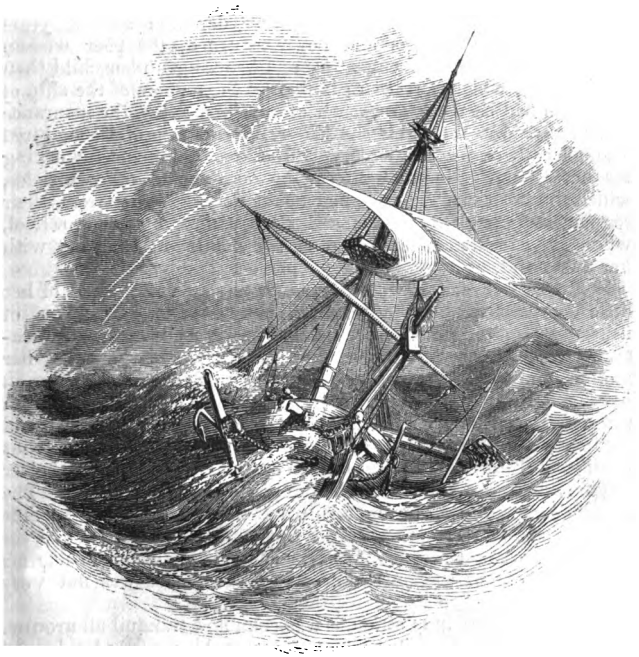

THE HOPE OF LEASCOMBE: A TALE.

I.

NEWTON-ALNWAY is a village in Devonshire, close on the coast, and wholly inhabited by fishermen and such like—that is, men who get their living from the sea. Standing on a slight eminence above the water's edge, it is again backed by green hills, while below are cliffs and the sandy shore. On these were drawn up one spring morning the half-dozen boats of the village, the crews being engaged in the repairs necessitated by a severe gale which they had recently experienced. Above, in the hamlet, the women were mending nets, all save

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one couple, Dame Lester and her daughter Sophy, who lived in a small hut on the edge of the village. Widow—at all events supposed to be—for her husband had departed sixteen years back on a long voyage, and never returned, the poor woman had no other means of educating and bringing up her child than L.10 a year, which had been granted by the owners of the ship of which he had been captain, when, after a long delay, the insurance had been paid. With this she had retired to this Newton, hired a small cottage for L.2 a year, and at once commenced working for her living. She took in sewing, shirts, and other articles, which the laborious fisherwomen could not find time from their regular avocations to make; and shortly after opened a school, where she educated the children of the hamlet in company with her own child.

Sophy Lester was, however, much in advance of the rest of her little companions, who, destined to be fishermen and wives of fishermen, had no pretensions to aim at any very elaborate education. She, in fact, from the very first, materially assisted her mother, and at sixteen took the whole of this part of the duty off her hands. She was a mild, gentle girl, thoughtful and high principled. Her mother's example struck her much, for she could well remember the day when they had a nice house and a servant in Plymouth town. Mrs Lester had brought away from her better days a good many books, which Sophy eagerly devoured. The consequence was, that at eighteen her thoughtful tone had become rather melancholy, and she began to aim at something above the station she was placed in. Any idea of marrying a rude fisherman was to her out of the question, so that the future was not very brilliant.

On the morning in question, it was calm and tranquil all around. Nature appeared reposing. The sea was blue and placid, and everything seemed to serve the workers below. Mrs Lester and Sophy were standing in front of their cot, looking on, it not being yet time for the urchins and lasses of the village to come up to class. The house had really but one story; but a kind of high loft formed a very good bedroom, from which there was a magnificent view of the sea. It was not used by the family, but had once been let to a young coast-guard whose duty called him to the neighbourhood.

Below, there were two rooms. One, a large one, served for schoolroom, workroom, and kitchen; while that behind was the bedroom of mother and daughter. A small garden was situated on one side of the house; while in front was a wooden bench, on which Mrs Lester and Sophy would often sit in sunny weather to work. In front of this passed a footpath, the only road by which Newton-Alnway was reached from above, there being no carriage-road. It lay in a hollow, in fact, with hills around it too steep for vehicles.

'Do you see yon Indiaman, mother?' said Sophy, suddenly

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arousing herself from a reverie. 'How tranquilly it rides along in the soft breeze!'

'Yes, my love,' replied Dame Lester with a deep sigh, 'it moves as slowly as the hours did when I had still hope of your father, and he came not.'

'Pardon me, mother dear, I did not mean to awaken painful thoughts. What a lovely day! How bright the sun is! I can fancy, as I gaze on the waters now, the pleasure of being a sailor.'

'A fair sailor indeed would you make!' said a manly voice near at hand; 'an' perhaps you will not refuse a rest to a blue jacket who is weary.'

They turned, and saw a young sailor about twenty, handsome, genteel-looking, but tall and hardy. His sunburnt face seemed to give token of long travel; while his dusty clothes, stick, and bundle, denoted his having walked hard, and apparently all night. His face was handsome, we have said, but there was at this moment a sternness of expression about it that was perhaps not native. He looked, in fact, as if he had just passed through a scene of great excitement.

'Sit you down,' exclaimed the mother in half-trembling accents: 'no sailor was ever refused shelter in my humble home.'

'Thankee; that's hearty,' said the young sailor, seating himself. 'I am terribly tired. My trade ain't long walks, and I've trudged twenty miles, I do believe, this night; though where I started from is not five miles away. I suppose I mustn't, though I offer to pay for it, ask for breakfast?'

'Most certainly,' continued Dame Lester; while Sophy, who as yet had not spoken, entered the house to prepare breakfast, which, in consideration of the sudden arrival of a hearty man, she thought necessary to make more abundant than usual. She fried a goodly dish of bacon and eggs, which, with a large jug of cider and a bowl of milk, brown bread and dried fish, afforded a meal uncommonly enticing to a hungry man. She then invited them in, and the sailor began to do honour to the fare in a way that said much for his appetite and health.

'I never enjoyed a meal so in my life before,' he said, while adding a bloater to his already somewhat large share of the repast.

'You put me in mind, sir,' replied Mrs Lester sadly, 'of my poor dear husband. When he came home from a voyage, he had always an appetite, that—God forgive me!—used to make me laugh then.'

'You are a widow, madam?' said the sailor gently.

'Yes,' continued Mrs Lester—while Sophy quite liked him for his tender tone, and the way in which he laid down his fork to listen—and she briefly told her story.

The sailor looked very grave, and did not speak for some minutes; then he resumed his meal, and after awhile addressed the widow. 'Dame Lester—since that is the name you are called by in the

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village—I am a sailor, just off a long voyage; I have money to spend, which, under other circumstances, I should have spent perhaps foolishly; I want a good rest. Will you take me to board and lodge at a pound a week? I could thus manage a good year's rest, which would be better than broiling myself directly in a hot sun, or freezing myself up in the north seas. I have received a good education, and would help to teach the boys. I won't be in your way. I can fish, I can shoot sea-gulls to pass the time; besides, I have books in my chest, which I will send for, and I can read. So come here—ten weeks in advance: done's the word. Is it so?'

Mrs Lester scarcely hesitated. She saw in the offer of the sailor something likely to be advantageous to her daughter. A pound a week was a munificent sum for her, but she felt that it was too munificent.

'I should be tempted to accept, sir,' said Mrs Lester, 'because certainly what you propose would be useful and agreeable to me; but a pound a week is too much for the accommodation I can give.'

'You will give me enough to eat, plenty of good cider; and you can let me swing my hammock aloft, I suppose. What more can I ask? Be sure I'll have my pound a week out of you. Come, ma'am, give me your hand, and let us say it is done.'

'But a total stranger'——

'I'm a jack-tar, rated on the ship's books as William Harvey. I choose to sail in a merchant-vessel instead of a man-of-war; and here I am pretty safe from the press. If you want my character, I'll get a written one from a parson.'

'No. I will take you on your looks,' said Mrs Lester, 'and trust to your word. You can send for your chest as soon as you like.'

And so it was settled. The same day, William Harvey wrote a letter, which he sealed up carefully, and sent by one of the young fishermen to a neighbouring town. In the evening, the lad returned with a box that had been brought as far as the edge of the cliff in a cart. William Harvey went up to assist him, and even then the driver had to help them. It was a large iron-bound chest. With great difficulty they got it up stairs; but then the sailor paid them liberally, and they departed.

The young man at once brought down a collection of well-bound books, many of them works on navigation, but others consisting of poems, works of fiction, well selected and choice, with several historical productions, the whole desultory enough, but all good. A large family Bible finished the collection. Then Harvey produced a small box of rare tea, which was a great treat to Mrs Lester, and a thing she had scarcely tasted since her reverses. The house was now much changed. The school-hours, which were short, were generally spent by Harvey in roaming with a rod, a gun, or a book; then he would return, and if they could

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spare time, he would take them out for a walk, returning to supper; after which, they came out to their bench to gaze upon the sea, sometimes stormy, and at other times beautifully calm. Then they would sew for an hour or two, while William Harvey would read to them. At eleven, they retired to rest. On Sundays, they all walked to a little church in a village at no great distance; and after dinner, they would join the villagers of Newton, amongst whom, one or two young men excepted, the sailor was very popular.

Mrs Lester soon became aware, that it was her daughter's deep-blue eyes, sweet mild countenance, and amiable manners, that had decided the resolve of the young sailor. At a dance one evening, he refused to give up his partner to any one, and shewed to a rival claimant, for an instant, such fierce passion as to alarm the widow. She saw that beneath the calm surface lay concealed a volcano, and she could not help feeling some indefinite dread of the future. She called her daughter to her side that night, and warned her affectionately but earnestly against allowing the young sailor to win her affections.

'Why, mamma?' said Sophy, blushing deeply.

'Because he is a violent and passionate man, with whom no woman could ever be happy,' she replied, watching her child most anxiously.

'William! O no, mamma: he is the gentlest and kindest of human beings; and I am sure any woman might be happy with him. Besides—he means to ask your consent to-morrow,' added Sophy timidly.

'To what?' said Mrs Lester anxiously.

'To our marriage on his return from his next voyage,' replied Sophy.

'I have spoken too late. Of course, if he has charged you to say this, he has already won your consent. Ah me, in three months he has gained more power over my child than I in nineteen years!' said the widow sadly.

'My dear mother, if it pains you I will not consent.'

'My dear child, I do not say it by way of reproach. I myself left father and mother to wed my husband after but a brief acquaintance. I have no objection to William Harvey—on the contrary, I am sure, from his superior education and manners, that he will rise. But I fear his temper, and the mystery that surrounds him.'

'He will explain all that, mother, when he returns. He says that he must make another voyage, and try to get rated mate, when we might be married comfortably.'

Mrs Lester smiled—she could not help it. She saw in the brief courtship of the young people so much of the usual routine, of the sage plans, of the sanguine belief in the future which is its usual attribute, that she could not but smile.

'It is all settled then,' she said. 'Why, you naughty girl, to say never a word to me!'

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'I asked him to speak: I didn't like myself.'

This was natural. William Harvey, so lately a stranger, had, by his gentle manners, his knowledge and conversation, joined with his frank open face, completely won the heart of the simple young girl; and this once owned by her, she became more free in some things with him than with her mother. By that time she could sooner have told him point-blank that she loved him, than have owned the fact to her mother unasked.

Next day, they all came to an understanding. William Harvey declared himself, was accepted, and then stated his intentions. He had L.150 to begin the world with. This would suffice to furnish a house, and make a start in life. Besides, he expected to bring home something from his next voyage, and to qualify himself for mate. He said he should now go as soon as he got a ship, that he might return the sooner; and a few days after, went away to Plymouth, where his smart appearance at once obtained an engagement. The ship, however, was not to sail for three months, during which time he was to lie at Newton, out of reach of the press-gang, who were just then particularly active.

William Harvey spent the three months wholly in the society of his future wife and her mother. They took a girl now to do the household work, as their income permitted this little extravagance. The lovers had thus much more time for communion and study, in which they were indefatigable—perhaps because they read together; and thus time passed rapidly. The three months were nearly up before they thought they had commenced. The villagers, who now regarded him as the future husband of Sophy, gave him a farewell dance in the general store-room of the place. But the last evening he spent at home alone with his friends. After tea, he went up to his loft for a few minutes; and they were suddenly startled by his returning in the dress of a midshipman in the navy.

'Do not be surprised,' said he smiling; 'before I went, I wished you to know that I am an officer and a gentleman. Why I appear to be a common sailor, you shall know at my return. But remember this, my dear friends—I shall in future be only what I can make myself. I mean to carve my own fortunes, and owe nothing to favour.'

At this instant, there was a knock at the door.

'Who is there?' asked Sophy.

'Annie,' said the voice of the servant-girl.

'Come in,' replied William himself.

'O my!' cried the girl, starting back, 'why, they're here before me.'

'Who? what?' said William Harvey quickly.

'What, sir, is it you? Why, our Bill has just a come in from the town, and an officer gentleman there asked him a lot of questions—if he had seen a man like you, sir. Bill is foolish, and said

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yes; so they promised him ten pounds to keep all quiet until they came down—and they're coming to-night.'

'They shall never take me alive!' said the young man fiercely. 'I must away. First let me doff this hated dress.'

'But what have you done?' asked the mother anxiously.

'Nothing dishonourable. When I return, I will tell my story; but until then, you must put faith in me.'

In ten minutes more William had said adieu, and set forth, with Bill for a guide, by a path only known to the fisherman. An hour later, six soldiers and a sergeant, with a peace-officer, reached the village, and were furious when they found that the young man had gone to return no more. The soldiers, however, stayed a week in the village, keeping strict watch; but at length they departed, convinced that further stay was useless. The day after their departure, Bill returned with a packet of letters and little presents.

II.

Again Mrs Lester and her child were alone; and the mother regretted more than ever having consented to her being affianced to a sailor. But Sophy never desponded; she simply regretted that William had selected this occupation, and hoped that circumstances might enable them to live without his going to sea. Her ambition was to keep a school of a higher grade than the one she now had; and this with a view to render it unnecessary for her future husband to go any longer to sea. She, accordingly, spent all her leisure time in study. William Harvey had left in her hands his L.150, with strict injunctions to use any part of it they thought proper. But both Mrs Lester and herself had at once determined not to break upon this sum under any circumstances. Of the money paid by him for his board and lodging, there remained a few pounds, besides tea and other necessaries. They, therefore, had a little before them.

At the end of two months, they received a cheerful, hopeful letter from William, who was then far advanced on his way to the line, being bound for China; and Sophy was full of joy and thankfulness—when Mrs Lester fell ill. The illness was sudden, and at the same time serious. It was an illness scarcely definable. She felt weak, and coughed. It became necessary to send for the doctor, who came round on certain special occasions to the village, rarely troubled with other invalids than those whose interesting state was matter rather of congratulation than otherwise. He came, and his dictum was decisive. She required to be taken away from the immediate vicinity of the sea, and to receive unremitting attention. For this purpose, he suggested removal to his own town, offering to attend her gratuitously, and to supply her with the medicines she required at a mere nominal

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price. He declared, however, that a little milder air, and good nourishing food, were the chief requirements in her case. So they gave up their cottage, and went away from dear Newton-Alnway, to live in a lodging in a town. This was comfortless enough; but then, they had now only their L.10 a year. Mrs Lester could do nothing: her eyes were bad. All fell on Sophy. Assisted by the doctor, she found work. He had long noticed her superior education and lady-like manners; and, with his wife, did all he could to aid her, without hurting her pride. But, work hard though she did, she earned, after all, but a shilling or eighteenpence a day. Still, this was of great assistance, and enabled her to make her mother tolerably comfortable; for it is wonderful on how little moderate and careful women will exist.

This lasted two months, and Sophy had got used to the new state of things, when one day Dr Morris called the young girl into his private room, where sat a lady a few years older than herself, in deep mourning.

'My dear Miss Lester,' said the doctor kindly, 'I do not know whether my offer will suit you or not, but I have been speaking of you to Mrs Desmond of Leascombe Park, who is in want of a nursery-governess—a young lady to take care of a little boy, two years old, and a little girl, four, to teach them the rudiments of education. Now, as you have been used to this, I have taken upon myself to recommend you—ahem!—forty pounds a year, board, lodging—in fact, a happy home.'

'I know not how to thank you, sir; I am deeply grateful; but I cannot leave my poor mother,' faltered Sophy.

'Ah, Mrs Desmond, I told you so—deep knowledge of human nature—wouldn't leave her poor mother. I knew it. Good girl—clever—excellent principles. But do not alarm yourself, my dear young friend. Your room is four times as large as that you live in now, and Mrs Desmond offers to give it up to you. Mother an invalid—take your meals together in the nursery.'

'Then, madam, if I am thought worthy of the post, I am most happy to accept it; and be assured, madam, I will seek, by doing my duty, to prove my gratitude.'

'I am sure of it,' said Mrs Desmond gently. 'I shall be glad to see you next Saturday. As you may have some preparations to make, pray allow me to pay you your first quarter in advance.'

'Take it, my dear friend,' continued the good doctor, rubbing his hands. 'There—there! no thanks; tell all that to Mrs Morris: good-by, my dear.' And pressing the L.10 into her hands, he hurried poor Sophy out of the room.

The young girl was enraptured, but suddenly she recollected something, turned pale, and went back. She knocked timidly at the door.

'Come in,' said the doctor. 'Ah! you; but why so pale and trembling? Sit down, my dear.'

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'I cannot accept this excellent offer; I forgot something. I am engaged to be married in about a year'—— she began timidly.

'Bravo! excellent! Good girl, 'pon my word. But to whom?' laughed the doctor, while Mrs Desmond turned very pale.

'To William Harvey—a young sailor.'

'That is but another recommendation, young girl,' said Mrs Desmond, in a voice of deep emotion. 'I am a sailor's widow myself, young as you see me. He sailed away only six months ago, to die in a month. I have a brother, an only brother, too, a sailor. You shall tell me the history of your fortunes another day;' and she herself, this time, led her kindly to the door.

O how grateful was that little heart now! She was quite happy. She loved the handsome young widow already; and so delighted was she, that on entering her humble home, her mother quite started.

'What good news bring you, my child? Have you had another letter from William?'

'No, mother; but I have good news.' And she told her story.

Mrs Lester was as much pleased as her child, if not more so. It hurt her feelings much to watch Sophy bending for hours over needle-work; and she saw in this new position, supposing any accident happened to William, some hope for the future career of her daughter: she thanked God, then, in her heart for his goodness, and felt deep gratitude to man. She was surprised at being herself so readily received, and perhaps justly ascribed this indulgence to the sympathy awakened in Mrs Desmond by her own recent affliction. They now set their whole energies to work to be ready by the day appointed; and on the Saturday they went up to Leascombe Park in a coach with their boxes. They were very kindly received by Mrs Desmond, and shewn by herself in person to their room, which they found to be on the third story, beside the nursery. The two children were nice little things, and Sophy was quite pleased at the prospect of their companionship.

The house was picturesquely situated in the centre of a vast park. It was not Mrs Desmond's own house. She resided with Sir Edward Templeton, Bart., and Lady Templeton, her parents; to whom, in the evening, the children being in bed, and Mrs Lester also asleep, Sophy was introduced. They were a grave and serious couple. Sir Edward was a little above fifty, gray-haired, and slight in figure. Benevolence and gentleness were indicated in his countenance; but there were tokens, likewise, of severe mental struggle. Sir Edward, in fact, had been a passionate and violent man; but in the middle passage of his life he had suffered so much from giving way to his feelings, that he had vowed to conquer them. He had now succeeded almost wholly, and for years had never allowed the old spirit to conquer him—that spirit which had been productive of so much misery. The house was not, indeed, a lively one for a young girl to come to.

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All its inhabitants were weighed down, it was clear, by sorrow. But the presence of so interesting a stranger seemed to rouse them; and in her cheerful society they shook off insensibly a little of the weight that bowed them down.

At the end of a week, Sophy was a general favourite. She was pleasant-spoken, cheerful, and amiable; and, somehow or other, no one explained it to themselves, or were hardly conscious of it, but she shed a warming influence around. The house was far less sad since she had come in to it. They wished her to join them at meals; but her mother was unable from weakness to come down stairs, and Sophy would not leave her; so this idea was abandoned.

Meanwhile, she began her trial of the children. They were gentle little creatures, brought up under a mother's eye, but not spoiled, so that Sophy's task was easy. They gave very little trouble. The girl was quite proud of learning to read; and even little Henry prattled his letters. Then they took agreeable walks in the park and in the lanes; sometimes a long ride in a carriage. Mrs Desmond generally accompanied them when she could leave her parents, but oftentimes they went out alone. Thus several months passed on, during which Sophy received two letters from William. He was already impatient to return, called her his dear little wife, and said a hundred things to prove his earnest and true affection. Mrs Lester, too, warmly clad, with good and wholesome food, and the object of unremitting care and attention, was a little better in her health, so that this was truly a golden period in Sophy's life.

About six months after their arrival at Leascombe Park, little Harry fell ill—very ill. The malady was a fever; and he was instantly removed to a retired part of the house. Sophy at once constituted herself his nurse and guardian; but Mrs Desmond would not give up her mother's right. They both, therefore, remained with him night and day, taking now and then a little sleep in an arm-chair. It was on the third night, about midnight, and the danger was said to be passed. The little sufferer was in a sound and encouraging sleep; and Mrs Desmond, wearied and exhausted, had gone to sleep likewise. Sophy remained awake, and to pass the time, had taken out her packet of William's letters from her pocket, and was reading them. She had nearly got through them once more, when she was startled by the voice of Mrs Desmond. On looking up she saw the young widow, who was now awake, gazing at her earnestly.

'What are you reading so intently?' said she.

'William Harvey's letters,' replied Sophy, blushing and yet smiling faintly.

'You remind me of happy days, Miss Lester,' continued Mrs Desmond, 'when I as gladly pored over my poor Arthur's letters, What sort of hand does your betrothed write?'—Sophy quietly handed her an open letter.

'Merciful God! what do I see?' cried Mrs Desmond with a

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half-shriek. 'O Sophy, it is no common curiosity that urges me: may I read these letters? It is matter of life and death—to you—to us—to all!'

'There is nothing I wish to hide in them,' said the amazed girl. 'Read them if you will.'

Mrs Desmond drew the lamp near to her and read them through. This done, she rose. 'Miss Lester, I will explain all to you presently; but I must go wake my father and mother. Will you watch the boy for half an hour? You must trust me with your letters. Fear not: they are as precious to me as to you; but they shall be returned;' and Mrs Desmond hurried away, leaving Sophy alone.

The girl was so thunderstruck, that she could not even endeavour to explain to herself the mystery. What could William Harvey be to them? It was useless racking her brain, so she turned to watch the child.

An hour passed, and Mrs Desmond had not returned. Sophy felt quite ill from anxiety. Suddenly, Mrs Desmond came softly into the room, accompanied by Sir Edward and Lady Templeton. The first act of the young widow was to run up to Sophy and fold her in her arms.

'My sister, my dear sister!' said she.

'What mean you, madam?' cried Sophy in amazement.

'Dear girl! that you have brought hope and happiness to this house. William Harvey is Henry Templeton, my brother, lost to us, we thought, for ever; but now restored by you.'

'William Harvey is your brother?'

'Listen!' said the father, taking her hand, and motioning for all to be seated. 'I was in my youth, and I fear am still now upon occasion, a headstrong and violent man. My boy, doubtless, has inherited a portion of my character. Sad events in years gone by induced me to attempt the cure of so radical a defect. I succeeded almost wholly, grieving much, however, to see that my Henry had inherited my fault. I tried by every art to cure him, but in vain. He was a good, generous, noble boy, but at times passionate and headstrong. He chose the sea as a profession, against my desire and command. I was sure that, with his character, he would never suit the service. But he would go, and for four years matters went on well enough. But it is now about a year ago, or a little more, that I was sitting taking my wine after dinner, when I heard a violent ring at the door, and in a few minutes my boy entered in the dress of a common sailor.

"My Harry!" exclaimed I; "but in what a costume!"

"I have left the service. Captain Elton put me in irons for twenty-four hours for mutiny, as he called it, because I told him that he wasn't speaking to a dog. He then reprimanded me before the whole crew, and released me. That night I got my chest ashore, with the connivance of the crew, ran away, and here I am, father."

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"Good God!" cried I, "you a deserter! Return, sir, at once to your ship—I command you. I will use my influence to have your punishment made as slight as possible. But return, sir, on the instant to your ship."

"I will never return," he said firmly.

'My old temper got the mastery of me. "Do you dare to disobey me?" I exclaimed, advancing towards him with my hand raised.

"Do you wish to kill me, as you did your brother?" he replied with flashing eyes.

'My passion was now ungovernable; but it suffocated me, and I sank on a chair. Yes, in a fit of passion, I did strike a brother, who died a year later—I always thought from the effect of that blow. But it was cruel of my child to remind me of so fatal an act; and yet it calmed me; and a minute later, I opened my eyes to speak gently to my bad boy: he was gone; and from that hour I have never seen him, and probably never should, had it not been for you. I know him. He has made up his mind never more to see a father who threatened to strike him. Severely, then, have I been punished for an instant of passion; but God is good, and has directed your steps this way. In you, we put our trust. Will you restore to us our child?'

'I will do anything in my power to serve you, sir,' said the wondering Sophy timidly.

'Understand me, child. You are our daughter henceforth. I would not thwart my boy again. He is a man, and has chosen for himself. We heartily approve his choice. Besides, we owe you a debt of eternal gratitude: we leave it to Henry to reward you.'

'But I am not worthy'—— began Sophy.

'Hush! my child,' said Lady Templeton; 'you are in every way worthy. You are gentle, kind, and sensible—just the wife for a man like Harry. Besides, he has chosen you: in you, we put our trust to restore him to us.'

'Shall I write to him?' asked Sophy.

'Yes, my dear,' continued Sir Edward; 'but as William Harvey the sailor. Give him no suspicion of where you are, or of your knowing who he is. We must have him safe here by some means before he makes any discovery; we might else lose him again. And now recollect, you are no longer a governess: you are the companion and friend of Helen.'

'But I may teach the children?'

'Certainly; but we will get them a nursery-governess all the same, dear child. There must be no mistake as to your position in the house. Besides, if you do not object, you might spend the time previous to his return in learning many things that may be useful to you. Harry is passionately fond of music.'

And so they went on talking for an hour, until Mrs Desmond feared they would disturb the child, and sent her parents gently to bed. She, however, and Sophy remained awake all night, the

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young girl telling the whole story of her acquaintance with William Harvey, whose chest had, on its arrival with their luggage, excited surprise by its weight, though, despite its resemblance to that of the young sailor, no one for a moment imagined it to be his.

III.

Next day, a room adjacent to that of Mrs Desmond—a charming room, beautifully furnished—was given to Sophy, or Miss Lester, as she was usually called. She had, too, a lady's-maid placed entirely at her orders. Her mother's apartment was selected as near to her as possible. Mrs Lester felt as if in a dream. She could hardly be brought to understand the truth at first, so bewildering were the circumstances. But how the poor widow rejoiced when she became a little calmer! Her dearest hopes were more than realised, and the future of her Sophy was now brilliant indeed.

Mrs Desmond herself undertook the finishing of Sophy's education. They devoted nearly the whole day to study in common; and the widow was surprised to find, that if she could teach Sophy some things, she in return could teach her many others. In return for music and singing, she imparted to her a taste for certain authors, which had hitherto been to her as sealed books. It was doubly delightful to read them, since they were Henry's!

Another letter came from him, dated Calcutta, saying that he was going a voyage as second-mate to the South Seas; and in this there occurred the following singular passage: 'Should you have an opportunity, make inquiries as to the health of a Sir Edward and Lady Templeton, and their daughter, Mrs Desmond. But as you love my peace and happiness, do not betray my having evidenced any interest in them. They were kind to me when I was young; but I shall never see them again, for reasons known only to myself. Still, I should be glad to know that they are well.' This paragraph caused deep grief to all—to Sophy more than any one, as it seemed to denote a feeling somewhat difficult to be conquered, and a headstrong character of rather unpromising tone. Still, they all lived in hope.

Sophy pursued her accomplishments with activity, taking a great delight especially in music, for which she had an excellent ear. She did not neglect the children, although they had, for form's sake, another governess. They were in a great degree a happy and united family, though anxiety for the return of the young Hope of Leascombe caused many moments of pain and sorrow; the more that from that day they had no more letters, nor any tidings of the vessel in which Henry had sailed from Calcutta. They made every inquiry—they wrote to merchants and agents;

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and then, at the end of sixteen months, the ship was reported missing. Again there were sorrow and mourning in that house. No one gave up all hope, but they could not have much faith in the future. They began to fear at last, that either Henry was lost, or that he had been captured by some of the roving privateers of our neighbours the French.

IV.

The schooner *William Pitt* left Calcutta with an assorted cargo, to trade in the South Seas. It was not a large vessel, and had few hands. There was the skipper, a mate, a second-mate, and four men, a boy serving as steward and cook. They were well armed, as they expected to deal with the natives, who were then very apt to take violent possession of articles intended for barter. Besides, they intended to do a little smuggling on the South American coast, if possible—this being in fact the real, the other rather the ostensible object of the voyage. But this was known only to the skipper and an illiterate sailor, who owed his post of first-mate to his being the skipper's brother. Harvey had been taken more for his scientific knowledge than for anything else. His place, therefore, was pleasant enough; as the others, having to trust their movements entirely to him, shewed him great deference and attention. He had none of the hard labour of the ship-board duties, being, in fact, more like the captain than the owner himself.

They sailed from Calcutta just after the April monsoon, along the coast of Sumatra and Java, worked round by Borneo, and then made for New Zealand, touching at all these places; they afterwards visited the Tonga and Marquesas Islands—the whole occupying about five months. At this juncture—they were about to sail from one of the Society Islands—the skipper called a solemn cabinet council; present himself, his brother, and William Harvey, as he was here called.

'Now, messmates,' said he, 'fill your pannikins, and stand by for a bit of a yarn. You see we've been a-knocking about these last five months, a doing just nothing at all—but that's neither here nor there. It ain't cost much for victuals, as I've done a pretty good trade with the savages. But now I've got upon fresh ground, I'm a-going to do a stroke of serious business. The Spaniards arn't easy to trade with, because they have laws and a lingo I don't understand; but I've got a good cargo below of tobacco, silks, tea, coffee—things as all do, some for one place, and some for another. But if I goes and pays duty for these things, it ain't worth my while: I might as well sail for Lunnun. But now, my boys, I once was mate in a slaver—but that's not new—and I learned a deal at that trade. I know one or two nice little bays, where we can run in and lie snug, and do a little business. Here's my brother speaks Spanish better than e'er a Don of them. So

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what say you, William? Will you go with us, and lead the men?'

'I will go myself, and I answer for the men,' replied Harvey quickly. 'I'm not fond of any governments; and I can see no harm in doing business against the laws of Spain.'

'Spoken like a man, say I!' exclaimed the skipper, by name Red Thorn. 'But why are you so confident about the men?'

'Because they would follow me anywhere. Didn't I pick the crew myself? They'd throw you overboard if I told them to do so,' said William Harvey quietly.

'The deuce they would!' cried the startled skipper. 'Ha! ha! ha! I like that, though; hang me if I don't. You're the sort of chap for us. So, now, just push off the course to Valdivia. Hanged if I know where it is; but I know it when I see it.'

'Very good, sir,' said William Harvey quietly; 'I'll see exactly to-morrow. How's her head?' This was shouted to the man at the wheel.

'Sou-west, sir.'

'Put her at south until midnight, and then south-east,' replied William Harvey.

'What a head he has got!' exclaimed the skipper, holding up his hands in amazement, and opening his eyes wide; for he himself, Harvey was already aware, knew nothing of navigation. This was his first voyage; and how he ventured out under such circumstances was a mystery. Harvey had shipped mysteriously. He had left his own vessel from some difference with his captain, and was doing nothing, when one night a man called upon him, and declared himself to be in want of a second-mate who knew navigation well, and could, in fact, take charge of a vessel at need. He had heard that William Harvey was his man, and offered him good wages for himself and any four men who would join. He wished, he said, to sail secretly, to avoid certain formalities and dues; so he lay concealed in a creek, known only to himself. If, then, the young man accepted his offer, he must come on board at midnight.

Harvey agreed at once. The affair pleased him. He was pleased at the secrecy, and even by the suspicious aspect of the whole matter: it looked piratical. But since the young man, in a fit of passion, had thrown off the yoke of discipline, he tried to blind himself to his own errors, by throwing the blame on the captain, the government, the laws—on anything rather than his own headstrongness. He took a kind of fierce delight in defying the law. At midnight, he was at the boat with four of his comrades, whom he had tempted away from the ship he had himself left. They found the skipper waiting for them. No words passed; they entered the boat, and pushed off. The four men began at once to pull, while the stranger steered. Harvey, who had taken a brace of pistols under his top-coat, sat near the skipper. It was a dark and windy night; but the man seemed to know his way.

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For four hours he advanced, until at last he bade them pull gently, and suddenly entered a narrow creek, the entrance of which was all but invisible. It was very narrow indeed. They did not proceed far before they saw a light, and then heard a cry.

'Who goes there?'

'Red Thorn,' replied the skipper, 'with a jolly crew. All right.'

In an instant, they were alongside a schooner, which rode with bare poles in that secluded spot, surrounded by trees and jungle. They were glad enough to get on board; and as soon as they had enjoyed a hearty supper, they retired to rest. At a very early hour, however, they were roused up to haul the vessel out of its strange dock. This was effected with some difficulty; but all was happily got over, and at length they were in the open sea.

The ship-boy was about sixteen, and a greater slave never trod a deck. The captain was brutish in his manners, but evidently a coward; so he lavished his ferocity on the poor lad, who was driven hither and thither by his master like a patient dog. He worked night and day, and never grumbled. The captain would constantly threaten to shoot him like a dog. William Harvey pitied him; but he knew himself. He knew that if he interfered, and the captain hesitated to acquiesce in his desires, there would be a scene and a quarrel, and he could not trust his own temper; so he shut his eyes to the other's bad conduct, and contented himself with the feeling, that he was exercising a laudable self-denial in not interfering with the captain, whom he had no right to school. He was himself uniformly kind to the lad, by whom he was beloved as by the men.

This was the state of affairs at the moment when they turned their heads towards Valdivia, a place they were never destined to reach.

V.

A few days later, the wind suddenly increased to a gale, and they found themselves obliged to take in nearly all sail. It was clear to William Harvey from the first, that they were about to pass through a severe storm—and he told the skipper so. Thorn turned very pale. Although an old sailor, he was obviously a coward; at least, although he had scarcely ever shewn any unmanly fear before, during the whole of this voyage he seemed afflicted by a sudden and unaccountable timidity. 'I leave it all in your hands,' he said quickly.

'I will do what is in my power,' replied William Harvey.

Thorn did not reply, but went below with his brother, drank with him nervously whole goblets of raw rum, and then they both turned in, leaving everything to our young hero, the four men, and the boy.

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'A bad-looking sky, sir,' said the boy timidly. He was standing by Harvey on the quarter-deck.

'Very bad, Bob; I don't half like it; but, please God, we'll get over it.'

'I don't know. I never thought we'd ever end this voyage well,' mused the boy.

'Why so, Bob?'

'I don't know. I suppose it's only idear. But I never do.'

'Nonsense. Because you get blowed up a bit, you think it must end badly. Mind your helm, Peters; keep her straight before it.'

The gusts increased, grew more violent every moment, and soon became almost a hurricane. The sky was as black as night, although lurid flashes of lightning illumined the scene every five minutes, seeming to burst from clouds over their heads. The sea came rolling on now in vast billows, then breaking in short waves. Some of these swept the deck, and forced all to lay hold of the first ropes they could catch, to preserve their footing. The wind howled demoniacally in the rigging, and came with sudden gusts or blasts that threatened to lay the schooner every moment on her beam-ends.

William Harvey kept his eye about him everywhere, and looked anxiously now at the masts working wildly in their sockets, now at the shrouds and stays. 'We must lie to close hauled,' he said to Peters. At that instant, a wave of vast dimensions came rushing madly on, dashed against the starboard bulwarks, broke and fell with awful force on the deck, blinding Harvey for a moment, and forcing him to look only to his own preservation. He shook himself, and stood erect to view the evil done. The main-mast was over the side; the vessel had been almost submerged by the mere weight of the wave; and Bob lay senseless in a flood of water by the lee-scuppers. Having raised him up, his next act was to rush with an axe to the larboard rigging, which he cut away, so that the mast lay completely free overboard, dragging behind. He then turned to Bob, who was recovering from the stunning blow he had received. He laid him down on a spare sail, and examined his wound. It was simply a great bruise, but not likely to be dangerous.

'I know'd it, I know'd it,' he muttered, as he recovered himself. 'We shall never get home: murder never prospers!'

'Murder! what mean you?' cried Harvey in a low tone.

'I don't care if he does kill me—I will tell,' groaned the boy. 'I've always wished to, but he swore he'd murder me too.'

'Peters, keep a sharp look-out. That puff was, I think, the worst of it. I shall go below for half an hour with Bob in the forecastle. Call me if there's the least change.'

'Ay, ay, sir!' said Peters. Harvey saw at once that the worst of the gale was over. He wished to have taken measures to have saved the main-mast, but he deferred that until he had

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heard the boy's confession. He aided him, then, below, and laying him in his berth, bade him speak. And this was the boy's story:

The real name of the schooner, *William Pitt*, was the *Ganges*, and she was usually devoted to the coasting-trade. She had been built for commerce between Calcutta and Bombay, and was the property of one Matthew Finlayson, who also, like a thrifty Scotchman, commanded his own vessel. He had made in his time much money, and purposed retiring shortly from active business, and giving up the concern to Thorn, the mate. But it seemed this did not suit that worthy's purposes. He knew that Finlayson always kept his cash about him, and conceived a desire to obtain possession, not only of the other's vessel, but his fortune. For this purpose, he allied himself with his brother, who was always his companion, and together they determined to effect their purpose, no matter by what means. The *Ganges* was fitted out for the voyage to Bombay in the creek already alluded to—her conduct not being exactly within the strict letter of the law—and her crew was already chosen, and had received orders to join their vessel at a certain fixed date. Three days before, Thorn rose early one morning and went ashore, accompanied by his brother. They made for the cabin inhabited by Matthew Finlayson, and knocking, were admitted. The boy rose himself and let them in, while the skipper asked them what they wanted.

'You!' said Thorn, giving him a sudden blow upon the head with a heavy stick, that stretched him lifeless on the floor. The brother gave him a second blow as severe, and the victim never moved afterwards.

'Let us kill the youngster,' said the brother.

'No! I want him. He's a good cook,' said Thorn. 'Now, you young rascal,' added he, 'none of your nonsense. If ever you speak of this, I'll serve you as I have served him.'

The boy vowed to be true and faithful, frightened as he was, and then went on board with them. Thorn set out immediately for Calcutta, while his brother remained behind to guard the ship and the lad. The next night the new skipper returned with her crew, and the schooner sailed.

VI.

William Harvey sat like one in a dream when the boy had finished his story. And this was the end of his youthful career? His headstrong folly had brought him in league with robbers and assassins. He was liable at any moment to be taken up, not only for being in a ship without papers, sailing under a false name, but as a pirate and thief. His whole life flashed before him: his foolish defiance of his venerable and really kind superior officer—his quarrel with his father—his abandonment of home—his second quarrel with the merchant captain; and he felt sick. But

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he resolved now, right or wrong—and here he acted with his usual impetuosity—to have no future connection with such ruffians as those by whom he was now commanded.

'Come on deck, Bob,' he said to the boy. 'You feel better now. But tell me, if I defend you against this man, will you be true to me?'

'Mr Harvey, I will be your slave,' began Bob.

'I don't want a slave: I want a good and obedient boy,' said Harvey. 'Now follow me, and go call the captain.'

The young man went on deck, followed by the trembling boy. Shortly after, Harvey went quietly below, and armed himself with a cutlass and a pair of pistols. He then sternly bade the men go do the same. They asked no questions, but all, save the man at the wheel, did as they were bid.

'Tell the skipper and his brother,' said William, 'that they must come on deck instantly.'

The storm still raged, but with somewhat less fury than before, the wind having abated somewhat, but not the waves. The sky was still dark and gloomy, clouds still coursed along the heavens, and lightning occasionally flashed. Nowhere was there the slightest sign of land or of human aid, and the schooner was all but disabled.

At this juncture, the skipper and his brother, uttering horrid oaths, came tumbling up the companion-way.

'Why, what's the matter now, that a fellow must be roused out of his sleep?' began Thorn.

'The matter is, that I arrest you both as murderers and pirates!' said Harvey, collaring the skipper, and clapping a pistol to his breast, while the men instinctively imitated him.

'That's you, you young serpent!' exclaimed Thorn, who turned ghastly pale, but offered no resistance. 'Jack was right—I should have cracked your head too.'

'There, master, you hear,' said Bob retreating.

'What you have said,' continued William Harvey sternly, 'is proof enough of what I arrest you for. My men, I take these two fellows into custody for the wilful murder of Matthew Finlayson, and for running away piratically with his ship. Aid me first to secure them, and I will then explain all.'

They made no resistance; they held down their heads, and suffered themselves to be manacled without a word. William Harvey, capturing them thus on the high seas, after so many months, in a fearful storm, seemed a kind of judgment upon them for their sins; and they felt already as if they had the fatal rope round their necks.

They were placed in a small open space in the hold, where Bob and one of the men had previously lain, while Harvey took possession of their cabin. He first addressed the crew in a brief speech, told the terrible tale that Bob had communicated to him, and then warned them of the fearful consequences that might

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have ensued had they rendered themselves in any way the accomplices of the criminals. He undertook to take them home to Calcutta, there to throw themselves on the mercy of the law, and to give up the guilty to justice.

The men with one accord agreed to trust entirely to him, and to follow him, if need be, to the end of the world.

Harvey thanked them, and expressed his conviction that they would be rewarded instead of punished for their conduct. He then directed the mast, the storm having now completely abated, to be fished up from alongside, so that they might try and replace it in some fashion. For this purpose, he proposed to put into one of the islands they had left behind them, and there refit and prepare in every way for the journey home. The unfortunate schooner was accordingly fitted with jury-masts, and turned in the direction of the nearest island that its young commander found on the map.

The breeze was now warm and genial, and brought to them pleasing feelings after the excitement of the last few days. The prisoners were allowed to come on deck, with a strict injunction to confine their conversation to one another, as Harvey feared that, with their wily tongues and stores of gold, they might tamper with the men.

This order was obeyed with reluctance, as the society of fellow-criminals is never very pleasant or agreeable. But William Harvey felt no merciful feelings towards them. He could not but feel ashamed of much in the past, but he still laid more to the fault of others than to himself.

They were but seven days' easy sail from the island selected, and accordingly on the sixth they began keeping strict watch. It had been agreed that two men should keep watch in turn, although, in the event of rough weather, the prisoners, under careful precautions, were to be called on to work for their lives. There were many necessary things, too, to do, that Harvey ordered them to perform, under the penalty of stopping their meals. They sullenly acquiesced, utterly subjugated by the commanding tones of the young officer.

He was on deck with one man and the boy on the morning of the seventh day, and had announced that about twelve he expected to see land. At that hour, Peters came up with his watch to dinner, which Bob was diligently preparing.

'Bob!' exclaimed the captain suddenly, who had a telescope in his hand—'go aloft.'

The boy ran up the fore-rigging with extreme agility.

'Now look out about nor-west!' cried Harvey, pointing in that direction with his glass.

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Do you see anything?'

The men came crowding up in a state of great anxiety.

'No, sir.'

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'Look again.'

'Land, oh! I see it—a little hill popping up like a cloud out of the water!' screamed the boy with delight, while the three men whispered their admiration of their young commander's accuracy and ability.

'Excellent, Bob! Now, come down, and give us dinner, after which, we'll splice the main-brace.'

Bob came down quite elated, handed out the boiled fish and peas, which they were about to eat on the deck, took the prisoners their portion, who sat amid-ships, smoking sullenly, and then relieved the man at the wheel, a task he was always fond of. Harvey gave him strict injunctions to keep steadily his course, and then sat quietly down to his dinner. He added a bottle or two of some good wine that had been usually drunk at the captain's table, and thus cautiously helping himself and the men, kept them talking and chatting for a couple of hours. He then rose to his feet.

'There! the island, my boys,' he said, as they followed his example. About five miles distant, lay a small island, green grassy, but not very elevated out of the water. There was a hill in the middle, but not a lofty one, and this was covered with trees. It looked pleasant, cheerful, and welcome enough; so the men hailed their arrival with three cheers. 'I don't know about its inhabitants,' continued Harvey; 'so arm yourselves, and uncover the swivel, of which I declare Bob the captain. But, now, mark me—no bad conduct with the natives, or we shall get the worst of it. We are few in number, and must be very cautious. You have behaved like men, and I hope I shall be able to report the same at home.'

The crew cheered him heartily, promising to obey him still, and Harvey felt the advantage of having selected four steady, well-behaved, docile men. He had chosen them because they were the opposites in many things of his own character. They were also always sober on duty, and married men, who thought of their wives and children in England. They were much older than William, but they were mere sailors, though Harvey had begun instructing them in navigation, at their own request, as his conduct had inspired them with ambition.

They were in an another hour close to the shore. It was a beautiful spot. William had made for what looked like the opening of a bay; and scarcely had he placed the schooner's head right for it, when he perceived a crowd of men on the shore, close to some huts, and beheld the carcass of a large brig, quite overgrown by moss and creeping-plants.

'My God!' he cried, 'what Providence has brought me hither? But let us be on our guard, boys. These may be Christians like ourselves, or they may be cannibals. Hoist the English flag, Bob, and fire a gun.'

The lad rushed to obey. First, he hauled the ensign to the top

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of the main jury-mast, and then rushing to his dear Long Tom, as he called the swivel, he fired it off. Scarcely had the echoes died away, when a boat, manned by eight men, and in which sat also one steering, put off.

'That's an English cutter,' cried William. 'Send the prisoners below instantly, and stand by your arms.'

The schooner was advancing slowly up the bay, within a musket-shot of the shore. The cutter was now nearly alongside.

'What ship is that?—answer, in the name of Heaven!' cried one in English, his voice choked with emotion.

'The *Ganges*, bound for Calcutta,' replied William, equally moved; 'putting in for water, and to refit.'

'May I come on board?' continued the other, in so faint a voice he could scarcely be heard.

'Come on board; but, until we have had an explanation, if you please, alone.'

'Certainly, sir, certainly,' said the other; and in two minutes more he stood upon the deck.

He was a man of about fifty, whose long beard, white hair, dark features, and strange apparel, with axe, sword, and pistols, gave him the air of a semi-savage, semi-pirate. He was a fine man, but much care-worn.

'Blessed be God!' said he, falling on his knees, 'for ye are the first Christian men I have seen, save my companions in misfortune, for seventeen long years.'

'Compose yourself,' replied Harvey gently; 'you are with Englishmen, and therefore with friends. Peters, a glass of wine.'

'I thank you, sir; I needed it. The hope, perhaps vain, of leaving this place, and of once more seeing England, has been too much for me,' he continued.

'I know not what we may do with this poor craft,' said William Harvey; 'but if it be practicable, not one shall remain behind. But you seem numerous.'

'There are eleven Christians, the rest are our good friends the natives, who will, I fancy, be sorry to part with us. You are the captain, sir?' he asked timidly, as if just remarking his youth.

'I am; but pardon me, sir—I must attend to my schooner. Pray bid your friends rejoin in an hour. We shall then have explained ourselves. In all sail; let go the anchor.'

The poor Englishman gently bade his companions go on shore, and come back in an hour with such fresh provisions as they could muster, as they were with good friends, disposed to do all they could wish. They gave a loud English cheer, and pulled at once for shore.

The schooner being once at anchor, Harvey left Peters in command of the deck, with strict injunctions to keep off all intruders, and to remain armed until he came up again. He then descended to the cabin, caused the stranger to be seated, and bade him tell his story.

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VII.

'My name, my dear sir,' he began, 'is Edward Lester, once a captain of an East Indiaman'——

'What name did you say?' gasped William.

'Edward Lester!' repeated the other, quite startled.

'Do you know that signature?' asked William, hurriedly opening a letter, and shewing the following words: 'Yours ever, my dear William, Sophy Lester.'

'Speak, man!' cried the other, grasping his hand convulsively—'can it be my child; and she, my wife'—— He could say no more.

'You must be that long-lost Edward Lester. Merciful God! thy ways are inscrutable. Your wife is well, still mourning ever for you.'

'God be for ever blessed!' said the poor man meekly. 'And you?'

'I am, with your permission, the affianced husband of Sophy Lester'——

'Whom God has sent to deliver me from bondage. But tell me all—how you met them—what they are doing.'

William briefly told all he knew.

'Heaven bless them! And now, my dear friend, I owe you my story. I sailed from Calcutta seventeen years ago, to come home by order round Cape Horn, and was wrecked with fifteen men there where you see the carcass of my brig. One life only was lost; and we saved cargo, and everything but the ship. We found the island inhabited by an inoffensive race of beings, whom we soon made our friends. We became, in fact, one family. Most of our crew married native women; and, save our poignant regrets for home, were comparatively happy. But we all have longed, and still long for England—that has been the hope of every hour; and now I dare look forward to a chance of its being realised. Three of our crew perished in a wild attempt to gain another island at a great distance: of the remainder, two I know will not quit the spot. They were very young, and married, and have children whom they love beyond home. There are nine, then, in all, who desire a passage. I know your position is difficult, but I answer for my crew. At first, turbulent enough, they are now steady fellows, who will obey you as they should, grateful enough to be taken home at any price. Could you not leave your prisoners?'

'I could wish to do so; but where are my proofs of innocence save in the bringing forward of the guilty? My dear sir, if I let these men go, I and my crew proclaim ourselves pirates and murderers. Besides, they deserve punishment; and to leave them here would be to punish your colonists.'

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'True, true. But now, from this moment, command us all. The island and its contents are at your disposal.'

'Thank you. In the first place, I wish the prisoners taken ashore, and placed under strict guard: you answer for your subjects.'

'As certainly as any other despot. But my tyranny, founded on their own choice, and capable of being overthrown in an instant, is far more powerful.'

'Let us go on shore, then, at once,' said William, leading the way.

The prisoners, well secured, were put into the schooner's boat; then all the crew followed with Harvey and the still wondering Lester, and in a few minutes stood upon terra firma. They were surrounded at once by about fifty men, as many women, and a number of children, all speaking English, or attempting to do so. They were wholly unarmed, arms being prohibited except for hunting, the natives being as yet so far uncivilised as to be ignorant of the art of war. A grand banquet was given to the newcomers, and then plans were entered into for the future. The nine men signed articles at once as portion of the crew, while the other two offered to do the same if their wives and children could accompany them. This Harvey could not consent to from the size of the schooner, but promised to indicate their position so publicly, that some vessel must soon visit them.

Next day, all set to work, English and natives, although the latter laboured sadly enough, every one wishing their white friends to remain. But they only shook their heads, and still did their best to assist. The schooner was refitted, its mast set up firmly; it was provisioned amply for the home journey, and at the end of a month all was ready. Harvey, however, now agreed to remain a few days, that his men might rest and survey the island, which was small, but rich in fruits, fish, trees, and different kinds of wild-fowl according to the season. It was full, too, of sheep—a circumstance that was one source of delight to the natives, who owed this great blessing, as well as domestic ducks and fowls, to the brig being well stocked.

Captain Lester had, after one or two years, allowed his men and the natives to treat the brig as a complete wreck, and to take such goods as they thought fit. So they had an ample supply of tea and sugar, wore silks, rich shawls, and became wild dandies. Every man had a neat house, and many comforts; so that nearly the whole had a half inclination to stop after all, and even talked of returning, if they found no friends alive in England, as did indeed two some years later.

At last the schooner set forth on its long journey, in proper trim, well provisioned, splendidly manned, and by a willing crew, with two experienced officers at their head.

The prisoners had begged to be left behind; but not only did Harvey give the reasons already mentioned for not leaving them,

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but the islanders refused to receive them on any condition. Murder was a thing unknown there, and excited such horror in the simple minds of the natives, that on their departure, the cabin in which they had lived was burned to the ground, and a post erected to mark the spot where two men-slayers had once dwelt.

The voyage was rapid and prosperous. The old captain was perhaps even more impatient than William to get home. The letters of his child spoke doubtingly of her mother's health, and the long-exiled sailor wished once more to see his wife, whom he had never forgotten, any more than the dear babe he had left with her. Harvey, too, was deeply anxious for this reunion; and his daily dream was of the joy his Sophy would feel when he brought back her father to bless their union. There were thoughts in his heart, too, of his own father, but these he kept down, unwilling to acknowledge his errors even to himself.

At last, to the delight of all, they arrived at the mouth of the Ganges—to the delight of all save the murderers, who now were the cowards most criminals of their nature are when the deed is done, found out, or even suspected. Just as they were about to enter the Ganges, an armed government schooner hailed them.

'What schooner is that?' asked the commander in a loud voice, sidling right up to them.

'The *Ganges*,' replied William in a calm voice.

'Where from?' said the other in shriller tones.

'From the South Seas, bound for Calcutta,' continued William.

'Lie to, then, and let the captain come on board,' said the other in ironical tones that William Harvey well understood.

He, however, instantly obeyed, and stood in a few moments on the deck of the *Devastation* in a firm but respectful attitude.

'And pray who are you, sir?' asked a naval officer in a severe tone, while officers and crew of the armed schooner crowded round.

'William Harvey, captain of the *Ganges*, with the assassins of Matthew Finlayson on board.'

'Who are you then?' said the officer somewhat staggered, and staring at our adventurer.

'I declare, sir, that I shipped as second-mate of this schooner, under mysterious circumstances, that suited my age and disposition. But during a storm, learning from a terrified lad the manner in which my officer came into possession of the schooner, I mutinied, and took the command. I came home as fast as I could; but, providentially, putting into an island to refit, I have been able to bring away the captain and crew of the *Three Presidencies*, wrecked seventeen years ago.'

'I believe you, young man. Your manner is sufficient. But I may tell you that Finlayson is not dead. You have acted, however, like a man, and may expect the gratitude of government and of the owner of yonder schooner. What you say of the *Three*

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Presidencies is really wonderful. But go back to your ship, Captain Harvey; we will sail up in company.'

Next day, William Harvey was the lion of Calcutta. The prisoners were given up, tried on the evidence of Finlayson himself and the boy, and sentenced to severe terms of imprisonment. The consignees of the *Three Presidencies* gave Harvey a handsome letter to the owner in London, and the command of a vessel bound thither, with the consent of the authorities; and so Harvey and Lester sailed for England.

VIII.

More than a year had passed without news of the wanderer, and the inhabitants of Leascombe began to lose all hope. The father was half inclined to think that his son might have taken offence at some word or expression in Sophy's letters; or that, as changeable as he was violent, he had again sought other affections. None would allow that it could be possible for any evil to have happened to him. The mind of man is not easily disposed to look at the worst side of events. Some natures there may be so constituted as to paint everything in black; but such were none at Leascombe. Sir Edward himself always thought that Harry had sailed on some fresh voyage, or that he had gone up the country, or entered into some foreign service. He never supposed for one moment that tempest or battle had deprived him of his son. Lady Templeton grieved in silence, said little, but hoped on ever. Sophy, though anxious and sometimes terrified, lived still in hope, and pursued her studies with avidity.

The society of Mrs Desmond, her reading, and her own natural character, had made of the humble Sophy a thorough gentlewoman. In thought and feelings she had always been so; but there is a certain refinement and polish never acquired but by constant association with the high-bred and highly-educated.

Sophy in her secret heart had many painful misgivings about the prodigal son. She set too little store by her own powers of fascination, to believe herself capable of enchaining permanently the affections of any man. She believed that William Harvey had taken more than a fancy to her—a very sincere affection; but she thought it quite possible he might change. At other times she had more hope on this point, but more firm hope on another. She traced a strange similarity in the fortunes of her father and her lover, and at length allowed herself to believe, that perhaps some fate similar to that of her dear parent had befallen the young man. His last letter had been so cheerful, so hopeful, so affectionate, it was scarcely possible to think that in so short a time he had forgotten one he had entertained any real affection for.

It was early in May, and the breakfast-parlour was laid out, awaiting its several guests. Mrs Desmond and Sophy came

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down first, then Mrs Lester, and a few minutes later Sir Edward and Lady Templeton. It was a charming morning, the trees were all in bud, many flowers were in bloom, and the sun shone serenely on the loan and park. The window was open, and the perfumed fragrance of morning came in, with still an odour of the sea-breeze, though the sea was five miles distant. The breakfast was instantly brought in, and Mrs Desmond, as usual, took the place of honour to pour out the tea.

'How long is it now, Miss Lester,' said Sir Edward, 'since you heard from my dear boy?' This was a question the father generally asked about twice a week.

'It is now, Sir Edward, nearly fourteen months,' replied Sophy gently. He was scarcely conscious how often the same question had been similarly replied to.

'It is a long, long time,' he continued. 'Would we could have some news!'

'I would we could!' echoed the mother with a deep sigh. There was a slight pause, and then there was a rustling at the door.

'Come in,' said Sir Edward simultaneously with the hurried entrance of the butler. 'What is it, Markham?' asked Sir Edward.

'A foreign letter, sir, for Miss Lester,' replied the butler in a low voice, and with some emotion. He was a servant who had been fifteen years in the family when Master Henry was born. All rose with one accord, and Sophy took the letter with a trembling hand.

'From Mr Henry, sir?' said the butler respectfully.

'I believe so, Markham,' replied Sir Edward in a trembling voice.

'Yes, Markham,' said Miss Lester.

'Thank you, sir—thank you, miss,' replied the butler, quite proud of the confidence; and then he retired.

'It is a very long letter,' said Sophy, blushing at the first words; 'may I just glance over it?'

'Of course, my dear girl. I am too happy to see his handwriting —God bless him!'

'Am coming home'—said Sophy, attempting to read aloud; but her voice trembled, and at length she said nervously: 'I cannot read it. Mrs Desmond will be kind enough.'

'Certainly, my dear,' replied the sister; and she began carefully and slowly to read the long letter. It told all that had happened, save the name of the rescued sailor. It finished thus:—

'I am coming home, my dear Sophy, an altered man; not altered so far as you are concerned, but in many things. I do not suppose that my conduct or position will be much changed, but I hope to avoid many faults into which I have fallen in the course of my life. My terrible position in the schooner *Ganges*, headed by a murderer, whom my hasty temper brought me into contact with, brought home to me a lesson I shall not easily unlearn. I hope it may benefit me all the days of my life. God bless you! Perhaps I bring you news you little expect.'

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'He means, I suppose,' said Sir Edward, 'that he will now own his family, and end this unfortunate separation.'

'O Heaven! if he meant something else,' cried Mrs Lester wildly.

'What, my dear madam?' asked the baronet kindly.

'If he meant that the rescued sailor was my poor long-lost husband,' she began.

'It is quite possible,' said Sir Edward musing.

'Do you think so?' asked Sophy timidly.

'I think the tone of his letter such, that this explanation is more likely to be correct than mine.'

'But, my dear mother, such a surprise would kill you,' faltered Sophy.

'No, my dear,' cried Mrs Lester; 'it is only grief that is fatal—joy never kills.'

'Then, my dear mother, it is true!' half shrieked Sophy. 'It is true. Hear the rest: "Break it gently to your mother; but tell her that she may bless the day she met me, for I bring her home her husband, her own true, loving husband, whom, by the mercy of God, I have rescued from his seventeen years' imprisonment on a distant island of the South Seas."'

'My God!' was all the widow—widow no longer—could say.

'Wonderful indeed,' said the baronet. 'Mrs Lester, I congratulate you on your happiness. But in your own joy forget not us. I think my boy is coming home very well disposed to be all we could wish. He has perhaps not made up his mind to seek us, but I do not think he will avoid a meeting.'

'My dear sir, will you leave all to me?' said Sophy earnestly. 'I think I could manage him better than anybody. Nay, I am sure of it: let me at least try.'

'I trust wholly in you, Miss Lester—we all trust in you. Command—we obey. Restore to us our son, our hope, and our gratitude is illimitable.'

'And my husband is to be restored to me!' began Mrs Lester, beside whom her daughter was sitting.

'Yes, mamma; but do not excite yourself. You are not strong; and you must try to be well by the time he comes home.'

'He does not mention any particular time, I think I remarked?' said the baronet, who was anxious to read the letter himself, although too well-bred to exhibit such desire in any direct manner.

'Pray, read it yourself, sir; I have perused it rather hurriedly. Never mind,' she added blushing, 'the first few lines—it's all nonsense about me.'

'The simple truth, so far as it describes your charms and your character. I hope and believe it is equally so as regards his own estimation of your worth,' said the baronet emphatically. He then eagerly devoured the letter, presently taking his wife aside, and reading it over to her; while Sophy and her mother, folded in

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each other's arms, talked anxiously of him who had been as it were raised from the dead.

'Come, come!' said Mrs Desmond suddenly: 'no one has taken any breakfast, which is neither wise nor prudent. I insist on everybody sitting down and doing justice to my fragrant tea and new eggs. You must all be well and strong to hail the return of Harry and his father-in-law.'

This well-timed speech brought them back to a little reason, and the breakfast proceeded. The rest of the day was spent in commenting on the letter.

Two days later, another came. It was brief and definite. William Harvey, as he still styled himself, had arrived in England. His ship required his presence for forty-eight hours; but after that he would be free, and would bring Mr Lester down to Newton-Alnway.

'To Newton-Alnway of course,' said Sophy; 'of course he thinks us there. You leave all to me. Well, mamma, you and I must set out to-night for the village and our old house for a couple of days. Ask me no questions. There shall be no delay; no, not the delay of an hour. But I must have a talk with him first. I will then bring him here; I answer for it.'

'God bless you!' said Lady Templeton.

'Act as you will,' added Sir Edward.

'Then, please, sir, let us have the carriage at once. Let it then be sent every morning to wait for us at the Little Red Cow above our village, and I promise to be here in little more than an hour after he arrives.'

The carriage was placed at their disposal; Mrs Lester and Sophy, dressed in their village costume, entered it, and drove down to Alnway. The cottage was inhabited by old friends, who readily gave it up for a week. Sophy was quite happy in her old home once more, although she felt she should never like again the drudgery she had once submitted to with so much complacency. But she was glad to renew her acquaintance with the sea, to see her old friends the children, and to talk with some of her young companions, now hard-working fisherwomen. Still, nothing drew her thoughts away from those who were coming; and it was with a wildly beating heart she saw, on the morning of the second day, two men descending the pathway to the house. They moved slowly, for one was obliged to lean on the other for support.

'My husband!—my wife!' was one cry, and the long-separated pair were folded in a trembling embrace.

'My dear Sophy!' said William Harvey, with a fond and happy smile, kissing her, sailor-like, on both cheeks. 'What a beautiful woman you have become!'

'You are only a little darker, and a little more manly,' replied she trembling.

'My dear girl!' exclaimed Mr Lester; 'but let this brave young

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man say his say to you, for to him we owe all under God's blessing.'

'We owe more than we can ever repay,' added the wife gently; 'but come in and sit down, my husband; I cannot stand.' The long-separated pair entered the cottage, leaving the lovers on the outer bench.

'And now, my dear friend,' began Sophy, after ten minutes had passed, 'now that we have spoken of ourselves, let us think of others. During your absence, my mother's illness compelled me to leave this place. We went to live in a family, where we have remained ever since. They have been very kind to us, and take a deep interest in our welfare. They made me promise to bring you to them at once. Besides, the owners of this house want to come back again. Will you oblige me, William, and do all I ask of you for one day?'

'For one day, and every day!' exclaimed William eagerly.

'Then do not let my friends wait longer,' said Sophy. 'Come, mamma, let us go home.'

'Are you not at home?' said Mr Lester curiously.

'No, papa. We left this because the sea-air was too keen for mamma; but you will like our other home better still. Mamma will tell you all about it as we walk. Let us make haste, because we promised to lose no time, you know.' And she took William's arm, and pressed on first. 'O William!' she said tenderly, 'what a blessing it is to find both one's parents alive! What a blessing to have a kind father and mother!'

'It is,' replied he with a sigh.

'You sigh, William dear,' she added; 'have you no father and mother?'

'No—that is—yes; but I am not friends with them,' faltered William.

'What! not friends with your father and mother, Willy? Why, how is that? How can people be unfriendly with their father and mother? There must surely be something dreadfully bad about them if their very son abandons them.'

'No, love; they are everything that is good and kind; and'——

'It is you, then, who must be a bad man!' said Sophy, gently taking away her arm. 'How can I respect a son who will not be friends with a good father and mother?'

'The fact is, my dear Sophy,' exclaimed William eagerly, 'it is simply that our tempers are different. We could not agree; we had a quarrel.'

'And do you mean to keep it up, William—a quarrel with your father and mother?' asked Sophy gravely.

'One cannot argue with you; but I will explain all, and leave you to judge me. By your advice I will then be guided.' And here William Harvey told his story, calmly and dispassionately, without disclosing his name, but with scrupulous regard for truth, and rather for than against his father. So animated did he become,

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that he never remarked that for ten minutes he had been standing still, restrained from advancing by the gentle pressure of Sophy's arm. 'And now, my beloved,' said he fondly, 'what would you have me do? Command: I will obey.'

'I will have you, Henry Templeton, step with me into your father's carriage, and drive "home"—to your own home, and my home, where your parents are waiting for you with an impatience you can readily understand!'

'Henry Templeton! you know my name; you have been living in my father's house; your home is my home!' said the young man wildly.

'Within a few months of your departure, I became the inmate of Leascombe Park, as companion to your widowed sister; the handwriting of your letters did the rest. They have read them all, Henry,' said the young girl, now as timid as a child.

'Then let us go,' cried the young man—'let us go and ask their blessing.' And he leaped into the carriage, which, in twenty minutes, swept them up the broad avenue of the park, to stop only at the door of the hall.

Markham was standing there. Sir Edward and Lady Templeton were too much moved to come to meet them; but the servants raised such a clamour, that they knew all was right; and in one minute more, the Hope of Leascombe was embraced by his mother, while one warm pressure of the hand was sufficient explanation between father and son. That was the only reference ever made to their estrangement.

'God bless you, my dear father!' said Henry, when he saw that Mrs Desmond, Sophy, and her mother, had left the room. 'I know not how to thank you.'

'For what, my boy? How the fellow has got himself burnt and tanned! But speak, Harry.'

'For your kindness to Sophy—to Miss Lester. I hope that—I hope that'——

'What, my boy?'

'She is not here in any menial capacity?'

'She is here as my sister in heart, and as one who I hope will soon be my sister-in-law,' said Mrs Desmond, returning with Sophy beautifully and simply dressed.

Henry stood still, overwhelmed with very natural amazement. 'What!' said he, turning away to hide his deep emotion—'is this my punishment?'

'Harry, my boy,' exclaimed his father quickly, 'we discovered, during your absence, that you had selected her as your future bride, and we thought we should please you by making her the companion of your sister. Miss Lester has done us the honour to reside with us almost ever since you set out on your journey.'

'How to thank you,' replied Henry, deeply moved, 'I know not.'

'To begin, let us sit quietly down to breakfast, Master Harry.

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I have myself seen to the domestic affairs this morning, and I expect you to do justice to it. Breakfast is waiting, and Markham is getting fidgety.'

And so they sat down to their morning meal with very different feelings from those of the last few years. Henry was bewildered. The whole was like a wild fantastic dream, but he felt most keenly all his father's kind and generous conduct. He considered his reception, and the explanation about Sophy, delicate in the extreme. That day the future of the young man was decided. The conduct of his parents completely upset all his preconceived notions. He felt how wrong he had been to yield to a momentary fit of passion; and he promised to himself, and kept his promise, that he would never again give way to sudden impulses.

Sir Edward managed the young man's return to the navy by the assistance of his old friend the captain of the frigate. This was done at Henry's own wish, and gratified his father, as an evidence of his son's anxious desire to please him. Henry then obtained leave of absence to be married, and Sophy became his wife. At the peace, he retired from the service; and now, old and well stricken in years, Sir Henry and Lady Templeton have around them children and grandchildren, to whom they inculcate the useful lesson—that in this world we must never expect to have everything our own way, or think that we ourselves are always right; and that passion and impulse are very evil counsellors in a life where sometimes a minute of thought may save a whole year of misery.

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CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH,

FOUNDER OF THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

'To see bright honour sparkled all in gore,
Would steel a spirit that ne'er fought before;
And that's the height of Fame, when our best blood
Is nobly spilt in actions great and good:
So thou hast taught the world to purchase Fame,
Rearing thy story on a glorious frame;
And such foundation doth thy merits make it,
As all detraction's rage shall never shake it.'

BRIAN O'ROURKE.

ONE of the most agreeable duties of literature, is that of doing justice to neglected merit. We seem, when thus engaged, to be imitating one of the functions of Providence. History, however, is often unjust; because, while taking care of the reputation of a few favourite characters, and blazoning forth the pomp and

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pageantry of the world, it refuses to bestow adequate notice on men who deserved perhaps to act a prominent part on the stage of public business, but were condemned by circumstances to consume their energies in an obscure course of action, and among individuals altogether incapable of appreciating their great qualities.

The career and fate of John Smith very strikingly illustrate the truth of this observation. Few men in any age or country were ever engaged in more surprising adventures, or exhibited greater fertility of resources, or bore up against evil fortune with a braver spirit. Truth in his story is so extraordinary and startling, that the boldest fiction would scarcely dare to imitate it. What happened to him, would suffice to impart interest to the lives of a hundred romantic adventurers. Fortune seemed to lavish all her choicest caprices in her dealings with him. By land and sea, in war and peace, in freedom and captivity, in the decaying civilisation of the Old World, in the fresh and fierce savagery of the New, in the depths of poverty, in the elevation of honour and power—he gave proof of being equal to all conditions. He was an Englishman in the finest sense of the word. Nothing could subdue his intrepid courage; nothing could corrupt his principles. In every situation, he seems to have had the glory of his country at heart; and contrived at length, through many dangers and difficulties, to connect his name with the history of the United States—a history which, in proportion as it is studied and understood, will be found, in some of its earliest pages, to derive lustre from this humble plebeian name.

John Smith was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1579. He is careful, in his autobiography, to inform us, that his father was descended from the ancient Smiths of Crudley, in Lancashire, and his mother from the Rickards of Great Heck, in Yorkshire. To this circumstance, Bob Brathwait, one of the minor poets of those times, alludes in a copy of verses addressed to the great adventurer:

> 'Two greatest shires of England did thee bear—
> Renowned Yorkshire, Gaunt styled Lancashire.'

His parents died when he was about thirteen years of age, leaving him in comparatively affluent circumstances, but under the care of guardians, who would appear to have neglected his education, made away with his property, and inspired him with disgust for the tranquillity of a domestic life. The love of roaming, however, and a thirst for the excitement of war, seemed to have pervaded the whole British population. Swarms of restless spirits constantly quitted their homes in search of fortune or glory, and too frequently found obscure graves in distant lands. Recent discoveries appeared to have enlarged the limits of the universe—golden visions of power and fortune dazzled the imagination of the whole civilised world—men thought of nothing but the planting of colonies and the founding of empires—everything seemed possible to a strong hand and a sharp sword—and it was not until age and

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experience had taught their saddening lessons, that the intrepid visionaries relinquished their hopes, and returned, perhaps to end their days in dreary obscurity by their paternal firesides.

Defoe had, in all likelihood, carefully studied the history of John Smith before he planned his romance of *Robinson Crusoe*. At all events, the descendant of the Smiths and the Rickards bore a strong resemblance to that renowned personage, and at a very early age formed the design of running away from home, and going, as the phrase is, to sea. In order to check this disposition, he was, at the age of fifteen, apprenticed to a merchant of Lynn; but not finding a tall stool and a desk at all suited to his taste, John took French-leave of his master, and accompanied Mr Peregrine Berty to the continent. His youth, probably, stood somewhat in his way on this occasion. His patrons soon found out, it seems, that they could make no use of him, and therefore, in the course of a month or six weeks, dismissed him, very much chop-fallen; but the indefatigable John was not to be discouraged. He had evidently made his guardians uncomfortable; and in order to rid themselves of what, no doubt, they considered a nuisance, they had given him at parting, out of his own estate, the magnificent sum of ten shillings, with which he resolved to carve his fortunes in the world. He repaired, accordingly, to the Low Countries, where, during the space of four years, he hacked and hewed, and performed numerous deeds of gallantry, which history has perversely passed over in silence.

Before entering upon this service, Smith had met in Paris one David Hume—an ancestor, probably, of the historian—who gave him letters to his friends in Scotland, with a design of recommending the young adventurer to King James. During his first warlike fit, this epistolary wealth lay neglected; but growing weary of hard knocks, with little corresponding profit, our hero took his leave of the Low Countries, and proceeded to Scotland. Here he met with much hospitality, indeed, but found the way to court closed against him. He returned, therefore, to Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, where he gave the neighbourhood a taste of his humour, not at all calculated to augment his reputation for prudence. England, to be sure, was in those days a half-savage country, abounding with woods, morasses, and fells, so that things now impossible were then of daily occurrence. John hit upon a scheme of life which, at the present day perhaps, would be thought Quixotic even on the banks of the Ohio or Missouri.

On first arriving at his native place, the good folks made a lion of him, and glutted him with too much company, in which, he says, he took small delight. He therefore yielded to his solitary instincts, and instead of taking lodgings at a milliner's, in a first floor at Willoughby, he retired to a little woody pasture, a good way from any town, environed with many hundred acres of forest. Here, by a fair brook, he built a pavilion of boughs, where, to avoid all dealings with upholsterers, he

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slept in his clothes. His grand object at this time was to make progress in two studies—war and morals; things extremely little inclined to go together. He therefore pored incessantly over Machiavelli and Marcus Aurelius; and thus probably laid the foundation of that brilliant success in the field, and that stoical integrity in all situations, for which John Smith deserves to be remembered for ever. At the same time, it must not be concealed, that his notion of ethics belonged rather to the savage than to the civilised state. He looked upon the earth as a large domain, bestowed indifferently upon all Adam's children, who might, without blame, make use freely of what they found in their way. In other words, John indulged a little in poaching—not personally, but by proxy; for he had a man with him, who, while he was deep in Marcus Aurelius's ethics, or Machiavelli's art of war, strolled with bag and fowlingpiece about the country, brought home venison, and made him savoury meats, such as John delighted in.

We should do him great injustice, however, if we imagined that, in this retirement, he was satisfied with books and venison. He had along with him a fine horse, and when tired of turning over the pages of the Florentine secretary, he mounted this fiery animal, and amused himself with lance and ring. His strange manner of life soon rendered him an object of great interest to the whole neighbourhood. The portly squires and fair dames spoke by their firesides of the wild soldier who had come thither, surrounded by an atmosphere of romance, from beyond sea; and through their intervention a companion was found for him, from whom he probably derived much advantage. This was Teodoro Polaloga, a noble Italian gentleman, and excellent horseman—rider, as he was called, to the Earl of Lincoln. With this foreigner, Smith was pleased to converse; and in order to enjoy his society, he abandoned his pavilion of boughs, and went to reside at Tattersall.

But so peaceful a course of life soon ceased to have any charms. He longed to be engaged in some great theatre of war, in which he could display his knowledge and valour; and as the Turks were at that time ravaging Hungary, he formed the design of joining the Christian army, and rising to distinction by exhibiting his prowess against the infidels. In the prosecution of this plan, however, he soon shewed how little he had profited by the study of Machiavelli. He might, indeed, have learned how to draw out a squadron in the field; but in the far more difficult art of divining the characters of men, and defending himself from their villainy, he was still a child. On board a ship bound for France, he fell in with four adventurers, who, seeing him elegantly attired, immediately formed a scheme for enriching themselves by his plunder. One, therefore, pretended to be a nobleman of high distinction, while the other three agreed to act the part of his attendants. They undertook to introduce Smith to a French duchess, whose husband was at the time commander for the emperor in Hungary. Our unsuspecting countryman fell easily into the

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snare: while his mind was filled with gorgeous visions of military success, to be achieved through the patronage of the French duke aforesaid, the vessel which bore this new Cæsar and his fortunes, arrived through dark and blustering weather in the roads of St Valery-sur-Somme. Here the pretended nobleman undertook, with his attendants, and the captain of the vessel, who was in league with him, to convey ashore Smith's baggage, with which, as might have been foreseen, they instantly decamped. On board were several soldiers, who, to their credit, resented the injury which had been done the Englishman; and one of them, a gallant and generous fellow, offered to conduct him, at his own expense, to Mortagne, in Normandy, where the relatives of the robbers resided.

In all this part of France, Smith was received with great hospitality, and might, probably, have spent half his life in wandering from château to château, entertained by one nobleman after another, had he not longed for the excitement of travel and war. With such funds as were supplied to him, therefore, he returned towards the sea-coast, and, travelling from port to port, exhausted all his resources in the attempt to find some ship that might convey him to any field of action, he apparently cared not whither. When he had seen the end of his purse, weariness and hunger overtook him while travelling through a forest. Exhaustion would not permit him to proceed any further. He laid himself down, therefore, under a tree, beside a fountain, apparently intending to remain there and die in peace: but a good Samaritan came up, in the shape of a rich farmer, who bore him to his dwelling, treated him kindly, and placed him in a position to pursue his adventures with renewed vigour.

Smith's study of Marcus Aurelius had not made him a stoic. While yet smarting with the remembrance of his injuries, he met in a forest one of the four villains who a short time before had robbed him at St Valery-sur-Somme. The wretch had been reduced to the greatest poverty, though, partly for his own protection, partly for the purpose of replenishing his purse at intervals, he still wore a sword. Our fiery countryman, being equally well armed, drew upon him immediately; and while the inhabitants of the neighbourhood rushed to the top of an old ruined tower to behold the conflict, the two adventurers exhibited all the resources of their skill and courage in defence of their lives. Fortune does not always declare on the side of justice, though, in the present case, she shewed herself to be in an equitable humour. The robber fell; and Smith had the satisfaction of hearing him confess before several witnesses, that he had been engaged in the transaction at St Valery, though he denied having in any degree profited by the theft.

Smith now travelled through the western and southern provinces of France; visited the kingdoms of Bearn and Navarre, and at length arrived at Marseille, where he embarked for Italy

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on board a vessel filled with pilgrims, proceeding to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto. Being a sturdy Protestant, he soon found himself engaged in fierce disputes. Elizabeth was at that time carrying on with fire and sword the work of the Reformation in England, which inspired the continental papists with a bitter hatred of her and her subjects. Smith, therefore, exposed himself to the greatest danger by assailing the Church of Rome in such company. He was regarded as a sort of Jonah, with whom it was unsafe to traverse the deep; so the pilgrims forced the captain to throw him overboard. Providence, however, still watched over him, and he made his way by swimming to a little island, which, though stocked with goats and cattle, contained no inhabitants.

Next day, he got on board a ship which had been driven into the island by a storm, and finding the captain, La Roche, to be an acquaintance of some of his friends in Brittany, he told his story, and was most hospitably entertained. The gallant Breton, his host, seems to have been half-merchant, half-pirate. Smith, without hesitation, joined himself to his fortunes; and sweeping down along the shores of Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily, they passed over into the Gulf of Tunis, sailed along the coast of Cyrene and Marmarica, touched at Alexandria, visited Scanderoon, and then returning through the Grecian archipelago, they arrived in the mouth of the Adriatic. Here they fell in with a Venetian argosy—one of those very ventures, perhaps, of the loss of which our friend Antonio heard with so much philosophic composure on the Rialto—and France being then at war with the Republic, they attacked, and after a long and bloody engagement, took the vessel, and plundered it. After this adventure, on which, following the advice of 'honest Iago,' they put money in their purses, Smith and his friend La Roche retraced their course, and after making the circuit of Sicily, proceeded northwards till they reached the Roads of Antibes, where, apparently at his own request, our hero was put on shore.

John Smith now found himself master of 500 zechins, together with a box containing as many more, which, as he quaintly and mysteriously expresses it—God sent him. With 1000 zechins in his possession, he considered himself equal to any fortune, and determined to see the world like a gentleman. It would require far too much space to follow him minutely through all his subsequent adventures. The most we can do, is to pick him up here and there where the character of his narrative appears most interesting. When a man is fortunate and at his ease, there is little more to do than simply to state the fact. Good-fortune is extremely pleasant to enjoy, but equally insipid in description. Storms, tempests, massacres, hair-breadth escapes, sanguinary battles, shipwrecks, starvation, violent deaths—these are the materials of history and biography that quicken the reader's pulse, and make his heart beat with interest and sympathy.

Let us, however, allow John Smith to describe in his own way

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one of the sights he beheld at Rome, 'where it was his chance to see Pope Clement VIII., with many cardinals, creep up the holy stairs, which they say are those our Saviour Christ went up to Pontius Pilate, where blood falling from his head, being pricked with the crown of thorns, the drops are marked with nails of steel. Upon them none dare go but in that manner; saying so many ave-maries and paternosters as is their devotion, and to kiss the nails of steel. But on each side is a pair of such like stairs, up which you may go, stand, or kneel, but divided from the holy stairs by two walls. Right against them is a chapel, where hangs a great silver lamp, which burneth continually, yet they say the oil neither increaseth nor diminisheth.'

Having gratified his curiosity in Italy, he embarked at Venice, and sailing down the Adriatic to Ragusa, proceeded thence to Grätz, in Styria, where he entered into the service of Ferdinand, Duke of Austria, afterwards emperor. It would be tedious to follow him through all his military career. He distinguished himself by great personal gallantry, by the invention of stratagems and telegraphs, and was by degrees promoted to the rank of captain. Had he kept a journal at this period of his life, and afterwards published it, we should doubtless now have read it with extraordinary interest. But all we have left us is a brief outline of facts, curious enough in itself, but very far from satisfactory. The Christians were at that time engaged in checking the progress westward of the Mohammedan arms; and Hungary formed the great battle-field on which the adherents of both creeds exhibited their valour.

Some of the incidents of this war belonged properly to chivalrous times. While the armies lay in sight of each other, intrenching themselves, and making preparations for war in due form, the more impatient spirits amused themselves with sending challenges to each other, in order to bring about single combats, for the recreation, as they expressed it, of the ladies. A Turkish officer, who is called Turbisha in the narrative, invited some persons of corresponding rank to engage with him in a passage of arms before Regal. The Christian officers cast lots, and the chance fell upon Smith, who, mounted on a powerful charger, proceeded, lance in hand, and accompanied by a page, to encounter the Moslem hero. The ramparts of Regal were lined, he says, with ladies, while the Christian host stood in battalions on the plain, to observe the conduct of their own champion. The appearance of the Turk was extraordinary. 'With a noise of hautboys, he entered the field well mounted and armed; on his shoulders were fixed a pair of great wings, compacted of eagles' feathers within a ridge of silver, richly garnished with gold and precious stones.' The combat was not of long duration. With that impetuosity which characterised the soldiers of the West, Smith, making a sudden rush against the Osmanli, pierced him through the head at the first charge. The body then tumbled to the earth, and

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Smith descending, decapitated it, and then bore the bloody trophy to his general, who received it with praise and admiration.

Instead, however, of being discouraged, the Osmanlis were only excited to emulation by this catastrophe. A second challenge was on the day following sent to the Christian camp, but this time not addressed to the officers in general, but in particular to Smith. The challenger staked his head, with his horse and armour, in the hope of avenging the death of his friend. Our countryman readily consented to meet the enraged Moslem; and on the appearance of the combatants in the field, the trumpets sounded, and they rushed impetuously against each other. Their lances, which would appear to have been made of extremely brittle wood, were soon shivered, upon which they drew their pistols, and discharged them at each other. The Turk's ball hit Smith on that part of the armour called the placard. At the very next shot, he himself, however, was wounded through the arm, and tumbled from his horse, upon which the gallant Christian descended, again decapitated his foe, and returned in triumph with horse and armour to his friends.

Smith now began, apparently, to hold the Osmanlis cheap, and sent a challenge to Regal, couched in the fantastic language of the times. He told the Turkish ladies, that he was not so enamoured of their servants, or of their servants' heads, as to refuse to return the two he had taken, provided a third champion would come out and undertake to carry them back with his own. The gage thus thrown down was taken up by an Osmanli, on whom he bestows the comic name of Bonamalgro. This worthy believer in the Koran proved a far tougher adversary than either of the former two. He declined the use of lances, and referred the decision of his fate to pistol, battle-axe, and sword. They had in those days no revolvers, or even double barrels; so, after the first shot, the combatants took to their battle-axes, and struck for some time fiercely at each other. At length, Smith lost his weapon, and appeared to be at the mercy of the foe. Upon this, a shout was raised from the ramparts of Regal, and in both armies it was thought to be all over with the valiant Christian. But his good sword yet remained to him; and after a prolonged and desperate conflict, he returned to his own host, bearing along with him the head of the third Turk. In acknowledgment of this distinguished service, Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, gave him permission to wear three Turks' heads quartered on his shield, and swore ever after to bear them in his own colours. He besides bestowed on him his portrait set in gold, and a pension for life of 300 ducats a year. It would be curious to ascertain whether or not the Smiths of Willoughby still exhibit the three Turks' heads in their arms.

The war with the Ottomites proceeding, Smith was afforded many opportunities of distinguishing himself—sometimes by his courage, sometimes by his ingenuity: for example, a little before the battle

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of Rottenton, he conceived a stratagem for alarming the enemy's cavalry, which seems greatly to have recommended him to the Austrian general. Having filled two or three hundred trunks with wild-fire, and fixed them on the heads of lances, they were kindled during a night-attack, and threw around them such flames and sparkles as the Christians rushed to the encounter, that the Turkish horse took fright, and charging hither and thither among their own ranks, threw them into inextricable confusion, and occasioned a precipitate retreat.

While relating the events of this war, Smith seems to have been betrayed into a very sanguinary humour. All his pages savour of death and slaughter, and he occasionally becomes eloquent in his description of battle-fields. At length, however, fortune utterly deserted him, and he was left stretched among the dead and dying, where the pillagers found him when they came to rifle the field. Conceiving, by his armour and appearance, that a considerable sum might be obtained by his ransom, they spared his life, and carried him away prisoner. But their hopes, as well as his own, were disappointed. No ransom came. He was therefore sold for a slave, and, chained to his companion in misery, was marched with an immense file of other captives to Adrianople.

Here he found himself in the service of a lady, young and beautiful, on whom he bestows the name of Charatza Tragabigzanda. Her husband, who desired to pass with her as a hero, had boasted in his letters that Smith was a great Bohemian lord, whom he had taken with his own hand in the field, and by whose ransom she might hope to be enriched. Tragabigzanda would appear to have had no great idea of her husband's prowess, and therefore questioned her captive narrowly on the subject. He confessed frankly that he had never seen her husband, who had caused him to be purchased in the slave-market; that he was not a Bohemian, but an Englishman; and instead of being a great lord, was merely a soldier of fortune. The Turkish lady, like a second Desdemona, seems to have loved him for the dangers he had passed, and in part also perhaps for his candour and honesty. Fearing that her mother might form the plan of selling him, if she got the slightest hint of her inclinations, and also finding considerable difficulty in holding communication with him, she put in practice her woman's ingenuity, and sent him to her brother in Crim-Tatary, where he might learn the Turkish language, acquire also the manners of the country, and render himself in other respects a fit man to figure in the position she designed for him.

But her brother's character and views no way resembled hers. No sooner, therefore, did Smith arrive at his house, than he determined he should feel all the weight of servitude, and expiate, as far as possible by suffering, the crime of having inspired a Moslem woman with affection. He had his head shaved, put a heavy iron collar about his neck, dressed him in haircloth, and set him to do all the meanest drudgery for the

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other slaves. Among his hardships, he enumerates eating soup made with the entrails of horses. He talks also of coffee and sherbet, and sneers contemptuously at the Turks for eating pilaus with their fingers, which he calls 'raking the dishes with their foul fists.' Slavery produced upon our countryman its natural effects: it inspired him with rage and ferocity, especially when he reflected, as he often did, that instead of being treated with the kindness which Tragabigzanda meant should be shewn him, he was every day insulted and degraded by her inhuman brother. Among his other labours, he was set, in the season succeeding harvest, to thrash out the corn on a field at a distance from his master's house. Impatience of servitude, and the passion for wandering and fighting, in which he had all his life indulged, here came upon him with redoubled force. He was naturally enough inclined, therefore, to look upon his tyrant with an evil eye; and while he was brooding over his wrongs and miseries, Nalbritz, unfortunately, arrived at the thrashing-floor. Being by nature savage and brutal, he began to beat, spurn, and revile the captive, who, in a moment of ungovernable fury, struck him with his thrashing-bat, and killed him. He then stripped him, and put on his clothes; after which, hiding the body under the straw, he filled his knapsack with corn, shut the door, mounted the tyrant's horse, and rode forth boldly at random into the desert.

During two or three days he wandered about, not knowing whither he went; but coming to one of those picturesque finger-posts,* of which he gives a very curious description, he discovered the road leading towards Russia, and immediately struck into it.

The progress of Captain Smith during sixteen days across the waste, which in those times extended between Crim-Tatary and the Russian frontier, reminds us strongly of a passage in *Hudibras*. Speaking of the knights-errant, he says:—

> 'And when through deserts vast,
> Or regions desolate they passed,
> Where belly-timber above ground
> Or under, was not to be found,
> Unless they grazed, there's not one word
> Of their provisions on record,
> Which made some confidently write
> They had no stomachs, but to fight.'

Having accomplished this feat, he arrived at Elopolis, a Christian garrison on the Don, where his chains were struck off, and he found himself suddenly in favour of a great lady, on whom he bestows the name of Callamata. As he probably made known his desire of returning to the scene of his former military achieve-

* Captain Smith's words are:—'In every crossing of this great way is planted a post; and in it so many bobs with broad ends as there be ways; and every bob the figure painted on it, that demonstrateth to what part that way leadeth, as that which pointeth towards the Cryrus country, as marked with a halfe-moon; if towards the Georgians and Persia, a black man, full of white spots; if towards China, the picture of the sun; if towards Moscovia, the sign of a cross; if towards the habitation of any other prince, the figure whereby his standard is known.'

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ments, he was passed from garrison to garrison, and from town to town, with singular humanity and kindness, till he reached the city of Hermannstadt, in Transylvania. His notions of geography were rather confused, so that he imagined himself to have traversed a part of Siberia, when his whole course from the Don tended evidently towards the north and west. We are tempted to extract from his memoirs a short passage, describing quaintly the state of Southern Russia in those days. 'The villages are only here and there a few houses of straight fir-trees laid heads and points above one another, made fast by notches at the ends, more than a man's height, and with broad split boards, pinned together with wooden pins as thatched for coverture. In ten villages, you shall scarce find ten iron nails, except it be in some extraordinary man's house. You shall find pavements, over bogs only, of young fir-trees laid across one over another, for two or three hours' journey, or as the passage requires, and yet in two days' travel you shall scarce see six habitations.'

Having reached Hermannstadt, he was received and treated with extraordinary hospitality, which accompanied him through Hungary and Bohemia, till he fell in with Duke Sigismund, who generously bestowed on him 1500 ducats in gold, with a sort of military diploma, stating his rank and services. After this, he travelled at his ease through Germany, France, and Spain; the wandering impulse still carrying him forward without intermission. He then crossed over into Morocco, visited the capital city, and after picking up a large quantity of undigested information, returned to the coast. Here he went on board the ship of one Captain Maham, probably a bucaneer, and a man of indomitable valour. Having put out to sea, and been driven by a storm to the Canary Islands, he fell in with two Spanish men-of-war, and engaged in a desperate fight, in which Smith took an active part. Few encounters at sea, between forces so inadequate, ever lasted so long or were so sanguinary. Maham's ship was more than once on fire, and in danger of being blown up; but with a courage bordering on desperation, he poured broadside after broadside into the enemy, until their decks were covered with dead. He then sheered off; and effecting his escape, which they also on their part were rejoiced to accomplish, he returned to England.

Here terminates what may be denominated the first cycle of the acts of Captain John Smith, who seems to have settled down quietly in his own country to enjoy some repose after the innumerable adventures and mischances through which he had passed. It seems impossible to throw any particular light on the life he now led. He does not inform us whether or not he applied himself to the recovery of the property bequeathed him by his parents, whether he engaged in any profitable speculation, or merely subsisted on the remainder of the money bestowed on him by Duke Sigismund.

About the year 1604, however, he became acquainted with

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Captain Bartholomew Gosnell, who had formed the project of carrying out a large body of colonists to Virginia. Smith, with his usual promptitude, seems to have entered at once into Gosnell's views, and to have seconded them vigorously; but it was fully two years before the expedition was organised, and the authority of government obtained. Into the history of the previous attempts which had been made to settle in Virginia, it is not necessary to enter: they belong properly to the general history of the United States, which, to be studied profitably, should be studied as a whole. We shall merely observe, that all the endeavours of the English to found a colony in that part of America had hitherto failed, so that it was left for the friends and companions of Gosnell to carry into execution the designs of Raleigh.

James I. contrived systematically to mar whatever he undertook. His theory of political wisdom led him to place it exclusively in craft and cunning, in subtle contrivances and small mysteries; and he appears to have been invariably surprised when plans commenced in folly terminated in discomfiture. In the present instance, he granted the adventurers letters-patent, conferring on them great powers and an extensive jurisdiction; but with that propensity for playing at statesmanship to which we have already alluded, he enclosed a list of the names of the future governors of the colony in a box, the seals of which were not to be broken till the arrival of the whole party in Virginia.

No one, therefore, at the outset possessed any authority whatsoever, except such as may have been based on his own private arrangements. The conveyance of the colonists to the shores of the New World was intrusted to Captain Christopher Newport, whom experience had rendered intimately acquainted with the eastern shores of America. On the 19th December 1606, they set sail from Blackwall, but, by unfavourable winds, were kept six weeks in sight of England. During this period, dissensions broke out on board, arising out of a very peculiar cause.

Mr Hunt, who was what we should now call the chaplain to the expedition, was a man of strong religious feelings, conscientious, energetic, and devoted to his duty. In health, however, he was weakly and delicate, and seemed on the point of falling a victim to his zeal even before leaving his native land. He belonged no doubt to the Puritan party, which may probably explain the offence he gave to some of the principal leaders of the colony, whom Captain Smith stigmatises as 'little better than atheists.' To the utmost of their power, these men annoyed and persecuted the preacher; but though, while the vessels lay in the Downs, he was within twenty miles of his own house, nothing could induce him to desert his post for a moment. We allude to this circumstance, because it may in some sort be said to supply a key to many of the disasters that followed. The colonists consisted of a heterogeneous multitude, differing in faith, in tastes, in habits, in character, and therefore prepared, at the

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first opportunity, to fly asunder, desert each other, and shipwreck altogether the designs of the projectors.

Touching at the Canaries for water, they traversed the Atlantic in the latitude of the West Indies; put in for provisions and trade at Dominica; and afterwards landing at Guadaloupe, they discovered a hot spring, in which they boiled pork as well as in a kettle over a kitchen-fire. In Nevis, Mona, and the Virgin Isles, they spent some time; where, with a loathsome beast like a crocodile, called a guana, with tortoises, pelicans, parrots, and fish, they daily had a luxurious feast. Leaving these islands, they sailed northward in search of Virginia, which was to them all an unknown land. The sailors were three days out of their reckoning; and so much discouragement arose among the different masters and crews, that it was scarcely to be suppressed. One of them, Ratliffe, a commander of the pinnace, was only prevented by the occurrence of a storm from putting about the helm and sailing for England. The tempest, however, accomplished what they seemed incapable of achieving for themselves; so that, going at random before the gale, they were fortunately driven into the very harbour of which they were in search.

Upon the first land they made, they bestowed, in honour of the Prince of Wales, the name of Cape Henry. Here thirty of the colonists disembarked; and while amusing themselves, and thinking, apparently, of nothing but peaceful enjoyments, they were attacked by a party of five savages, who inflicted dangerous wounds on two of their number. This induced them to proceed in future with greater caution. Here they opened King James's mysterious box, and learned that the council—invested with power to elect presidents for a year—was to consist of Bartholomew Gosnell, Captain John Smith, Edward Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall. Affairs of importance were to be examined by a jury, but determined by the decision of the majority of the council, in which the president had two votes.

They were engaged till the 13th of May 1607, in selecting a spot eligible for the site of the town which they designed to be the capital of the new settlement. The members of council were then sworn, and Mr Wingfield was elected to be first president. An oration was delivered—by whom it is not stated—detailing the reasons why Captain John Smith was to be excluded from their body. It is fair, however, to infer, that they arose out of paltry personal jealousies excited by Smith's superior talents and energy, of which the more ignorant and incompetent members of government stood in awe. As soon as this matter had been brought to a conclusion, they commenced the extraordinary process of founding a city in the wilderness. All was now noise, bustle, and activity. The authorities laid out the plan of the fort, while the colonists betook themselves to the felling of trees, in order to produce a clear space on which to pitch their tents. It cannot be

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doubted, that to their mind's eye a regular city, with streets, churches, and a market-place, with esplanades and terraces, with docks and arsenals, with shops and warehouses, and inns and taverns, and a crowded population, even then presented itself. Meanwhile, some were engaged in laying out gardens, others in fabricating fishing-nets, others in making preparations for reloading their ships. The natives, struck by the strangeness of these operations, and not foreseeing what endless calamities were to arise out of what they saw to themselves and to their posterity, came with much kindness to visit the English settlers. The president's overweening jealousy would admit of no exercise at arms, and no other fortification except the branches of trees, thrown rudely together in the form of a half-moon by the extraordinary pains and diligence of Captain Kendall.

Newport and Smith, with twenty others, were now despatched to discover the source of the river on which they had commenced the building of the fort. They proceeded up the stream for six days, passing on their way numerous habitations of the natives, and being everywhere allowed to proceed unmolested, until they reached a small aboriginal hamlet, consisting of some ten or twelve wigwams, pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, and surrounded by corn-fields. In the river opposite were three fertile islands. On this place, Smith bestows the name of Powhatan, which, according to him, was at once the appellation of the tribe, and the name of its actual chief.

Up to this point, the river is navigable; but a mile further on commences a series of rocks and small islands, scarcely affording passage for a boat. Upon this part of the river they bestowed the name of the Falls. The behaviour of the natives was kind and hospitable until they had returned within twenty miles of Jamestown, when their conduct began to excite apprehension. This arose, no doubt, out of the events which had meanwhile taken place at the settlement, where everything had been put in jeopardy, either through the well-founded jealousy of the natives, or the overbearing insolence of the colonists. In whatever way they originated, those hostilities had commenced, which, after long generations, were to terminate in the extinction of the native race. The imprudence of Governor Wingfield's policy soon appeared. Observing the settlers to be intent on the building of the city, without police or discipline, the natives collected in force, and made an impetuous attack on them. Being totally unprepared, they were easily thrown into confusion; and seventeen of their number were wounded. Perceiving the advantage they had gained, the natives pressed forward with the evident intention of exterminating their enemies; but a cross-bar discharged from one of the ships flying among the trees, brought down an immense bough among their ranks, which excited so much alarm that they retreated, and allowed the colonists time to rally, and provide effectually for their defence.

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The governor now endeavoured to repair his negligence, consenting that the fort should be surrounded with palisades, the guns mounted, and the men exercised in the use of arms. Considering the small number of the settlers, we may imagine the difficulties to which they were exposed, having to labour all day and watch all night, to guard the workmen, resist the enemy, reload the ships, and prepare the ground for the cultivation of corn.

We now come to the charges against Captain Smith, forming the ground on which he was excluded from the council. It appears that, as early as when the ships were still in the Canary Islands, a plan had been formed for his destruction, or, at least, for the annihilation of his prospects and fame. Inspired by we know not what jealousies, there were those among the leaders of the colony who affirmed that he had entered into a conspiracy to murder the council, to usurp the government, and establish his own authority as king.

His partisans, it was said, were dispersed through all the three ships, and that some of them, repenting of their intentions, had revealed the truth. For these reasons, he was seized, and kept in confinement during thirteen weeks, while his enemies were debating whether he should be put to death, or simply sent back to England with disgrace. They affected, through charity, to prefer the latter course; but Smith, confident in his innocence, laughed at their suspicions and machinations, not doubting that he should be able to clear himself to the satisfaction of the whole world. Public opinion in the colony soon veered round to his side; and the matter having been brought under the cognizance of the authorities, Governor Wingfield, apparently his chief accuser, was condemned to pay him the sum of L.200, which Smith, with his habitual generosity, immediately threw into the general fund. Through the mediation of Mr Hunt, the preacher, a reconciliation was effected between Governor Wingfield and Captain Smith; afterwards, like religious Englishmen, they all received the communion together. Next day, and evidently, as Smith thinks, in consequence of this pious act, the savages sued for peace; upon which, Captain Newport sailed for England, leaving behind him 100 men as the nucleus of the population of Virginia. This happened on the 15th of June 1607.

Within ten days after the departure of the ships for England, nearly all the settlers were seized with sickness, so that very few among them could walk or stand. In explaining the causes of this malady, Smith throws a startling light on the wretched system of colonisation adopted in those times by our ancestors. In the main, no doubt we have succeeded, and planted prosperous settlements in various parts of the world; but in Virginia, at least, it might be very fairly questioned whether we merited the good-fortune that attended us. Neglect, ignorance, improvidence, characterised the proceedings of government and colonists; and it would be difficult, in the history of European settlements, to

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discover a more touching picture of mismanagement and distress, than that which Smith draws of the condition of the founders of the British power in Virginia; and thereat, he says, none need marvel, if they consider the cause, which was this:—While the ships stayed, their allowance was somewhat improved by a daily proportion of biscuit, which the sailors pilfered to give in exchange for money, sassafras, furs, &c. 'Had we been as free from all sins as from gluttony and drunkenness,' adds the simple historian, 'we might have been canonized for saints; but our president would never have been admitted, for engrossing to his private use oatmeal, sack, oil, aquavitæ, beef, and eggs.' The common food was of the most loathsome description, and distributed, moreover, in scanty rations. It consisted of half a pint of wheat, and as much barley, boiled with water, for each man every day; and this, having lain some twenty-six weeks in the ship's hold, contained as many worms as grains, so that it might rather be described as bran than corn. Their drink was water, their lodgings 'castles in the air;' that is to say, we suppose, they slept where they could. They were constantly engaged, either in carrying or setting up palisades.

Up to the month of September, those of the colonists who had escaped the destructive effects of such a diet, lived upon sturgeon and sea-crabs. One half of their number, however, had died. The remainder, disgusted by the luxurious negligence of the president, who was discovered to be meditating his escape in the pinnace, deposed him, and elected Captain Ratliffe in his place—Gosnell, who might have been presumed to possess a superior claim, being now dead. The surviving settlers attributed their recovery to the skilful treatment of their surgeon, Wolton.

The condition of the small garrison of Jamestown was, at length, all but desperate. No more sturgeon could be caught, their other provisions were exhausted, and they every moment expected to fall a prey to the violence of the natives. But the policy of barbarians is always fluctuating. From motives which it would be difficult to comprehend, unless we suppose them to have been mere generosity and humanity, the savages took pity on the wretched settlers, and supplied them with so great an abundance of the fruits of the soil, that they all lived once more in affluence. The new governor, meanwhile, with Martin, who would appear to have formed his whole council, proved to be no abler than his predecessor. Every public duty devolved on Captain Smith, who, by his energy, activity, and sagacity, imparted life and hope to the colony. By his own example, good words, and fair promises, he encouraged some to mow, others to find thatch; some to build houses, others to roof them; so that, in a short time, he provided nearly all but himself with lodgings.

Observing the natives to grow more remiss in bringing in provisions, chiefly because they had little more to spare, he went with a number of men on board the shallop, and sailed away in search of

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trade. Dropping down the river to a place called Keconghtan, he endeavoured to barter with the natives, but they, believing him and his companions to be driven thither by famine, treated them at first with contempt, offering them a piece of bread or a handful of corn in exchange for their arms. Finding that nothing was to be obtained of them by fair means, Smith, urged and excused by necessity, was fain to employ force. Discharging their pieces, therefore, and running their boat suddenly on shore, they so alarmed the natives, that they took rapidly to flight, and concealed themselves in the neighbouring woods. Marching to their village, they found in all the houses large heaps of corn, upon which his companions wished to seize at once; but he restrained them, hoping the natives might return and parley, and consent to supply them with what they needed on friendly terms. In this expectation he was disappointed. They returned, indeed, to the number of sixty or seventy, bearing their idol before them, and flourishing their clubs and other weapons in the most hostile manner. The English, going forth to meet them, were instantly assailed, so that they were compelled, in self-defence, to make use of their firearms. Several of the assailants immediately lay stretched upon the ground; and the remainder, painted of all colours, red, black, white, and blue, at once took to flight, leaving their god behind them. This was evidently regarded as the palladium of the tribe, without which they would have believed it impossible to exist as a people. They accordingly sent an embassy to the conqueror, to demand back their divinity, and conclude a peace, consenting, at his request, to furnish provisions in abundance. Smith replied to these dusky diplomatists, that if six men of the tribe would come, unarmed, and aid him in loading his boat, he would not only restore to them their okee or idol, but make them large presents, besides, of beads, copper, and hatchets. This was agreed to, and the natives soon returned, bringing also with them venison, common fowls, turkeys, and bread. The English faithfully performed their part, and the savages went away singing and dancing.

Smith was no doubt hailed, on his return to Jamestown, with much joy; but observing in the authorities a willingness to profit by his labours, though they would themselves do nothing for the public good, he determined to set out once more in the pinnace, with a supply of articles, to barter with the natives for such provisions as would be wanting for the ensuing year. In the interval, he made several journeys into the interior, to discover new tribes and lands, and to collect provisions. But what he carefully gathered together, the others carelessly squandered. During his absence, moreover, Wingfield and Kendall, who for sometime had been living in disgrace, determined either to regain their power or return to England. Supposing the latter project to be the more practicable, they formed a plot for seizing the pinnace, with all the merchandise laid up by Smith on board to exchange for provisions with the natives. They had already in

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part executed their design, when Smith returned from one of his expeditions, for they were actually on board, and the pinnace was preparing to descend the stream. With his usual promptitude, decision, and courage, he immediately determined what course to take. Bringing up his men to the beach, after vainly inviting the deserters to return to their duty, he poured a volley into the pinnace, whose crew returned the fire, and the action was continued for some time. At length, Captain Kendall fell, and the rest surrendered at discretion. Smith had soon afterwards to counteract another project, formed by the actual governor and Captain Archer, to abandon the colony. But the difficulty still was, to obtain provisions; and all Smith's ingenuity was exhausted in the endeavour to secure a supply. Corn, however, he at length obtained from the natives; and on the setting in of winter, the rivers were so crowded with swans, geese, ducks, and cranes, that they every day feasted with good bread, Virginia pease, pumpkins, fish and fowl, and the flesh of various wild animals, as fat as they could eat them.

On his next voyage, Smith, leaving his pinnace in a bay, proceeded up a small river in a canoe, with two Englishmen and two natives. His adventurous spirit rendered him incapable of fear. Taking along with him a single savage as a guide, he went forth in search of game, but was suddenly attacked by about two hundred natives, who, discharging their arrows, sought to cut him off in a distant skirmish. Observing, apparently, that they endeavoured to spare the guide, as their countryman, he bound him to his arm with his garters, and used his body, as he says, as a buckler. After killing two of the enemy, and receiving several wounds, he was surrounded, and taken prisoner.

As the colony depended chiefly upon Smith for its preservation, the news of his capture spread dismay through Jamestown, every one there giving him up entirely for lost. He contrived, however, to inspire his savage captors with respect. Immediately after he had been taken prisoner, they tied him to a tree, intending to shoot him; but the chief, to whom he had made the present of a compass, together with a long speech on the use and value of it, which the savages probably admired because they did not understand, came forward and released him.

This, however, was a mere temporary deliverance. The design of the natives evidently was to fatten and eat him, which they relinquished and resumed several times during his captivity. Recent accounts have made us well acquainted with the manners of the North American Indians; which have, moreover, been so frequently delineated in fiction, that it would be quite superfluous to describe them again. We leave, therefore, to the reader's imagination the fantastic shows they exhibited, and the antics they performed before their prisoner. First, however, the queen brought him water to wash with, and another woman a bunch of feathers, to be used instead of a napkin, to dry his hands, while

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the rest prepared him a banquet in their most sumptuous manner. At the *dénouement* of the piece, they placed his head upon a flat stone, while two or three chiefs, with heavy clubs in their hands, drew near, with many fearful exhibitions of ferocity, to dash out his brains. At this moment, Pocahontas, the favourite daughter of the great chief, rushed forward, and seizing his head in her arms, uttered many entreaties that his life might be spared; but when she found that these were all unavailing, she placed her own head upon that of the prisoner, intimating that they should kill her before they touched him. Upon this, Powhatan, her father, granted him his pardon; and shortly afterwards it was agreed that he should be sent to Jamestown, upon his promise to give them two great guns and a grindstone; the chief adding, that he would bestow on him a large tract of country, and regard him as his son.

The natives kept their word, and Smith was restored to his countrymen. By way of impressing the persons who accompanied him with a high idea of the English power, they loaded two or three pieces of cannon with stones, and discharged them at some immense trees covered with icicles, which, coming down with a crash, mingled with boughs and branches, so terrified the savages, that they ran away. Coming back, however, when their fear was over, they received numerous presents for the chiefs and the women, and returned to their tribe, extremely pleased, and impressed with strong gratitude to Smith.

The principal authorities at Jamestown, who in character and manners were little better than freebooters, now once more formed a plan for making their escape in the pinnace, in which they were again foiled by Smith. In revenge for this disappointment, they laid their heads together, and sought to put him to death, in conformity with the Levitical law, because, as they affirmed, he had occasioned the loss of the two men who accompanied him when he was taken prisoner. Smith soon proved, however, that he understood both law and lawyers. By calling in adroitly the assistance of the latter, he caught his enemies in a net, and sent them home for trial to England.

Great difficulties were meanwhile experienced in obtaining subsistence, and the efforts of the colonists would, to all appearance, have failed without the aid of the beautiful young savage, Pocahontas, who seems to have conceived a distaste for the society of her countrymen, and a strong passion for Europeans. Attended by a number of other women, she brought them an abundance of provisions, remained some time at Jamestown, and then returned to her tribe.

Shortly after, Captain Newport arrived from England, bringing with him large quantities of merchandise, and a considerable accession to the colonists. It was now determined to fit out the pinnace for a trading voyage among the natives; and the two captains, Smith and Newport, with a guard of forty men, proceeded on a visit to Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, with

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whom and another great chief they carried on a profitable trade; after which, they returned laden with provisions to Jamestown.

Scarcely had they arrived before a great fire broke forth in the fort, which consumed whatever was combustible—houses, arms, provisions, palisades—leaving them almost at the mercy of the savages. It would be more agreeable could we, consistently with truth, describe our countrymen engaged in those adventures as upright and romantic men, charitably disposed towards each other, and remarkable for their integrity in their general dealings with mankind. Unfortunately, the reverse of all this was the case. They were selfish, mean, and plotting, eager for gain and for present enjoyment, regardless of the contrivances by which they enriched themselves. The same thing is true of nearly all the founders of new settlements. Good, therefore, in all such instances, may truly be said to come out of evil. Newport and his comrades, converting their ship into a floating tavern, practised every kind of extortion upon the colonists; many of whom, disciplined by adversity, would seem already to have acquired a superior theory of human duties. Then Hunt, the preacher, a stern Puritan, when he lost all his books and property in the fire, never uttered a murmur, but set himself patiently about repairing the damage, and enduring, with true Christian stoicism, the evils he found to be unavoidable. He would appear to have succeeded in imparting the same virtue of fortitude to many others, especially to his friend Smith, who, on all occasions, gave proof of great qualities, which fitted him to become the founder of a new state.

He was still, however, without much recognised authority; indeed, the general body of the settlers acted in an extremely independent manner, yielding obedience to this or that person, just as it suited their own views and predilections. At one time, they seemed to have anticipated our contemporary discoveries in California and Australasia, and exhibited all the impassioned eagerness now shewn by those who rush to the gold-mines in the northern or southern hemispheres. An auriferous sand, or rather a sand of a gold colour, having been discovered in Virginia, the colonists would for some time hear of nothing but collecting it and shipping it for England, where it was found to be worthless.

Meanwhile, the neglect of other kinds of industry had left them in so miserable a condition, that half their number perished in the severe winter of 1607. Fresh causes of quarrel arose continually between them and the natives, who strove, by every sort of device, to obtain possession of European arms. Powhatan and his tribe particularly distinguished themselves in this contest; and had it not been for the influence of Pocahontas, a war of extermination would even then have been commenced. No one can doubt that, in dealing with savages, the most humane policy is the best; but it is not always humane to wink at their delinquencies —to suffer them to acquire the belief, that they are regarded with

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apprehension. Reflection and experience had taught Captain Smith, that the contrary course was the most prudent; and he constantly endeavoured, therefore, to inspire the natives with the belief, that he possessed the power to cut them off in an instant from the face of the earth, but abstained from using it through kindness and good-will.

On the arrival of the *Phœnix*, under Captain Wilson, the colonists enjoyed many advantages. The merchandise from England was disposed of in a liberal manner, and the greatest harmony prevailed among the mariners and the settlers. A cargo of cedar was shipped for England; and this, it has been said, was the only profitable return sent home for many years from Virginia. With the *Phœnix*, Captain Martin, who had been active in collecting the gold, returned home in broken health, leaving the colonists to their own devices.

Captain Smith now fitted up the pinnace, and set out on a trading voyage, during which he discovered the Bay of Chesapeake. Had he been accompanied by a man capable of writing the history of that voyage, it would alone have formed a charming volume: as it is, we find nothing but a repetition of similar small adventures, insignificant encounters with savages, transparent stratagems, and hasty examination of unknown islands. On one of these, Captain Smith was nearly slain by accident. Their provisions running short, he observed in very shallow water an immense number of fishes, which could be pierced with a sword. He therefore set his crew the example, and made in this way a great addition to their stock of provisions. While plunging into a sort of skate, a bony projection on the back ran into his wrist, and wounded him deeply. No blood flowed; but immediately his arm began to swell, and the pain became so intense, that it was believed by all present that death must speedily ensue. Smith himself was of this opinion, and gave orders that his grave should be dug on an isle, which obtained from this circumstance the name of Sting-ray Isle. It was not, however, decreed that his career should then come to a close. There happened to be among the crew a certain Dr Russell, who, applying oil to the wound, assuaged the pain, and effected a cure.

After this, they returned to Jamestown, where they found the affairs of the settlement in the greatest confusion. Ratliffe, the president, appears to have been a mere vulgar epicurean, who aimed at nothing but to insure his own personal enjoyment, wasting the means and provisions of the colonists, and uselessly exhausting their energies by erecting for himself pleasure-houses in the woods, and pursuing other fantastical undertakings. Smith was a man swift to resolve and bold to act. In conjunction with the other settlers, he deposed Ratliffe, and having set up his friend Scrivener in his place, departed on a second voyage, to complete his discovery of the Bay of Chesapeake.

Their adventures on this second expedition exactly resembled

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those they had previously encountered. The natives were sometimes hostile, sometimes friendly—now deceived by a strange display of power on the part of the Europeans, now overreached by their stratagems, and now aiming at subduing them in their turn by savage treachery. On the whole, however, they conducted themselves towards our countrymen much better than they deserved. One gigantic tribe offered them every kind of advantage, if they would join them in exterminating their enemies; but, for various reasons, Smith declined all their offers, although he conducted himself towards them with much civility. On this occasion, one of their companions died, and was buried on a sweep of the shore; upon which, after him, they bestowed the name of Fetherstone Bay. Xenophon, in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, speaking of two distinguished generals, his companions, says they were 'blameless in war and friendship.' The historian of Virginia pronounces a like encomium upon Fetherstone. All the time, he says, he had been in this country, he behaved himself honestly, valiantly, and industriously. They buried him with a volley of shot, as became a brave man, and handed down his name to posterity.

Having, to the utmost of their power, surveyed Chesapeake Bay, and entered, as far as practicable, into friendly relations with the natives, they returned to Jamestown in the month of September 1608. Here they found the affairs of the colony in great confusion. Ratliffe, the former president, having endeavoured to recover his authority, had been apprehended and put in prison for mutiny. Scrivener, and many others, whom Smith had left sick at his departure, were now recovered; but many, likewise, were dead. The new governor had performed his duties well; and among other things, had carefully gathered in the harvest, though a portion of their stock of provisions, apparently through the negligence of the superintendents, had been spoiled by the rain. In Captain Smith's apprehension, nearly the whole summer had been wasted through the misgovernment of Ratliffe, nothing whatever having been effected for the public good, save the discovery of the Bay of Chesapeake, for which no credit was due to the president.

On the 16th of September, three days after his return, Captain Smith was himself elected president, and received the letters-patent from the British government, appointing him to that honour. He had frequently before this been importuned to take the management of the colony upon him, but had hitherto declined, not seeing his way clearly, and apparently wishing to deserve his promotion before he received it. One of his first acts was to restrain the building of Ratliffe's palace, which he regarded as a needless thing. The church, however, was repaired; a new storehouse constructed; and other buildings were set on foot for the reception of the supplies they expected. The greatest activity now pervaded every branch of the public service. Smith's energy seemed to have been imparted to all around him. The fort, hitherto irregular, was now reduced to a square form; the order of

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the watch renewed; the squadrons at each setting of the watch were trained. The whole company was exercised every Saturday on the plain by the western bulwark, prepared for that purpose, and called Smithfield. Here more than a hundred savages would sometimes stand in amazement, to behold the exercise of the troops, in gunnery, &c. These simple people were now so thoroughly subdued to fear of the strangers, that from their newly-gathered harvests they were easily induced to supply them with abundance of provisions. Nevertheless, even in their intercourse with them, the English continued to make mistakes—now treating the chiefs with all the honours due to power, then slighting them, and irritating their feelings by contempt and neglect. Smith was well aware of the imprudence of the course thus adopted; and had his authority been allowed to prevail, a policy wiser by far would have influenced the proceedings. But although he had been chosen president, men divided in opinions from him were elected to the council; and when a new 'supply' arrived from Europe, these new members actually formed a majority.

While some of the colonists were preparing for an expedition of discovery in search of gold and other riches, Smith undertook a journey to Powhatan, to persuade the prince to come to Jamestown to receive the presents of the English. The others feared to march, unless with a strong armed force, but the president took only four companions. With them he passed through the wild country to the river Pawmanhee. This he crossed in an Indian canoe, and reaching the opposite side, entered upon a fertile and beautiful plain. Here they made a fire, spread some mats around it, and sat down; but they had not reposed long before there was heard among the woods on all sides a hideous concert of shouts and yells, long shrill cries and whoops, that seemed as though some savage king, with all his nation, was coming down upon them. They seized their arms, and prepared to fight; but presently Pocahontas came running through the grass, and, with several companions, approached the little camp. She assured Captain Smith that no harm was intended, and that she pledged her life for his safety. It was not long before he saw the unreasonableness of his fears. Thirty young women, girdled with green leaves, and their bodies painted in variegated colours, came out of the forests, dancing towards them. Their leader had a pair of buck's horns on her head, an otter's skin hanging from her waist, and another over her arm. On her back was a quiver full of arrows, and in her hand a bow. Some of them had clubs, which they flourished with surprising energy, until reaching the fire, they ranged themselves in a circle round it, and sang and danced with the wildest melody, and in the most fantastic measure, for upwards of an hour. Then suddenly the whole troop filed off, and plunged into the woods. Presently, however, some of them returned with an invitation for Captain Smith to visit Powhatan. He went forward, arrived at the town, and was entertained in a

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glade by torchlight. The young women of the village pressed round him, crowding, and hanging over him, and continually crying: 'Love you not me? Love you not me?' which the Englishman understood to be their mode of welcome. Their feast, however, was very delicate, and Smith enjoyed it much; especially as the young ladies were in attendance, some singing, some dancing, others waiting on him. They then took their flambeaus, and conducted him to the spacious wigwams, where, with his companions, he was to lodge that night.

Next morning, Powhatan came to the hut. Smith delivered his message, and requested him to come to Jamestown, and receive the gifts which had been sent to him from England, so that peace might be concluded with the Monacans. The savage, having learned his own consequence from the imprudent servility of the colonists, refused to go, and accordingly the gifts were sent to him by water. The scene at his coronation was curious. The Indians and the white men met on the plain near Powhatan. A basin and ewer, a bed and its furniture, were presented to the king; then a suit of clothes, with a scarlet cloak, was put upon him, and he was desired to kneel, that a crown might be placed on his head. This, for a long while, he could not be persuaded to do, since he neither understood the ceremony of kneeling nor the use of a crown; but at last he stooped, and the gilded hoop was laid upon his brow, while simultaneously a volley was fired from the boats, which made his majesty start and tremble with fear. At length the show was concluded, and the English flattered themselves that they had come to amicable terms with the barbarians. Returning to Jamestown, however, they found that all their devices were in vain, for the tribes were still suspicious, if not hostile, and that nothing but hard exertions on their own part could secure them either safety or abundance.

These exertions Captain Smith stimulated by every possible means. He was perpetually active. Some of the men he sent about to collect pitch, tar, and soap-ashes, and some to hew timber in the woods. They who were discontented, says the quaint historian, drowned the noise of every third blow by a curse, which induced the president to make a rule against swearing. Every man's oaths uttered during the day were to be counted, and for each offence he was to have a gallon of water poured down his sleeve. So effectual was this punishment, that in future there was scarcely one profane expression heard in a week. While employed in this manner, nevertheless, Smith was resolved not to permit the hostility of the Indians to be triumphant. He saw that it was Powhatan's policy to starve the invaders of his soil away. A small expedition was therefore sent up the river, and a supply of corn extorted by threats of force. With such a leader, and such capacities as the country possessed, a rapid prosperity might no doubt have been enjoyed, had not the sordid passions of the colonists neutralised every endeavour. Each man cared more to

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carry on a traffic surreptitiously on his own account, than to labour for the general welfare of the settlement. The public stores were robbed; axes, chisels, pikeheads, powder, shot, and muskets, were stolen, to exchange with the savages for furs and other commodities, or with the sailors for provisions. About this time, a ship returned to England, and although the Virginian colony itself sent back but little tokens of its future wealth, several private consignments of large value were made to traders in London.

There now remained about 200 persons in Virginia, kept miserable by the selfishness of individuals, and perpetually in danger of being starved, either on account of the poverty or the hostile feeling of the savages. Several parties were sent up the rivers to search for corn, and frighten the tribes; and the adventures they met with, and the privations they endured, were of a singular kind. But little grain was collected, though the Indians, on condition of being spared that season, promised to plant a full harvest for the next year. It was in the month of December 1607, that the first marriage with Christian rites took place in Virginia. Anne Burras was married to John Laydon, and the link was rivetted between the races of the Old World and the soil of the New.

Captain Smith was resolved that, as every negotiation with Powhatan had failed, he should be brought to reason by the fear, if not the actual force of arms. Some of the council, who were plotting the ruin of his character in England, did their best to impede the execution of this bold project, the success of which would blow their insinuations to the winds; but the president was not to be deterred. Powhatan, indeed, had sent a message, that if the English would build him a house, give him a grindstone, fifty swords, some guns, a cock and hen, some copper, and some beads, he would load their ship with corn. His habitual duplicity was well known; yet it was determined, without risking the effect of his treachery, to give him the opportunity to redeem this promise. Accordingly, Captain Smith, with forty-six men in the pinnace, and two barges, set out upon the adventure. They took provisions for three or four days, but found as they went along plenty of good oysters, fish, flesh, and fowl, with good bread, and fuel to make fires, which reminded them most cheerfully of the Christmas hearths of England. Everywhere they heard warnings of Powhatan's treachery; but they proceeded to his town, and sent him a very friendly message. Then, as had been suspected, he told them that they came uninvited; that his subjects had no corn; and that he could give only forty baskets of grain in exchange for forty swords. In the end, a collision took place between the English and the Indians, for the king endeavoured to cut them off by surprise, which was only prevented by the faithful conduct of Pocahontas his daughter. From Powhatan, Smith proceeded to another Indian town, Pamamckee, where the chief, affecting great friendship for his visitors, conceived a cunning plot to murder them. Being in one of the native houses, Smith saw a great

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concourse of savages without, and their chief near the door, asking him to come forth and receive a present. His military eye, however, detected an ambush, and he desired his companions to guard every entrance. Then watching his opportunity, he darted out, seized the old chief by the beard, levelled a pistol against his breast, and led him trembling into the midst of his assembled tribe. This daring act struck terror into the whole multitude. They gave up their leader's arms, and cast down their own; while Smith, still holding his captive by the hair, addressed him in a speech—half of conciliation, half of threats—which had the desired result, for a quantity of provisions were brought, and the assembly dispersed in apparent amity.

It may, perhaps, be as well to introduce here a sketch of the story of Pocahontas. She was twelve or thirteen years of age when she first became known to Smith, by her compassionate interference on his behalf. After his release, he was conducted, as we have said, to Jamestown, whose few occupants were reduced to a miserable condition by want of food. It was only through the charity of the beautiful young savage that relief was obtained. She caused supplies to be sent; she appeased the bitter strife which arose among the settlers; she warned them of treachery when it was meditated by her countrymen. Alone and in the night she travelled through the woods, to give Smith notice of an intended attack; and to her he ascribes the preservation of the colony from famine, confusion, and utter ruin. After he sailed for England, there was a struggle between the white men and the Indians, which was prolonged throughout two years. During that period, Pocahontas was never heard of. At the end of it, she was accidentally made prisoner, and detained, a circumstance owing to which peace was afterwards concluded. She lived contentedly among the English for two years, gradually laying aside her barbarous habits, and softening her manners into those of civilisation.

Among the settlers was Mr John Rolfe, an English gentleman, who felt a strong interest in the kind-hearted young captive, who had been like a Providence to the colony. He assiduously laboured to instruct her in Christianity, and with so much success, that she at length renounced the Red Indian idolatry, and embraced the religion of her new friends. Mr Rolfe then felt that his solicitude was not of a common kind, but the sign of a powerful affection. He married this beautiful princess of the Virginian woods, who now assumed the name of Rebecca. She soon afterwards accompanied her husband to England. 'The first Christian ever of that nation,' says Smith, 'the first Virginian that ever spake English, or had a child in marriage by an Englishman—a matter surely, if my meaning be truly considered and well understood, worthy a princess understanding.'

Mr Rolfe, though a gentleman, was too poor to appear at court with his Red Indian bride; Smith, therefore, presented a memorial

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to the queen, praying that a pension might be bestowed on her suitable to her rank and great services to the English. She appeared to feel that she was ungratefully neglected at the palace, where it was not the habit in those days to patronise any one who deserved it. When Smith, with some of his friends, went to see her at Brentford, she modestly welcomed him, but hid her face, and said nothing; upon which he began to fear he was wrong to tell the queen she could speak English. Presently, however, she began to talk, and spoke of her services to the settlers in New England. 'You did promise Powhatan,' she said, 'that what was yours should be his, and he the like to you; you called him father, as being a stranger in his land, and for the same reason I must call you so.' Smith politely excused himself from so great an honour, 'because she was a king's daughter.' But she added: 'Were you not afraid to come into my father's country, and caused fear in him and all his people (except in me), and do you here fear that I should call you father? I tell you, then, that I will; and you shall call me child; and so I will be, for ever and ever, your countrywoman.'

Many persons of great opulence and rank partly atoned to her by their kindness for the cold neglect of the court, until at length the king and queen were shamed into their duty, received her at the palace, and affected to hold her in high esteem. Lady Delawarre and her husband made her their companion throughout a whole season of festivals, masques, and entertainments; and she was the most remarkable person in London at that time. Her appearance and behaviour were so engaging, that all classes of people were anxious to receive her at their houses; and she was dragged through such a series of excitements and dissipation, that it probably destroyed her constitution, and hastened her death. Certain it is, that when, in 1617, she was preparing to accompany her husband on a new expedition to Virginia, she fell a victim at Gravesend to the climate, or the habits of the country. She would appear to have been a thorough convert to Christianity, to have felt its influence, and to have understood its spirit far better than could have been expected from her savage education. Her little son, Thomas Rolfe, was educated at Plymouth by Sir Lewis Stukely; and there are still persons in England who may trace their descent from the Virginian princess, Pocahontas, who was probably much happier in her wild woods, than when toiling through the laborious amusements of the English capital.

The poor princess shared with her father a belief that the English were great liars. Imagining that he had been deceived by their reports respecting the population of their country, he sent over one of his tribe to number the people. This sage began at Plymouth, walking about with a stick in his hand, making a notch for every man he saw. 'But quickly,' says Smith, 'was he weary of that task,' especially when he stood on London Bridge, where he saw more people in an hour than he ever before beheld in his life.

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Among his duties were those of seeing 'the Christian God, the king, the queen, and prince.' On the first point, Smith satisfied him as well as he could; and with regard to the others, said they were indescribable, and his friend must wait till he saw them.

Meanwhile, at Jamestown, a disaster happened—the deputy-president, and ten others, were drowned off the coast. A messenger was sent to find Captain Smith; and after many dangers encountered while travelling alone through a wild country, swarming with savages, he succeeded in overtaking him. Smith, hearing the unhappy news, resolved to conceal it from the company, and hastened his return down the river. But Powhatan, having threatened to kill all his fighting-men, if they failed by some means or other to compass the death of the whites, this journey was one of no ordinary danger. Every stratagem was used to obstruct their progress, and lure them into an unguarded position. At sunrise, the fields along both banks 'appeared covered with baskets and men,' to tempt them on shore. The king himself once came down to the stream with a train of people bearing corbeils full of grain; but whenever the English approached, the savages were observed, though with hesitation and timidity, to fit their arrows in the string. All this ended in bravado, and the adventurers reached Jamestown without receiving a single injury or shedding one drop of blood. From this time, however, continual hostilities, harmless but irritating, took place with the Indians. Among the adventures of Smith, one was so curious, and is told by the historian with such comical quaintness, that we must quote the original account. The reader will perceive what a ludicrous style of spelling is used:—

'By the way, he incountred the king of Paspahegh, a most strong stout salvage, whose perswasions not being able to persuade him to his ambush, seeing him only armed but with a faucheon, attempted to have shot him; but the president prevented his shooting by grapling with him, and the salvage so well prevented him for drawing his faucheon, and perforce bore him into the river to have drowned him. Long they struggled in the water, till the president got such a hold of his throat, he had neare strangled the king; but having drawne his faucheon to cut off his head, seeing how pitifully he begged for his life, he led him prisoner to Jamestown, and put him in chaynes.' On the other hand, an Englishman, named Parker, fell into the hands of the Indian prince Powhatan, who, however, so far from taking away his life, appears to have used him sufficiently well, although he effectually prevented his escape. Three years after, when Smith was encamping on the hunting-grounds of this chief, Parker came to the tents, but in complexion and general appearance so completely like a Red Indian, that he could only be recognised by his language. He desired to be ransomed, but the king refused to accede, observing: 'You have one of my daughters, and I am content; yet you cannot see one of your men with me but you

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must have him away.' He went to his dwelling in a passion, but at midnight came and waked Smith, saying, that Parker should be released on condition of some presents being sent him, which was accordingly done.

The progress of the settlement itself now became more cheering. Quantities of tar, pitch, and soap-ashes were collected; a successful experiment was made in the manufacture of glass; twenty new houses were built, with a more convenient church; and nets for fishing were manufactured. To defend themselves, the colonists also erected two or three wooden forts or block-houses; and to provide for the next year, planted nearly forty acres with vegetables and grain. Their three swine, within eighteen months, multiplied to more than sixty; while numbers of common fowl were bred without cost or trouble. All this, however, was only provision for a more fortunate season to come, and the actual state of the settlers was greatly depressed. Half their corn had rotted, or been eaten by the rats; and although the savages brought large supplies of turkeys, squirrels, and other food, they were glad to pick up acorns in the forest. However, when necessity had forced them to greater exertions, their fisheries yielded an abundance of food. They caught more sturgeons than they or their dogs could consume; and this, with roots and herbs, and a little bread, enabled them to live, without adding to their misfortunes and dangers the last sufferings of privation. Sometimes a small party went up the country to search for corn. Everywhere, in the unmeasured solitude, they saw plains and valleys, where man might thrive and multiply; where the rivers were full, the soil rich, the materials of trade abundant; where fields could be ploughed and cities built; where ships could ride at anchor, and a great state be erected, stored with all the treasures, graced by all the arts, and defended by all the strength of civilisation. For three months they lived in this manner on fish and wild herbs, roots and fruits.

In 1609, a new supply came out from England, consisting, when it sailed, of nine ships, with 500 people; but these, by storms and other accidents, were much reduced before they reached Virginia. Smith, when they came, was engaged in defending the settlement from attacks made on it from all sides by the savages. The term of his presidency had expired; but so brave, so virtuous, so patriotic was he considered, that no man dared to succeed him, and he was unanimously called a second time to fill that honourable position. Whether engaged in quieting the turbulence and soothing the dissensions of his own people, or driving back the Indians, he exhibited invariably the same disinterestedness, prudence, and valour. In spite of all this, his administration was not acceptable to the London Company, which only desired a sudden accumulation of wealth, the discovery of mines and metals, and the opening of a passage to the South Seas. In May 1609, therefore, they obtained a second charter, which entirely deranged the rights of the old colonists who had emigrated

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under the privileges of the former one. This was granted to twenty-one peers, ninety-eight knights, and a multitude of esquires, doctors, and others, who named Lord Delawarre as governor, with authority to supersede the existing administration. When, therefore, a new disembarkation took place, new officers were appointed, or rather usurped authority; the old flatterers of Captain Smith deserted him to fawn on them, and he was compelled to allow them their way. They called on him to resign his commission; but this he refused to do, although preparing to leave the colony at once, and proceed to England. An accident he met with, from an explosion of gunpowder, which there was no medical skill at hand to cure, was the principal reason of his wish to depart.

The little settlement had been raised by Smith into a condition of comparative prosperity. There were three ships, seven boats, commodities ready for trade, the harvest nearly gathered in, ten weeks' provisions in the stores, and nearly 500 persons able and bound by their duty to labour together for the general good. There were twenty pieces of artillery—rude indeed, but formidable to the savages—300 muskets and firelocks, plenty of powder, match and shot, pikes, swords, and other arms, with all the miscellaneous instruments of war. The languages, the habits, the manners, and the haunts of the native tribes, were well known, and more than a hundred trained men were ready to repel their assaults. There had been collected nets for fishing, tools for all sorts of work, clothes for summer and winter. Six mares and a horse, nearly 600 swine, as many hens and chickens, some goats and some sheep, formed the livestock of the colony. The town itself consisted of from fifty to sixty houses, and was strongly fortified with palisaded lines. Besides these, five or six forts had been erected as outposts on commanding sites in the vicinity. All this was the work of a very mixed collection of individuals; for the first settlers in Virginia were not of that hardy character which the founders of a colony should be. There was only one carpenter, with two blacksmiths and two sailors; the rest were poor gentlemen, tradesmen, footmen, and adventurers, by no means of the proper description to form the fathers of a new commonwealth. A few Dutchmen and a few Poles were among the number; but these, though accustomed to activity, neither contributed by their peaceful conduct nor by the purity of their morals to the welfare of the young community.

Confusion in the colony followed the departure of Captain Smith. Large parties were cut off by the savages; a division of authority produced entire disorganisation; improvidence wasted the stores which had been accumulated; and the settlers fell into the last stage of abasement and misery. Within six months after the loss of their virtuous president, the number at Jamestown was not more than sixty, including women and children. They had to feed on roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, and berries, with now

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and then a scanty supply of fish. They ate their starch, and at last even the skins of their horses. 'Nay, so great,' says the narrator, 'was our famine, that a salvage we slew and buried, the poorer sort took him up again and eat him, and so did divers one another, boyled and stewed with roots and herbs. And one amongst the rest did kill his wife, powdered her, and had eaten part of her before it was knowne, for which he was executed, as he well deserved. Now, whether she was better roasted, boyled, or carbonadoed, I know not; but of such a dish as powdered wife, I never heard.'

They had now reached that state of destitution, that in ten days more not one would probably have survived. In this extremity, how great must their happiness have been when the sail of a ship was descried, and Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Summers, with 150 men, arrived to the succour of the colony.

Meanwhile, Captain John Smith became so famous in England, that his adventures were dramatised, and represented on the stage. This annoyed him much, although the applause of his countrymen was no doubt grateful to his ears.

In 1615, he was employed by many of his friends, and some wealthy knights of the city of London, to undertake an adventure to New England, there to try the experiment of a fresh plantation. After many delays, he sailed from Plymouth with two small ships and a very scanty company. His rencounters with Algerine pirates and French privateers, with a mutinous crew, and at length when captured by a French vessel, were extraordinary, as indeed the whole tenor of his life had been. His captors were in strong force, and cruised from sea to sea in search of prizes, keeping him a close prisoner in the cabin of one of their small ships. First they took an English vessel from Newfoundland, then a boat's load of marmalade and sugar from a Scotchman trading to Bristol, then a Brazilian caravel, with a valuable cargo, and 30,000 pieces of silver; a Dutch merchantman, and a West India man-of-war were their next prizes, so that their booty must have been very considerable. However, Smith was not a man to remain in confinement with docility. He continually meditated escape; and one night, when near the French coast, crept into a boat, paddled away by the aid of a half-pike, and after tossing and driving in the midst of a heavy rain for twelve hours, was fortunate enough to reach Rochelle. Thence he returned to England.

In his new voyage to the countries of the Western World, Smith added largely to the geographical knowledge of Europe. He wandered through the regions to the north of Virginia, explored their rivers, conversed with their wild tribes, collected specimens of their natural wealth, opened a profitable traffic with the Indians, noted down all his observations, and employed a part of his crew to make a map of his surveys. Next he sailed to Massachussetts Bay, searched it from horn to horn, travelled through the broad provinces which spread their waste fertility around, and gathered

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everywhere knowledge of the wealth, the salubrity, and the magnificence of that new continent, then rising as though from between two oceans to the commerce and population of the ancient world. It was not long before, on that very coast thus ranged by the enterprise of John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers erected the first state of New England, which formed the nucleus of the imperial union, now acknowledged the equal of the oldest kingdoms on the globe. Virginia itself, even before its founder died, flourished in great prosperity, being covered with plantations, and freighting annually with its produce nearly 200 ships.

Captain Smith, however, after so much toil, so many dangers, so many changes of fortune, felt inclined at length to enjoy a short repose. Therefore, when he had explored the shores of the Bay of Massachussetts, he resolved to extend his researches no further, but returned to England, where probably he expected to be blessed with the honours and the peace of a ripe old age. But his many labours had worn out his constitution; perhaps, too, the ingratitude of those whom he had served preyed upon his mind. Whether this was so or not, he was prematurely cut off, dying on the 21st of June 1631, at the age of only fifty-two years.

Even in his own time, however, the public was forward to recognise his merits. Among the literary and scientific men of his age, he enjoyed the friendship of many; and a whole host of poets, good, bad, and indifferent, eagerly undertook to celebrate his name. But in a historical point of view he has not been fortunate, for although his merits and discoveries are acknowledged, they have not hitherto been properly described, or even enumerated, so as to be rendered familiar to the world. When, however, the United States come to erect statues to their founders, they will probably go back to the times of James I., and set up the effigy of Captain John Smith in the Capitol at Washington. His own rude narrative is not sufficient to embalm his memory. A biographer equal to the task, with a taste for romantic adventures, and acquainted with the various scenes on which he exhibited his valour, would, by patiently following the footsteps of this old English hero, be sure to interest the lovers of the wild and wonderful in both hemispheres. We have ourselves attempted nothing but a slight sketch; yet even from what we have said, the reader will, we trust, have formed no mean idea of the courage, fortitude, and enterprising spirit of Captain John Smith, who, considering the extent of his labours, the benefits he conferred on the colonists, and the rough but effectual diplomacy by which he sought to impress the natives with a lofty opinion of the English settlers, will be acknowledged to deserve the name we have bestowed, as being the true Founder of the Colony of Virginia.

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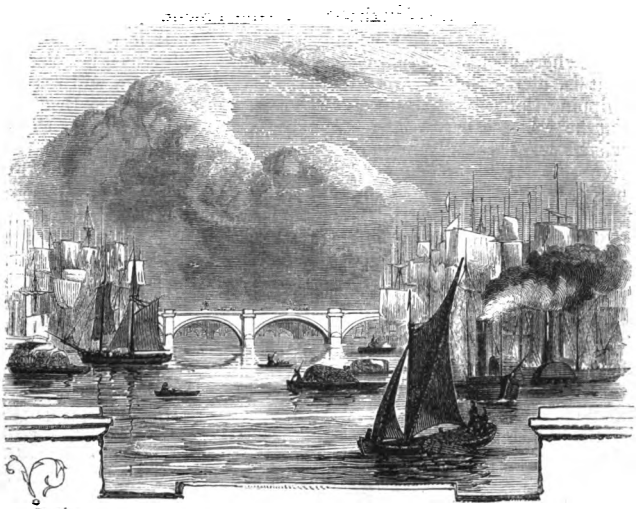

The Commerce of the Thames.

IF a stranger in London wished to obtain a rapid and general glance at the Commerce of the Thames, he could not do better, perhaps, as a preliminary step, than spend half an hour on the top of the Monument. Selecting an early hour, before the smoke from three hundred thousand stacks of chimneys has become dense, paying his 3d., mounting the 311 steps, holding a map of London open in his hand, and looking steadily around him, he will see such a sight as no other place in the world can equal. Three miles north of him, three miles south, four miles east, five miles west—over all this area there will appear to him to be an uninterrupted and dense mass of houses: there are a few open green spots towards the

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margin of the fifty square miles thus marked out, but the eye cannot compass them from the summit of the Monument. Glancing up the river, he will see in regular order the metropolitan bridges —London, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, Hungerford, Westminster, and perhaps Vauxhall; glancing downward or eastward, he will see the Thames winding its way, until it escapes him somewhere about Limehouse Reach. Above-bridge, as it is called—that is, above the lowermost or London Bridge—he will see no shipping (lofty-masted vessels cannot pass under London Bridge), but he will see barges and steam-boats in great number. Coal-wharfs are especially numerous on the banks of this part of the river; and coal is conveyed from the ships to these wharfs by barges. The barges are clumsy, and move along at a snail-pace; but the little steamers run past and between them every minute, and with great speed. There are the Watermen and the Old Company's steamers, coming up from Woolwich and Greenwich to Hungerford and Westminster; there are the Iron-boats, the Citizen-boats, and the Penny-boats, starting on their shorter journeys from London Bridge upwards; and there are the swift Halfpenny-boats, which make the shortest of all the Thames journeys, though amply long enough and convenient enough for the price charged. But it is below-bridge that the grand commercial sight presents itself. All along the southern bank, as far as the eye can reach, are vast granaries and warehouses, filled with commodities from every part of the globe; and in front of them are moored ships in such enormous number, and so close together, that the masts and rigging form very close net-work—nay, so close, that they appear rather like a solid mass than like net-work. Then, on the north bank, we have first Billingsgate, and the steam-boat quays, and the Custom-house, with just so much vacant space in front of them as will permit the approach and departure of ships. Beyond these, we catch a glimpse of the forest of collier vessels in that part of the river called the Pool, and of the still loftier forest presented by the ships in the London and the St Katherine's Docks. The silvery line—oxidine silver, we fear—of the Thames is so blocked up by the tiers of vessels on either side, that it appears to the eye as though the central channel left open would be insufficient for the passage of large vessels. The large merchant-ships seem so entangled one among another, that we can scarcely trace the progress of any one in particular; but the steamers from Ipswich, Yarmouth, Hull, Edinburgh, Ostend, Boulogne, as well as the smaller ones belonging to the down-river traffic, mark their course by a more rapid speed and by a line of smoke. Across the river, the spectator can see the steaming locomotives of the Brighton and South-eastern Railways; and on various portions of the banks he can see the smoke from numerous manufacturing establishments. The whole is a wonderful grouping of material existence; the human beings which the eye can detect, except on London Bridge or in King William

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Street, are few in number; they are too small, and too much wedged in by buildings and ships, to be easily visible. A mighty world lies before and around us, however, whether we detect the living units or not; two million and a half of beings are here packed into a mass, divided into two sub-masses by the Thames.

WHO IS SOVEREIGN OVER THE THAMES?

Little is it known to the general public what disputatious claims are made to authority in the Thames. The Corporation, the Admiralty, and the Trinity House, all have rights; but they do not agree among themselves concerning the limits of those rights. The lord mayor is 'conservator' of the Thames, not merely near London, but as high up as Staines, and as low down as the mouth of the Medway. He periodically holds Courts of Conservancy, when juries are impannelled and sworn to inquire into all offences committed, and to make presentments thereof: such as the making of obstructive weirs, piles, piers, or stakes; the shooting of soil or rubbish into the river; the encroachment on the shore by flood-gates and mill-dams; the fishing in the river in undue modes and at undue seasons; and so forth. Then the Admiralty, in the plenitude of its authority, claims certain rights in respect to the navigation of the Thames, or, rather, *un*certain rights; for the City and the Admiralty never agree respecting them. And, lastly, the Trinity House has power to remove shoals, to regulate lastage and ballastage, to provide light-houses and beacons, and to license and regulate pilots. The Thames has, in truth, too many masters; there are too many fees to be paid, and the service rendered for these fees is too often a lame service. Many useful reforms, so far as regards the Trinity House privileges, are now under the consideration of parliament; and the corporate officers have also the spectre of reform staring them full in the face. If the Thames were regarded as a large manufactory or warehouse, it is unquestionable that a private company would manage it much better than a corporate body does, because, as matters now stand, there are a multitude of little vested interests which hamper the efficient control of the various departments. Our 'if,' however, being inadmissible, we will look at this mighty Thames from a mayor-and-aldermen point of view. As conservators of the river, the Corporation appoint harbour-masters, who attend to the moorings and arrangement of ships; for which service the ship-owner pays a half-penny or a penny a ton. There is a navigation committee of aldermen and common-council-men, amounting to the unmanageable number of nearly fifty, who attend to all matters relating to jetties and moorings, and so forth, and also give orders to the harbour-masters. There is a coal-market, or coal-exchange, belonging to the Corporation; and there is a string of officials and documents so formidable, that an unfortunate ton of coal is

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in leading-strings from the time it reaches Gravesend—it is led about by coal-owners, ship-owners, coal-factors, corporate-officers, coal-merchants, coal-whippers, and coal-heavers, until at length it reaches the cellar of the consumer.

There are other monarchs of the Thames, however, besides the Corporation, the Admiralty, and the Trinity House. There are the Customs-officers, who regard the Thames as a warehouse, into whose recesses they may poke about in all directions. A vast power is this of the Customs. London has been a tax-paying place for vessels for 900 years—probably more. One of our Saxon kings held a council at Wantage, in Berkshire, to determine the tax or customs-duty which should be payable at Billingsgate, then the chief landing-place in London. It was decreed that every small boat should pay one half-penny; every large boat with sail, one penny; every keel or ship, fourpence; every vessel with wood, one piece of wood; every fishing-boat, one half-penny to one penny, according to its size. Soon after the Conquest, Queen's Hythe, or Queenhithe (a little westward of the present Southwark Bridge), became another favourite landing-place; and there were never-ending quarrels between those who had vested rights in the two landing-places, each one endeavouring to snatch the trade from the other. After a time, the city purchased the rights of the crown at Queenhithe, and afterwards established another landing-place at Down Gate, or Dowgate, between the other two. Billingsgate, being below-bridge, gradually eclipsed its rivals. In Stow's time, vessels landed immense quantities of fish, salt, onions, fruit, and corn, at this busy spot.

It is a curious fact that, in feudal times, the commerce of the Thames was chiefly monopolised by the sovereign, the nobility, and the higher clergy, under agents who managed for them, and handed up the revenues; and that this system was gradually superseded by foreign merchants, who contrived to get the commerce into their own keeping. These foreigners—Flemings, Genoese, Venetians, and Hanseatics—inhabited many of the houses on the north bank of the Thames, where is now Thames Street, and where they had warehouses, cellars, and landing-places. The true London merchant, native born, marked a third stage in the history of Thames commerce, of somewhat later growth. As the trade of the Thames increased, the crown became more and more eager to snatch a share of the rich results, in the form of customs and licence dues. In 1559, all landing and shipment in the Thames were ordered to be specially limited to certain quays and wharfs, twenty in number—some for special produce and goods, others for general merchandise: they were all situated between London Bridge and the Tower, and the owners had to give security that no shipment or landing should take place until the royal dues had been paid. These were called the legal quays. After a time, the increasing trade requiring further accommodation, several sufferance-wharfs were established.

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As the customs-duty increased in its amount, the officers felt more and more the want of an adequate building in which to transact their affairs. The original Custom-house was destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666; this was replaced by one which was burned in 1718; and this, after an existence of nearly a century, was in its turn burned in 1814. The present Custom-house was finished in 1817, after immense difficulties had been overcome in securing the foundation; even then, a portion of the structure gave way; and the total outlay amounted to nearly half a million sterling. The structure is nearly 500 feet in length, and is one of the very few in London which have a fine terrace or esplanade near the water.

Here, then, is the building in which the mighty customs transactions of the British Empire are conducted; in which a Board of Commissioners exercise powers of so despotic a character as to call forth that parliamentary revision which is now in progress. Nearly half the customs-duties of the United Kingdom are collected in the port of London; and in respect to the other half, the central control is in this building. The collection of more than twenty millions sterling, the employment of 10,000 or 12,000 servants, and the payment of a million sterling annually in salaries to these servants—these are vast powers to be exercised by any Board of Commissioners. The 'long room' at the Custom-house is one of the largest and most commercially important rooms in the kingdom.

THE SHIPS AND THE SHIP-PEOPLE.

It thus appears that there are many, very many, rulers over the Thames; and it is just possible that a certain old adage, concerning too many cooks, &c., might have a parallel application in this case.

Be it over-governed or under-governed, however, the Thames has to bear on its bosom the most mighty fleet of ships which the world anywhere exhibits. It is perfectly wonderful to what extent vessels congregate in this comparatively small spot. The ship-registry is one among many means afforded for determining, or rather illustrating, this activity. The vessels registered in the port of London, on the last day of 1852, comprising sailing vessels and steamers, numbered 3334, with an aggregate tonnage of 681,713—somewhat above 200 tons per vessel, on an average. The tonnage of a ship is such a vague affair, that we could not venture to name the length in feet of a ship which would represent the average of all these 3334; but there can be little doubt, that if they were all strung together, stem to stern, the ships of the Thames would form a continuous line from London Bridge to the Nore.

These are the ships that belong to, or are registered in, the port

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of London. Those which voyage to and from London are immensely more numerous, trading as they do with so many ports. Great, indeed, is the diversity of ships which crowd the Thames and its docks. The East Indiamen, of 500 to 1500 tons burden, bring their rich stores of tea, coffee, sugar, spices, silk, indigo, and cotton; while the West India ships are laden with sugar, molasses, rum, and coffee. The fine vessels from the United States bring tobacco, cotton, corn, and a very varied assemblage of commodities; whereas those from the more northern Canada bring little besides timber. The ships from South America, smaller than those from the north, have more miscellaneous cargoes, including cotton, coffee, sugar, rice, spices, skins, hides, guano, and tallow. Those from the Gulf of Mexico and its shores are laden with mahogany, fancy-timber, dye-woods, and cochineal. From the Baltic we get timber, tar, hemp, tallow, in ships large and strong enough to withstand the rude attacks of the North Sea; while smaller vessels suffice to bring to us the wine, oranges, and raisins of the Peninsula —the corn, wine, oil, fruit, and spices of the Mediterranean—and the gold-dust, ivory, palm-oil, and cocoa-nuts of Western Africa. Then, again, the coasting-trade makes us familiar with many varieties of vessels: such as the smack, which used formerly to bring commodities from Scotland to the Thames; the rapid and elegant clipper, which now does the same kind of work so much more effectively; the schooner of 100 or 200 tons, from Scotland and Wales; the colliers, from the Tyne, Wear, and Tees; and the so-called 'Billy-boys,' which stop and trade from one intermediate port to another, on their way to and from the Thames. And when we come to consider how many there are of these vessels which take a part in the Thames trade, and how many voyages some of them make in a year, we cannot but feel amazed at the quantity and value of the commodities which must thus enter and leave the metropolis. The arrivals of ships from foreign ports in the Thames amount now to about 10,000 in a year; while those from our own ports on the coast reach 30,000; making the astonishing aggregate of 40,000 ships—considerably exceeding 100 per day. This does not mean 40,000 different ships, but 40,000 arrivals, many ships making two or more voyages in a year.

Let the reader impress this marvellous fact on his memory—more than 100 ships enter the Thames every day on an average, bringing to the metropolis commodities either from our own ports or from foreign countries. In respect to foreign trade, notwithstanding the great activity at Liverpool, Glasgow, Leith, Hull, Sunderland, Bristol, Southampton, Dublin, Cork, and other great ports, London absorbs one-fourth of the entire foreign trade of the United Kingdom.

That most of the ships in the Thames are troubled by visits from the custom-house people, we have already intimated. There are tide-surveyors, who visit ships which are reported inwards or proceeding outwards; tide-waiters, who remain on

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board till all the requirements of the Custom-house are fulfilled; inspectors of the river, who superintend the tide surveyors and waiters; landing-officers, who take account of goods as they are landed at the quays and docks; landing-surveyors, who control these landing-officers; officers of the coast-department, who attend to the vessels trading between London and the outports; searchers, who examine packages under certain circumstances. Within the Custom-house are collectors, comptrollers, surveyors, assistants, and clerks, who transact business with ship-owners, ship-brokers, ship-captains, and wholesale merchants. None but a person versed in maritime commerce has an adequate idea of the formalities preparatory to the import of goods, under custom-house sanction. How the tide-waiters board the vessel at Gravesend; how the goods are reported and entered; how a warrant is transmitted to the landing-waiters; how the waiters and gaugers examine and weigh all the packages when the cargo is unladen; how the packages are warehoused under a locker or keeper, who keeps them in bond until they are taken out for home consumption; how the locker, when he receives a warranty that the duty is paid, looks out the goods; and how, finally, the warehouse-keeper permits the removal of the goods—all this has to be learned by those whose dealings are affected by customs arrangements. And, then, the arrangements for export are fully as complex as those for import; perhaps more so. When foreign or colonial goods are to be re-exported, the warehouse-keeper signs a 're-weighing slip;' a landing-waiter examines the goods in charge of the locker; the warehouse-keeper signs the 'cocket' and the 'shipping-bill;' the locker delivers up the goods to a searcher; the searcher places them under the care of a tide-waiter, who sees them shipped, and remains on board the ship as far down the river as Gravesend; another searcher visits the vessel; the captain or master produces a 'content,' or list of goods on board; and if this tallies with the cocket, the searcher and tide-waiter leave the ship, and the ship and the Custom-house finally get quit of each other. Even in the shipment of British produce and manufactures, whether or not an export-duty be payable, many customs formalities have to be gone through before the vessel and cargo are allowed to depart.

All the foreign ships trading to the Thames, and Thames ships trading with foreign ports, seem to have about ten seamen to each on an average. There are about eight hands to a coal-ship; and if we assign the same average number to all the coasting-vessels which enter the Thames, we arrive at this remarkable result—that nearly 1000 seamen enter the Thames every day from the salt seas, and an equal number leave it. There is always, therefore, this fluctuating body of something like 2000 strong, just on the point either of entering or leaving the port of London, in addition to those who are at any one time resident in the moored ships, or on shore within easy reach of the ships which they will shortly again navigate.

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Much interest attaches to the question—What becomes of the rollicking, hard-working, simple-minded, uneducated seamen, when they have safely navigated their ship to the Thames? A sailor has no home but his ship; he has no wife, and no children —or, if he possesses such, they are not to him, with his amphibious habits, like ordinary family ties; he has no club or friendly society; he knows nothing of life beyond a few hundred yards from the water's edge; he is a dare-devil in his own particular occupation, but credulous and gullible when he gets into the hands of landsmen. Hence it arises that, all along the banks of the Thames, a sailor is regarded as an orange which may easily be sucked dry; and he is sucked by publicans, lodging-house keepers, crimps, gamblers, and loose characters of either sex. It is always well known when a sailor receives his money after a voyage; and his very dear friends cling to him until they have seen the bottom of his purse or pocket.

It was to lessen this sad aspect of sea-life that the Sailors' Home was established sixteen or eighteen years ago—an Institution which appears, from all we can learn, to have rendered admirable service. In Well Street, within a few minutes' walk of Wapping and the docks, is a large plain building, around the entrance to which are seamen of all ages, countries, and conditions, lolling in the free-and-easy style which belongs to sailors. On entering, we find a large hall, provided with seats and good fires, and the walls lined with placards and bills, and lists and registers, relating to matters interesting to seamen. Above stairs is a large dining-hall with tables and seats, and an adjacent kitchen with all the necessary arrangements for cooking; and above this, again, is a range of dormitories, snug little bedrooms, where a sailor may 'turn in' with an amount of comfort to which he cannot aspire on board ship. This building is the Sailors' Home—a boarding-house for seamen. A few naval officers, well knowing the temptations to which Jack is exposed on shore, set this institution on foot; and they may conscientiously congratulate themselves on the result, for it has none of the disadvantages of a charity: it was established on the self-paying principle—and it does pay itself. A sum is fixed, varying from 10s. to 14s. a week, for board, washing, and lodging; there are four good meals a day, and various little comforts which could not be found in a private lodging; there is a hall for gossip and smoke-pipe society; there is a pay-office in which captains may pay men, instead of dragging them to public-houses; there is a savings-bank, in which the sailor-lodgers may deposit money when and how they please, and in which they do deposit and take out money to the extent of L.20,000 or L.30,000 a year; there is a library of Bibles, Testaments, periodicals, nautical books, and maps and charts; there is a museum of the odds and ends which Jack is wont to pick up in foreign parts; and there is a school-room, in which instruction of a humble kind is given

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gratuitously to those who choose to avail themselves of it; and in which—under the control of the Board of Trade—a system has lately commenced of giving instruction in navigation at a very cheap rate. The Sailors' Home is thus a really valuable establishment. Among the seamen who arrive in the Thames every day, many are likely to be paid off; in the interval which elapses before they get another ship, the Home is an important aid to them. The seamen who take up their abode here, for a longer or a shorter period, have varied from 3000 to 6000 in a year—the dormitories being able to accommodate about 300 at one time.

HOW THE SHIPS FIND ROOM.

It has been a question of no small difficulty to decide how to find room for the multitude of ships which enter the Thames. The distance of London from the Nore is nearly fifty miles, so that there is nothing which can be called a sea-harbour for London; many miles of river have to be traversed before ships can anchor in any place suited for commercial operations. Perhaps at one time this was not so; London, with a little trade, may have had a great harbour. It was an opinion of Sir Christopher Wren, that the whole breadth of country between the Essex hills on the north, and the Surrey hills on the south, was once a firth or estuary; and that it was by the gradual formation of sand-banks, and the building of embankments in Essex, that the breadth became narrowed to the present limits of the Thames. Many square miles of grazing-land in Essex are, to this day, only saved from destruction by embankments. The tolerably elevated ground on which London stands was therefore close to a broad estuary—a position of commanding influence: it may have been a landing-place for small ships before even London itself was built, the British London being little else than 'a collection of huts set down on a dry spot in the midst of the marshes.'

Be this as it may, however—as matters are at present, the below-bridge portion of the Thames, from London Bridge to the Nore Light, extends forty-six miles—namely, twenty-six miles west of Gravesend, and twenty miles east of the same place. It is divided into eighteen Reaches, as they are called—that is, tolerably straight portions from one bend in the river to another. These Reaches are, some of them, named from towns on the shore—such as Limehouse, Greenwich, Blackwall, Woolwich, Barking, Erith, Northfleet, and Gravesend Reaches; while others have names not so easily explicable—such as, the Pool, the Galleons, the Rands, and the Hope. The breadth of the river at high-water is 290 yards at London Bridge, 352 at the Thames Tunnel, 490 at Woolwich, 695 at Purfleet, 800 at Gravesend, and 1290 at a point three miles below.

The arrangements for shipping at London were quite extraordinary for their inefficiency, down to the close of the last century.

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Lighters were frequently detained at the quays six weeks before they could be discharged; and ships could not discharge their cargoes, in some cases, for two months. Not only were the legal quays inadequate, but the warehouses connected with them could contain only a small percentage of the goods which required storage; in such instances, old ships had to be employed as warehouses. When the warehouses were filled, sugar-hogsheads were piled, six or eight in height, upon the quays. It was estimated that L.200,000 per annum was lost by plunder, arising from the undefended state of the goods. The whole of the shipping, except very small vessels, was compelled to discharge cargo through the medium of barges and similar small craft, from the insufficiency of quay-room. This system gave employment to more than 3000 barges, lighters, punts, lugger-boats, hoys, and small sloops and cutters, in the Thames. Valuable property was exposed night and day to depredation in these open vessels—watermen, lightermen, labourers, sailors, and even officers, taking share in the pilfering.

The marvel is, that the sharp-sighted merchants of London allowed such a system to remain intact so long as they did; but the vested interests were many and obstinate, and it was a herculean task to set anything new in motion. Sixty years ago, in 1793, the merchants began to hold meetings on the subject, projectors issued pamphlets, and engineers developed schemes for docks. A parliamentary committee, in 1796, had no fewer than eight projects under its consideration, brought forward by eight parties. If we did not know, from costly experience, how any large comprehensive scheme is clogged by opposition, we should be wonderstruck at the storm of antagonists which all the plans for new docks raised. Tackle-house porters, city porters, carmen, Christ's Hospital, watermen, lightermen, the proprietors of legal quays—all blazed forth the grievances which they expected to suffer from the construction of docks. It was not until 1799, just before the close of the century, that an act was passed for the formation of the West India Docks, between Limehouse and Blackwall; it was left for the present century to witness the realisation of plans for docks in the Thames. The West India Docks were opened in 1802; the London Docks, in 1805; the East India Docks, in 1806; the Commercial Docks, the East County Docks, the Surrey Canal Docks, and the Regent's Canal Docks, a few years afterwards; and the St Katherine's Docks, in 1828.

It need hardly be told to any reader of ordinary experience, that these docks are portions of deep water, bounded by quays and warehouses. They differ much in size: the St Katherine's Docks, including quays and warehouses, cover 23 acres; the London Docks, 100 acres; the West India Docks, 295 acres; the East India Docks, about 100 acres. The goods which the warehouses will contain amount to an enormous aggregate: 110,000 tons at St Katherine's, 230,000 tons at the London, 180,000 tons at the West India; the warehouses at the other docks are much less

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extensive. As to shipping, 120 can be accommodated at one time in St Katherine's, 500 in the London Docks, and a yet larger number at the West India. So perfect are the arrangements at some of these docks, that a ship of 250 tons may have its cargo landed and warehoused in twelve hours—a labour that used to require a week, before the docks were constructed.

Our little work is not of a nature to demand any lengthened notice of the commerce of the country generally; yet we can hardly look, or speak, or think of the docks on the Thames, without a sentiment of wonder at the gigantic system of which these docks are a part of the working machinery. Bearing in mind that London commands one-fourth of the whole foreign commerce of the empire, let us note a little. It is truly a great fact, that in 1852 we imported 900,000,000 pounds of cotton, 90,000,000 pounds of wool (superadded to our own home-growth), 7,000,000 pounds of silk, 150,000,000 pounds of flax, 110,000,000 pounds of hemp, 66,000,000 pounds of tea, 54,000,000 pounds of coffee, 750,000,000 pounds of sugar, 36,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 16,000,000 gallons of wines and spirits, 160,000,000 pounds of tallow and palm-oil, 110,000,000 pounds of rice, 7,000,000 quarters of corn, 400,000,000 pounds of flour and meal, 60,000,000 pounds of leather and hides. It is a great fact that, in the same year, we exported nearly *a million miles* of woven cotton goods; cotton goods and yarns altogether to the value of L.30,000,000; wools and woollens, L.11,000,000; linens and flax goods, L.5,000,000; coal, 4,000,000 tons; earthenware, 90,000,000 pieces; metals and metal goods, L.13,000,000; salt, 20,000,000 bushels. It is a great fact that 30,000 ships entered the ports of the United Kingdom, and as many left them, in the same year, averaging above 200 tons per vessel—all engaged in the foreign trade; and that 150,000 departures of ships occurred, engaged in the coasting-trade. These are mighty quantities and sums, in which the commerce of the Thames secures the lion's share.

The Docks are the great centres in which the London portion of this immense trade is carried on; and the Custom-house officers are the lynx-eyed inspectors, without whose sanction nothing can be brought in or taken out. The Custom-house is not far distant, and here is the controlling power. Underneath the various apartments of that vast building are vaults, in which seized goods are deposited, and in which the custom-house sales are occasionally held. It is worth an hour to visit one of these sales, and to see what varied commodities are here brought to the auctioneer's hammer, on account of non-payment of customs-dues. We have now before us a catalogue of such a sale, and among the lots we find—3 gold hunting-watches (damaged); 69 vases, &c.; 48 cups and saucers; 1 scimitar, 1 rapier, 1 silver girdle, 8 figures, 5 painted ornaments, 2 castors, 1 pipe-bowl, 4 snuff-boxes, 1 ivory figure; 1 wardrobe; 1 set chessmen and 28 weapons; 6000 feet of maple veneers; 20 gross of watch-springs; 108 gold Breguet

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watch-keys; 2 tins of preserved vegetables; 117 paper weights; 6 dozen pair stays; 100 dozen pair women's gloves; 6 cartons of artificial flowers; 450 pair of dice; 1 trunk of old wearing-apparel; 1 cask of boys' marbles, 27 hundredweight; 1 case of jointed dolls, about 3324 dozen; 1 bale of India-rubber mill-bands; 3 casks of slate-pencils; 1 case of 15,000,000 Congreve match-splints; 25 flasks eau de Cologne; 49 pounds of newspapers—in short, the difficulty would be rather to name what articles are than what are not comprised in these curious sales.

WHAT WE CAN SEE AT THE DOCKS.

But no one who would learn a little concerning Thames commerce, should be content with hearing and reading about the Docks and the Customs: he should judge with his own eyes; and, if opportunity offer, should visit the quays and warehouses on which and in which are assembled such rich stores of valuable commodities.

The London Docks are among the most animated scenes which the metropolis presents, especially at a time of such commercial activity as that which we have witnessed lately. The gates are open to those who choose to enter; and he must be a dull man, indeed, who could spend an hour within, and not add greatly thereby to his stock of information. The people, the goods, the ships, the warehouses—all are practical schools worthy of study. Even the approach to the docks is a commercial lesson. Proceeding from the Minories, past the Mint, to the vicinity of the St Katherine's and the London Docks, we find ourselves at once among the people who live either by seamen or by emigrants. Here is a shop for sea-charts and nautical instruments; here are sailors' clothes, from smart ducks to garments destined for stern service in stern weather; here are ships' biscuits, so hard as seemingly to defy human teeth; a little further on, are sold preserved meats and vegetables for sea use; here are nameless odds and ends for shipboard; and there are picture-shops, with representations of brave admirals and glorious engagements; here and there and everywhere are Nelsons, in the forms of tobacco-stoppers, button-devices, and handkerchief-pictures, continually 'expecting that every man will do his duty.' Among others are the emigrant-outfitters, who do all that can be done to shew the bright side of emigration, by exhibiting the shiny, neat, handy, and close-fitting articles, which are to constitute the emigrant's household furniture during a voyage of three or four months, and his gold-digging apparatus and furniture for an indefinite time afterwards. When we approach closer to the dock-gates, we see men loitering about, waiting for any odd job that may turn up for them as dock-labourers. At present, there is work enough in the docks for almost as many men as can move about, without tumbling over

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each other; but at slack periods, the gates are besieged by hungry applicants for employment. Fixed against the wall, near the gates, are scores of announcements of ships about to sail to almost every part of the world, but more especially to Australia; and it is truly gratifying to find, that one and all of these ships 'rank A 1 at Lloyd's;' that all have 'superior accommodation for passengers;' that all 'carry an experienced surgeon;' that all have 'a liberal dietary;' and that all have an almost inconceivable 'height 'tween decks.' One would think that emigrants' troubles must be all nonsense after this. One of the announcements on these bills is pleasant and creditable, to the effect that seamen—as we briefly adverted to in an earlier page—are now taught navigation at the Naval School in the Sailors' Home, in Well Street, for three hours a day on five days in the week, at 2d. per week for beginners, and 6d. for more advanced students—an excellent arrangement, under the control of the Board of Trade.

Arrived within the dock-gates, the maze of shipping at first rather bewilders one; but by resolutely walking along all the quays, we can obtain a glance at most of the vessels in turn: English and foreign, large and small, clean and dirty, clumsy and light, loading and unloading—they present a most diversified appearance. Here is the *Prince Charlie*, loading for San Francisco; and the *Romilly*, for Hobart Town; and others, for Pernambuco, for Trieste, and for Odessa. Bills and boards are nailed up against the emigrant-ships, announcing the virtues and the destination thereof; and frail planks afford a somewhat insecure means of approach from the quays to the ships. This emigrant-furor is now one of the most remarkable phenomena observable at these docks. Liverpool beats us by a long measure in this respect; but, nevertheless, in walking through and about the London Docks, emigrant-vessels meet the eye on every side. What is the number here to be seen we cannot venture even to guess; but there is one little fact which, like a pilot-balloon, will shew us which way the wind blows. We take up the *Times* newspaper of the day on which we are now writing (April 12), and we find in it that sixteen ships sailed from the Thames—chiefly from the London Docks—to Australia in the preceding week; while, in the advertisement columns, no less than sixty-eight other ships for Australia are advertised: these are independent of emigrant-ships for America.

But the goods and the people in the docks are more instructive to notice than even the ships. Here, on the quay, is a large packing-case, from a Long Acre coach-builder, destined for the Cape of Good Hope: it evidently contains a chaise, or some other carriage. Here is a whole array, in rank and file, of casks of cognac, each containing about sixty gallons, and each shewing, by such names as Louguet, Dumas, &c., that it came from a French house. At another place, we see on the quay hundreds of casks of port wine, of larger capacity; and if we look around with

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watchful eye, we shall see a gauger employed on these liquid treasures: the bung-hole of each cask is opened for him; he dips in a staff, to taste the brandy or the wine; he measures the cask lengthwise and depthwise; and he chalks some cabalistic marks on its end. Proceeding on our quay-walk, we come to bundles of hides and skins; then to bundles of cork, packed up very snugly; then a pile of boxwood, in pieces about five feet long; then a whole shedful of coir or cocoa-nut fibre, in cable-like masses, three or four feet in length; then crooked, little, dirty sticks, of the valuable sapan-wood, from South America; then blocks of marble and granite; then, under sheds, chests of tea, hogsheads of colonial sugar, rush-bags of Isle of France sugar, and bags of French flour; then a pile of long pieces of bamboo—all these, and numberless other varieties of goods, present themselves to view on the quay, on their transit from the vessels to the warehouses. Among the people present, the labourers or porters are by far the most busy; and it is curious to see them, when noon strikes, seat themselves on all kinds of casks, bags, and logs, and eat their cold-meat dinners—savaloy, polony, bacon, salt meat, fresh meat—all on huge lumps of bread, and washed down with beer, which, at that hour, publicans' boys are allowed to bring into the docks; and we perchance see certain mysterious cans brought in, from which an odour of soup emanates. Passing one vessel, we may hear English sailors cracking jokes; while from another may come a jabbering in some unknown tongue; and as for the complexions of the seamen themselves, they vary from deep black to white or whity-brown, through all the gradations of mahogany, olive, and buff. Here, in front of this emigrant-ship, which is to sail to-morrow, are fathers, mothers, and children, all anxiously engaged in the thousand little anxieties which their position necessitates: some of their luggage is on board, some is on the quay; and the poor women are troubled how to get to the ship at all; for, it must be owned, access to the ships is sometimes exceedingly difficult.

If the visitor can obtain an order of admission to all or some of the vaults and warehouses, he will see that which will strike him with astonishment. The tobacco warehouses are among the sights of London—a sight which is more painful than pleasing to those who do not use the narcotic weed, but which is of vast commercial importance, whether we like it or not. Here, beneath a roofing which seems to cover acres in extent, are huge hogsheads, whose number defies all attempts to estimate it. They stand in rows, side by side, and one on another, with avenues between just wide enough to permit the visitor to walk, look, and marvel. You have tobacco before you, tobacco behind you, tobacco to the right and left, tobacco in fragmentary dust beneath your feet, and tobacco odour in the air above and around you. It is repeatedly the case that more than 20,000 hogsheads are in these warehouses at one time; and as the hogsheads contain on an average

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considerably more than 1000 poundweights of tobacco each, we can calculate easily what a weight of material—most of it destined to be driven away in the form of smoke—is here warehoused. If this is a species of intoxication, so is a sight of the wine-vaults, where butts and pipes, puncheons and barrels, are ranged along in almost endless tiers. It is a grand treat, although not always a wholesome one, to obtain what is called a 'tasting-order' for the docks. Wine-merchants generally taste the wine at the docks before making their purchases; and for this purpose a tasting-order is given, which admits the holder down to the vaults. Visitors who are not wine-merchants occasionally obtain similar orders; and then the wine-coopers, or servants in the vaults, are instructed to tap this cask, and that pipe, and the other hogshead, and draw out wine into glasses of rather formidable size. The visitor puts on the aspect of a connoisseur: he smells, he tastes, and smacks his lips; he looks through the glass with one eye, and closes the other; and, finally, he quaffs off the generous liquid. If he be a strong-headed fellow, he can keep at this game for some time; if he be weak, or unaccustomed to wine, he soon feels within him a warning to cease his imbibitions; if he be a somewhat intermediate character, he proceeds a little further, and stops when he deems stopping judicious; but he has taken more than he supposed, he has respired the alcoholic atmosphere of the vaults, and when he mounts to daylight, he is surprised to find his eyes and his legs given to rather strange wanderings. If these foolish freaks be avoided, a visit to the vaults, with the flickering lights speckling the otherwise pitchy dark passages, is a thing to be remembered.

The docks are a busy centre of the custom-house operations. We have before noticed the routine concerning imports generally; and it would seem that the regulations there described are quite obstructive enough to commerce; but there are other formalities, little known to those who have not specially attended to these matters. There are the ship's-people, the merchant's-people, the customs-people, and the dock-people; and these various officials have more wranglings than are good for a trading community. During the contest between the Customs-department and the London Dock Company, a year or two ago—a contest which ended very discreditably to the former—much insight was given into the ordeal through which a ship's cargo has to pass on entering the docks. The ship arrives in the Thames; a bill of lading goes to the merchant, and a manifest goes to the Dock Company, each containing a list of the goods comprising the cargo. The customs send a tide-waiter, and the Company send a tallyman, to see the goods landed; and if they differ, an overhauling in the warehouse takes place by a superior officer. All casks and bags, and barrels and bales, are apt to leak a little, and, consequently, most commodities undergo some small damage on board ship. Hence arises a troubled contest: the merchant does not think it

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worth while to pay duty on a damaged article, and he leaves the other two parties to do what they like with it; the Company consider it as a small perquisite, which they take for their trouble; while the Customs grudge every crumb or grain which passes scot-free. And then there is a discussion whether a particular heap, in a particular corner, shall be called clean sweepings or dirty sweepings; or whether the droppings into a sample-tub are legitimate droppings; or whether dry scrapings are anything more than dry scrapings. It is a sorry spectacle this, to see contests between officials about the refuse from parcels of merchandise; it is one of the consequences of having custom-duties; but as there is no hope that such duties will ever be abolished, it is at anyrate desirable that petty interferences should be discountenanced as much as possible. The London Dock Company were put to a charge of more than L.10,000, and the government to an equal charge, about these scrapings, droppings, and sweepings; the lawyers got the money; the Company suffered a loss of time, temper, and capital; and the Customs gained a bad reputation, and a verdict concerning a couple of bags of sugar, or some such trifle. It is in relation to this jealousy of refuse that the kiln, called jocularly the Queen's Tobacco-pipe, has been built in the London Docks. If tobacco is damaged during the voyage, the importer will not pay duty on it; neither he nor the Dock Company must keep it if the duty be not paid; and therefore it is burned in the kiln.

WHAT WE CAN SEE AT THE WHARFS AND QUAYS.

Let it not be supposed that the docks are the only places where the busy commerce of the Thames can be readily watched. There are miles of wharf from Milbank to Blackwall, and from Vauxhall to Deptford, where every imaginable commodity is being landed or shipped. Corn and flour come into the Thames from neighbouring counties and from foreign countries. Soft hay and straw, hard bricks and stone, rough lime and sand, smooth slate and marble—all find their way to some or other of the hundreds of wharfs which line both sides of the river. The coal has its own black and bustling region; the fish have a domain which other commodities are not allowed to touch; the timber finds its way to certain receptacles; and there are markets, such as the corn, the coal, and the fish markets, near the spots to which these several commodities are brought. Some wharfs receive principally north-country produce, some Welsh, some Irish, while others are laden with foreign produce and commodities. In many spots, the warehouses contiguous to the wharfs and quays are of vast dimensions, comprising many stories of immense length. There are in certain cases bonded warehouses, in which imported goods are kept under lock and key until the customs-duty is paid on them.

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There is a continued stream of porters and labouring-men flowing to and fro between the ships, the lighters, the wharfs, and the warehouses, giving life and activity to this scene of material wealth.

But we must notice a little more at length certain remarkable kinds of Thames commerce—such as fish, corn, coal, and timber—which are full of interest, both commercial and social.

The Londoners are not, in any special degree, a fish-eating people; but, nevertheless, there must necessarily be a large consumption of fish among such a mighty population. Hence it is that Billingsgate is such a busy place, and a scene of so much interest to those who would study the modes in which a town is supplied with food. This is not the only fish-market in London, for there is a portion of the trade at Hungerford and elsewhere; but Billingsgate commands, as it has done for centuries, by far the larger portion. Who Billing or Belling, or Biling or Belin was, our antiquaries cannot determine; but it is supposed there was a person who, being the owner of a water-gate or landing-place just below London Bridge, gave his name to it. When Queenhithe was a great landing-place, some of the fish was brought to market there also; and between the two markets were Fish Street, Fish Street Hill, and other streets whose names still point out the localities where the fishmongers principally dwelt. Here, in the reign of Edward I., might be purchased turbot at 6d. each, eels at 8d. per hundredweight, pickled herrings at 1d. the score, and oysters at 2d. per gallon. The fishmongers were incorporated into a company, which became very powerful, and obtained a stringent monopoly in the wholesale market. There was in those days a marked distinction between ordinary fishmongers and stock-fishmongers—the latter being those who sold salted and dried fish. The stock-fishmongers were often men of larger capital, whereby they accumulated a stock of fish, such as would not spoil by keeping. The importance then attached to the consumption of fish in England was much greater than it has since been; and many strange and even ludicrous plans were formed for inducing people to eat fish. So late even as 1813, an association, headed by a royal duke, proposed 'to assure to the fishermen certainty of sale, to a limited amount, and at a low price, of certain kinds of fish consumed by the working-classes;' but experience soon shewed that such matters had better be left to private enterprise.

A strange and busy sight is that of Billingsgate in the early morning. Unless in summer-time, daylight arrives hardly soon enough for these early traders, and gaslights are blazing in all directions. Fifty or sixty fish salesmen, or brokers, or factors (for the three words have pretty nearly the same meaning), take their stations at an equal number of stalls rented by them, and act as agents in selling from the fishermen to the fishmongers. At about five o'clock, the fish-vessels being drawn up close alongside

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the quay, and the salesmen being at their posts, business begins; the porters run swiftly along, carrying baskets of fish from the ships to the stalls; the fishmongers congregate, and sales proceed with wonderful celerity. The salesman holds a kind of Dutch auction, offering a lot at a higher price than its real value, and then lowering it until some one of the bystanders is willing to take it at that lowered price. As the fishmongers rapidly move about from one stall to another, prices become equalised almost instantly, without any pre-arrangement between either buyers or sellers: it is an example of commerce on sound principles—the price being determined solely by the ratio between supply and demand. The west-end fishmongers being willing to give the highest prices, generally carry off the primest lots; and so on down to the humble costermonger, who cries his herrings at eight a groat, or his live soles at four pair for a shilling. Salmon is sold by weight, oysters and shell-fish by measure, but most other fish by tale or number. By nine o'clock, the salesman has done his day's work of four hours; and his remuneration is a small percentage from the fishermen on the money obtained by the sales. It is generally admitted that business is better and more quickly done by this kind of agency than if the fishmongers bought directly of the fishermen. After nine o'clock, the retail stall-keepers take up their stations in Billingsgate, and sell smaller quantities at higher prices. The establishment of railways increases both the supply of fish from distant ports to London and the transmission of fish to the midland districts, thereby benefiting all.

The fishermen pay a certain rental for permission to moor their vessels at the Billingsgate quay, and to land their fish. The table of dues mentions the names of boats and vessels in such number as to go far beyond the knowledge of land-lubbers. There are small boats, wherries, skiffs, peter-boats, hatch-boats, smacks, lighters, barges, cock-boats, and lug-boats. The dues vary from 6d., in the case of a small wherry, to 5s. for a large vessel laden with the better kinds of fish; and as since the formation of railways, much fish is brought inland to Billingsgate, there are many carts, vans, and wagons which congregate at the market in early morn, and there pay a duty of 1s. or 1s. 6d. Technically, the Billingsgate people draw a distinction between red and white fish; but salmon is almost the only red fish which is regularly supplied to the market. So important is the London market to the Scotch salmon-fishers, that the Tay alone is said to have yielded L.15,000 worth of salmon in a year to Billingsgate. Among the white fish, Billingsgate receives cod, brill, turbot, halibut, soles, plaice, haddock, whiting, and skate, chiefly from the German Ocean, in the whole extent between the Orkneys and Norway on the north, and Kent and Belgium on the south. Herrings come from the coasts of all the three kingdoms; the coast of Holland gives us our eels; the southern coast yields us our mackerel; the estuary of the Thames, both on

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the Kent and Essex shores, is our great storehouse for oysters; shrimps come from the Essex and Lincolnshire coasts, and from the Thames below Gravesend; lobsters are caught on the Scotch and Norwegian coasts; crabs on the southern coast. Thus the seas in various directions are ransacked to supply our Billingsgate with fish; and the modes in which the fish are brought are almost as varied as the fish themselves. Some are in boxes; some in pads, or large hampers; some in pots, or small hampers; some in sacks; some in small bags; some in tubs; some in baskets; some in bulk, or open. The *Morning Chronicle*, three or four years ago, gave a list of the fish which were in one year brought to Billingsgate: it is quite a curiosity—400,000 live cod, 750,000 barrelled cod, 1,600,000 salt cod, 200,000 salmon, 2,500,000 fresh haddocks, 19,500,000 smoked haddocks, 97,000,000 soles, 23,000,000 mackerel, 200,000,000 fresh and red herrings and bloaters, 10,000,000 eels, 20,000,000 whitings, 36,000,000 plaice, 1,200,000 brills and mullets, 800,000 turbots, 500,000,000 oysters, 2,000,000 lobsters and crabs, 500,000,000 shrimps and prawns. Many of these are sold by the box, barrel, basket, bushel, gallon, ton, or pound; and an average is then taken, by which the total number of individual fish is estimated. Of these 1,500,000,000 inhabitants of the waters, it is roughly calculated that about one-third (in value) are sold to the London fishmongers, one-third to the London hawkers or street-dealers, and one-third sent at once into the country.

Another article of food that now calls for notice is corn. The corn-trade of the Thames is a mighty one. The wants of two million and a half of eaters are of course not to be supplied without vast commercial arrangements; and though some corn is unquestionably brought to the metropolis by railway, the great bulk reaches it by water. In early times, most of the corn for the London market was brought from Essex and Kent; but afterwards Norfolk, Suffolk, and Sussex, were added to the sources of supply. Four centuries ago, public granaries were established in London, at a time when few persons rightly understood how well private individual enterprise may be left to manage such matters: it was thought at the time to be a very benevolent and patriotic act. The main object was to keep down prices, through the medium of a large central public store; but the system led to many abuses and monopolies: the great city-guilds or companies kept up the system by their funds; but as they were sometimes losers, and as commercial experience threw a new light on these matters, and as the Great Fire destroyed the corporate granaries and mills in 1666, the whole affair was thenceforward abandoned. Cornhill was in early times the chief London market for corn, and Bread Street the chief bazaar of bakers: what changes have since occurred in these two streets need hardly be said. Whether the Corporation kept public granaries or not, they interfered minutely in all that concerned the quality and the selling and the price of corn, flour,

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and bread—on the (then) recognised principle of treating the public as children who could not manage their own affairs; and they, moreover, exacted dues on all the corn which was landed from ships or barges at Billingsgate, Queenhithe, or other quays. The corn-market, when it became held in a covered building instead of in the open street, was at Bear Quay, in Thames Street, the flour-market being at Queenhithe. Corn, in those days, was sold by the owner directly to his customers; but the very convenient system of brokerage or factorage was commenced towards the close of the seventeenth century, and has gradually increased in magnitude and importance. What kings and corporations used formerly to do—maintain a store of corn in granaries—is now much better done by private persons. Foreign corn, like most other commodities, is subject to troublesome formalities when it enters the port of London. We have got rid of the demand from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the form of a corn-law or corn-tax; but we cannot yet shake off the lord mayor, who demands fees on the corn for certain real or supposed services rendered; his corn-meters and his fellowship-porters have their work to do, before the corn can leave the ships and reach the granaries; and they are paid for this work through the medium of his lordship. The ships bring into the Thames cargoes varying from 200 quarters, in the smallest coasters, up to 3000 quarters, in the largest ships from foreign ports. Most of it is conveyed to granaries before being delivered to the millers: these granaries, situated in part on the north side of the river, but much more numerously on the south, are vast structures of many stories, some of the largest being able to contain 30,000 or 40,000 quarters at one time. Many strange occurrences—even to the extent of throwing some thousand quarters of corn into the river, rather than pay the highest grade of sliding-scale duty upon them—marked the granary system during the existence of the corn-laws; but matters are now permitted to follow more nearly their own natural course.

As fish has its market-house, its Billingsgate, near the Custom-house, so has corn its market-house or Exchange, not far from the same spot, in Mark Lane. And when the factors have sold the corn to the millers, and the porters have carried it to the granaries, then does the miller, at his own good time, transfer it to his mill. The old days of windmills are on the decline—at least near the Thames, where land is of such enormous value, compact steam-mills are superseding straggling windmills: witness the magnificent corn-mill a little eastward of Blackfriars Bridge. It is a building in which a steam-engine of vast power is made to do an amount of work that would have been quite incredible to the old-school millers. The building is a quadrangular mass of great height, which cost L.80,000 in its erection. It contains sixty pair of millstones, and is said to have all the conveniences for grinding 1000 quarters of wheat in a day!

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Most of the other principal kinds of food with which the metropolis is supplied, arrive rather land-ward than Thames-ward, and therefore we need not notice them.

If there is one characteristic of Thames commerce more striking than another, it is that of coal, which deservedly calls for a little description. As early as 1306, and probably somewhat earlier, coal-ships passed Gravesend on their way from the Tyne and Wear to London; and from that date to the present, the city authorities have rarely, if ever, failed to reap a profit from this traffic in the shape of dues. About the period of the Great Fire (1666), the quantity of coal which annually arrived in the Thames was about 200,000 chaldrons; by 1688, it was 300,000; and by 1774, it was 600,000. During the present century, the rise in quantity has been extremely rapid—1,200,000 chaldrons in 1820, 1,600,000 in 1831. In 1832, the sale by weight was substituted for that by measure, a ton being equal to about four-fifths of a chaldron; in the year just named the sale was 2,100,000 tons, and in 1842 it was 2,700,000. Sometimes, in particular states of the wind, more than 100 colliers will arrive in one day; and then, to obviate confusion, stringent regulations are enforced. The Corporation have provided stations in the Pool for about 250 coal-ships, where they form dense compact fleets or tiers. The singular appearance of these masses, in apparently inextricable confusion, yet really well ordered, never fails to strike the attention of a stranger voyaging up the Thames. They remain here till unladen; and, in the meantime, any new arrivals must anchor lower down the river. With all our boasted improvements in the Thames, we have not yet obtained a collier-dock, and therefore the coal-ships are unladen in the Thames itself. There is, however, a collier-dock now being constructed opposite Woolwich.

It has been calculated that 40,000 persons are employed in supplying the metropolis with coal. This astounding number is made up in the following way:—nearly 3,500,000 tons of coal now arrive annually in the Thames, besides that which reaches the metropolis by canals and railways. Of the immense produce of the districts around the Tyne, Wear, and Tees, comprising the most industriously worked coal-field in the world, nearly one-third is shipped for London. Now, it is estimated that 12,000 men are employed in mining, raising, and shipping this metropolitan quota; that 20,000 seamen are employed in bringing it to the Thames, in nearly 3000 ships, which bring about five cargoes each in a year; that 2000 are employed in whipping the coal from the ships into the barges; and that 6000 find employment as dealers, porters, and wagoners of coal. We have no reason to believe that this truly remarkable statement is to any great degree an exaggeration of the real facts of the case. The coal-factor sells the coal to the merchant, in the smart new coal-exchange near Billingsgate; and the whippers then go through their clumsy work of turning out the coal from the coal-ships into barges. O shame on us! we

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have lived to see the year 1853 arrive; we have lived to see steam-engines and hydraulic-cranes and railway-quays brought to perfection; and yet, in our overcrowded Thames, we empty nearly 10,000 tons of coal per day from ships into barges; and, moreover, we pass acts of parliament specially relating to the swarthy fellows who do this rough work. Thanks to competition, however, there are improvements in store for us! The Great Northern Railway, by bringing coal to London at a cheap rate, has given a wonderful fillip to the sea-going people. The Victoria Collier Dock, lately mentioned, owes its origin partly to the impulse thus received; and steam is beginning to play its part in the system. In August 1852, the *John Bowes*, a well-appointed new screw-steamer, arrived at Blackwall from the Tyne, with 600 tons of coal; it was the first steam coal-ship, and may mark the commencement of a new system.

We will just say, *en passant*, that the Corporation have pretty pickings out of our coal. There were all sorts of dues in past years under various names; but these were commuted, in 1831, for one duty of 1s. 1d. per ton on all coal brought into the metropolis. The metropolis has been expanded with a vengeance, for it is made to comprise, for this purpose, all the country within twenty miles of St Paul's in every direction. The city coal-dues amount to about L.200,000 per annum; out of this sum, certain metropolitan improvements are paid for, according to the provisions of acts of parliament, and the rest goes into the city treasury for general purposes.

THE TRANSIT OVER THE THAMES.

But we should fill a volume, instead of a few pages, were we to gossip on all the quays and wharfs of the Thames reveal to us. Let us, while space is still left, speak of the arteries which commerce has marked out for itself across the river: arteries which connect the great little world of Southwark and Lambeth with the great great world of London and Westminster.

For a period of 700 or 800 years, London had one bridge, and one only. It was about a century ago that a second bridge, that of Westminster, was built; but down to that time, the venerable old structure at the foot of Fish Street Hill was the only bridge crossing the Thames at or near the metropolis. Whether the Britons or the Romans had any bridge over the Thames is strongly doubted; at anyrate, we have no evidence of any such structure until about the year 1000, when the Anglo-Saxons built the first London Bridge. This bridge was constructed merely of wood, and was destroyed during a battle between the Saxons and the Danes; but it seems to have been speedily rebuilt. Most old buildings have their legends or myths, and old London Bridge was not an exception to the rule. Stow tells us, that 'a ferry being

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kept in the place where now the bridge is builded, at length the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits rising of the said ferry, builded an house of sisters in place where now standeth the east part of St Mary Overy's Church, above the quire where she was buried; unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry. But, afterwards, the said house of sisters being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of timber, as all other the great bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good reparations; till at length, considering the great charges which were bestowed in repairing the same, there was, by aid of the citizens and others, a bridge builded with stone.' Whether this account be true or not, there was a bridge here when William the Conqueror arrived. The bridge was washed away during a furious gale in 1091; it was rebuilt; it was destroyed by fire in 1136; it was again rebuilt; it was again destroyed; and in 1176 was commenced the first stone bridge, the construction of which was lingeringly carried on for many years. The cost was principally defrayed by a tax upon wool—hence one of the old familiar sayings, that 'London Bridge was built upon woolpacks.' A strange old bridge was this, with cumbrous but picturesque houses upon it, and bulky piers, which rendered this part of the river a dangerous tide-way for small boats. The bridge, from the time of its completion, in 1205, till its demolition, in 1830, witnessed more than six centuries of rough service, during which almost every part of it, except the foundations, had been renewed. The houses were burned down over and over again, and were at length, in 1760, finally removed. The crazy old structure itself, after numberless patchings and repairs, was at length condemned. In 1823, an act was passed for building a new bridge; the Rennies, father and son, planned and carried out the works; the lord mayor laid the first stone in 1825; and King William and his royal consort opened the new bridge in state in 1831. The old bridge was finally removed in 1832; but two millions sterling was needed before this great change was completed.

When London began to feel that it required more bridges, the most selfish and the most ridiculous objections were made against all such plans. From the reign of Elizabeth to that of George I., all attempts to obtain a bridge at Westminster were unavailing. The Corporation of London opposed it, the watermen opposed it, the west-country bargemen opposed it; and on pleas which we may either condemn for their illiberality, or laugh at for their absurdity. At length, however, in 1750, Westminster Bridge was finished and opened, under the control of Mr Labelye, at a cost of about L.220,000, raised by the pernicious system of lotteries. The poor old bridge is in a tottering state, and is about to be replaced by a new one. When the city authorities found that the

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new bridge at Westminster had really not set the Thames on fire, they bethought them of building a bridge nearer home; Mr Mylne designed the plan and conducted the works, and Blackfriars Bridge was opened in 1769. The cost was L.300,000, defrayed by loans secured on the tolls; but government afterwards bought the bridge, and made it toll-free. From some cause or other, the foundations were badly laid; and the bridge has since been a repeated source of worry and expense. The next, in order of date, was Battersea Bridge, with its twenty unsightly arches, and its clumsy wooden piers; it was finished in 1771, and has ever since been a toll-bridge. Vauxhall Bridge, a somewhat elegant iron structure, from the design of Mr Walker, was opened in 1813. In 1817, was opened a bridge which in some respects may be deemed the most magnificent in this country—Waterloo Bridge. Its peculiarity is, that it is perfectly flat from end to end, and therefore entailed an enormous expense for making the approaches. The great sculptor, Canova, thought this the finest bridge in Europe; and it will remain an enduring monument to the skill of the Rennies, who have taken such a large share in the great engineering works of the metropolis. In 1819, Southwark Bridge was opened, unrivalled, we believe, down to the present time, among iron bridges; the centre arch being 240 feet span, greater than that of the celebrated bridge at Sunderland. The youngest member of the metropolitan bridges, Hungerford, differs from all the rest in being constructed on the suspension principle, and for foot-passengers only; it was planned by Mr Brunel, and was opened in 1845. There is a suspension-bridge now being built from near Chelsea Hospital to Battersea Fields, in connection with the Thames embankment and the new Battersea Park. As to the bridges at Putney, Hammersmith, and Kew, they lie almost beyond what may fairly be deemed the metropolis.

Now, over these metropolitan bridges there passes an amount of traffic perfectly marvellous—that is, over those which are toll-free; for it is a curious fact, that a toll of even a single half-penny tends to give a dull, stagnant character to bridge-traffic. London, Blackfriars, and Westminster Bridges exhibit the three great streams of traffic. From morn till night, an incessant commotion exists here. Of the 1,800,000 people north of the Thames, many have of course occasion to visit, or be visited by, the 600,000 south of the Thames; and the three bridges here named are the main arteries of communication. What countless omnibuses, cabs, private carriages, gigs, wagons, vans, and carts; what shoals of people, all walking quickly, and seeming thoroughly in earnest; what a clatter of horses' shoes and buzz of human voices; what heaps of corn and malt, and hops and hides, in the wagons; what stores of merchandise in the carriers' vans! There has never, so far as we are aware, been even a guess at the number of persons who cross the Thames daily; but a few years ago, the city authorities, for a particular object, wished to know how many vehicles cross London

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Bridge between eight in the morning and eight in the evening of an average summer-day: they stationed men to count throughout one day, and the number amounted to 13,000—more than 1000 an hour. When we consider how much more numerous the foot-passengers must be than the vehicles, and that this enumeration refers only to one among many bridges—although unquestionably the most busy of them all—we shall have a vague idea of the streams of traffic which must be running to and fro.* It so happens, that if a foreigner enter London by the Dover Railway, he at once crosses a bridge which reveals to him more of commercial activity than any other bridge in the world; for whether he regards what is passing on the bridge, or looks east or west from it, he cannot fail to witness Thames-commerce in all its glory.

Although it is a matter rather of street-commerce than of Thames bridge-commerce, we may mention a fact which is very little known out of London—namely, that there are tolls exacted at the margin of the city. A pleasure-carriage, or a passenger-carriage, or a freeman's vehicle containing a freeman's goods, pays no toll; but every vehicle belonging to a freeman, conveying goods of non-freemen into and out of the city, pays a toll of 1d.; and every vehicle belonging to non-freemen, conveying goods, pays 2d. For this purpose—a somewhat barbarous relic of old times—a kind of cordon is drawn around the city, divided into six parts—namely, the Thames at Puddle Dock to Temple Bar, Temple Bar to Holborn Bar and Smithfield Bar, Smithfield Bar to Aldersgate Bar, Aldersgate Bar to Bishopsgate Bar, Bishopsgate Bar to Whitechapel Bar, and Whitechapel Bar to the Thames at the Custom-house. There are very few bars actually left at these spots, and very few indications of toll-collectors; yet, if a non-freeman were to drive his business-cart into the city, he would doubtless find the vigilant eye of a collector upon him. The tolls are not collected by the Corporation, but are farmed by contractors, who pay the city about L.6000 a year for them. The proceeds, under a statute passed about fifteen years ago, are at present applied towards the formation of a new street from Holborn Bridge to Clerkenwell—a street which seems likely to be finished somewhere about the year 1953.

One mode of transit across the river, the Thames Tunnel, has necessarily an invisibility about it to those who are looking at the wide-world aboveground. Country visitors to London know quite as much concerning the Thames Tunnel as residents, perhaps

* Since the above was written, another enumeration has been made public, relating to a particular day in May 1853. The busy hours, from ten till six, eight in number, were taken as the limit of observation. During those eight hours, there passed over London Bridge 63,080 pedestrians, 114 persons on horseback, and 11,498 vehicles of various kinds. Without giving the numbers for the other bridges individually, we may state that, combining the numbers for Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Westminster Bridges, they gave these results: 63,850 pedestrians, 516 persons on horseback, and 12,215 vehicles. It thus appears that, in pedestrians and vehicles, London Bridge nearly equalled all the other four combined, the equestrians being relatively in less force.

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more; for it is one of the sights of the metropolis, and, as such, it is always booked as one of the places to be visited. Every such visitor, then, knows that this remarkable engineering work was planned thirty years ago by the late Sir M. I. Brunel; that a company was formed to supply the means; that in 1826 the works were commenced; that sixteen years of intense anxiety to the engineer and ruinous cost to the company followed; that the work was opened for foot-passengers in 1842; and that the cost, first and last, has been L.400,000. The grand scheme of having a carriage-way for vehicles has never been carried out; and the pence received from foot-passengers amount to very little more than the necessary annual expenses. The day may come, perchance, when some bold railway company will purchase the Thames Tunnel, to make it a portion of some inter-metropolitan railway route; but whether commercial success attend it or not, honour to the bold engineer!

THE BOATING AND BOATMEN OF THE THAMES.

The jolly young waterman is not such an attractive personage as he was when Dibdin wrote and Incledon sung; still, he occupies a place in respect to the commerce of the Thames, arising out of the requirements of passenger-traffic. The whole fraternity of watermen in the Thames were placed by statute, in 1555, under the control of eight overseers, selected by the lord mayor and court of aldermen. The existing watermen had a bad character imputed to them by this statute. We are told that 'for want of good government and due order amongst the wherrymen and watermen, many misfortunes and mischances had happened to a great number of the king's and queen's subjects, as well to the nobility as to others of the common people, that had been carried by water; by reason of the rude, ignorant, and unskilful number of watermen, who, for the most part, were masterless men, and men of all kinds of occupations and faculties, and many boys of small age and of little skill, and being persons out of the rule and obedience of any honest master or governor, and who, for the most part of their time, used dancing, carding, and other unlawful games.' The boats and wherries are described as being too small and badly shaped; and regulations are laid down for their improvement. The fares were regulated by by-laws soon afterwards made, with great minuteness, for various distances on the river. The royal and noble personages of early days were wont to travel much by water; there were water-gates or water-stairs behind many of the mansions then situated in the Strand and Whitehall; and each mansion had its gaily-dressed barge and liveried watermen. But the free watermen had also an abundant trade: it was no easy matter, at one time, to get from London to Westminster by land; the water was the much more convenient route of the two.

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We must not speak of Thames watermen without doing honour to Taylor, the Water-poet, as he is called—a boatman so steeped in rhyme, that he versified almost everything he had to say. John Taylor, a Gloucestershire man, was bound 'prentice to a waterman in the Thames towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign. His life was one of much vicissitude; for some years, he plied his wherry industriously, and handled the oar and the pen alternately. In one of his works, he thus apostrophises the river, which had become to him a workshop:—

'Noble Thames, whilst I can hold a pen,
I will divulge thy glory unto men.
Thou, in the morning, when my coyne is scant,
Before the evening dost supply my want.
If, like the bee, I seek to live and thrive,
Thou wilt yield honey freely to my hive;
If, like a drone, I will not work for meat,
Thou (in discretion) giv'st me nought to eat;
Thou the true rules of justice dost observe,
To feed the lab'rer, let the idle starve.'

He then abuses society for troubles and vexations which he had experienced, and returned to his faithful Thames as a source of comfort:—

'Because thou never failed me in my need,
To thee, to thee again, I do retire,
And with thee I'll remain till life expire.
Thou art my mistress, and oft times from thee
Thy liberality hath flowed to me;
And for thou always giv'st me means to live,
My selfe, most thankfully, my selfe do give.'

Taylor was so furious a Protectionist, that he would have beaten down anything which would have interfered with the waterman's trade. He drew up and presented to James I. a petition, to obtain a prohibition of all playhouses, except on the Southwark side of the river, in order that the greater part of the inhabitants of London, desirous of visiting theatres, might be compelled to go by water! The establishment of coaches in England, shortly before the waterman-days of Taylor, aroused his bitterest ire. It is not fitting, he says, that—

'Fulsome madams, and new scurvy squires,
Should the streets in pomp, at their desires,
Like great triumphant Tamberlaines, each day,
Drawn by the pampered jades of Belgia,
That almost all the streets are choked outright,
Where men can hardly pass, from morn till night,
Whilst watermen want work.'

But, alas! watermen, like other folks, find that they must bend to the increasing wants of society. They had to witness the rise of coaches in Elizabeth's time, and they have had to see the establishment of steam-boats in more recent days. Yet it is remarkable to see how many of them do, somehow or other, pick up a living on the Thames. The watermen's 'stairs,' or landing-places, are placed pretty thickly on both banks of the river; and a large number of men still find employment either in ferrying

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passengers across the river, or in conveying them to and from the ships. There are not now many boat-trips up and down the river at London.

The longer distances of passenger-trade have a history of their own, as Greenwich and Gravesend readily shew. Our pleasure-trips on the Thames are somewhat different from those which Fitz-stephen described six centuries and a half ago. On Easter Monday, we see the overladen *Nymphs* and *Sylphs* carrying down their living freights of holiday-seekers to Greenwich Fair; but Fitz-stephen saw something different. 'In Easter holidays,' says he, 'they fight battles on the water. A shield is hanged on a pole fixed in the middle of the stream; a boat is prepared without oars, to be carried by violence of the water, and in the forepart thereof standeth a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance. If so be he break his lance against the shield and doth not fall, he is thought to have performed a worthy deed. If so be, without breaking his lance, he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water, for the boat is violently forced with the tide; but on each side of the shield ride two boats, furnished with two young men, which recover him that falleth as soon as they may.' We need not wonder to hear that 'upon the bridge and upon the river are great numbers to see and laugh thereat.' Howell, writing some centuries later, says: 'There was in former times a sport used upon the Thames, which is now discontinued: it was for two wherries to row, and run one against the other, with staves in their hands, flat at the fore-end.' Stow also speaks of the same sport, called water-tournaments; and says, that the enjoyment of the spectators consisted in seeing the two competitors 'overthrown and well ducked.' How changed! Where are our water-frolics now?

The traffic from London to Gravesend, now so wonderfully great, has for many ages been interesting and important. This route was formerly called the Long Ferry. The earliest kind of vessels known for this service had oars as well as small sails, and they always went with the tide. The privilege of working the Long Ferry was granted to the men of Gravesend by charter in 1401. Passengers were to be taken at the rate of 2d. each, including the fardel or pack, or 4s. for the whole fare of the boat. It is singular that, with all our cheapness, resulting from machinery and the division of employments, we have not in our day reached the cheap money-value of men's labour known in the time of our Edwards and Henries. The old ballad of *London Lack-penny*, written about the date above mentioned, by John Lydgate, tells of the Gravesend barge and its fare in the following words:—

'Then hyed I me to Belynges Gate;
And one cried: "Ho! go we hence?"
I prayed a bargeman, for God's sake,
That he would spare me my expense.
"Thou step'st not here," quoth he, "under ij pence."
I lyst not yet bestow my almes dede;
Thus lacking money, I could not speed.'

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In 1401, Lackpenny found, as we should find in 1853, that he who positively lacks money, is really not much the better for cheapness. The men of Gravesend had their monopoly of the Long Ferry confirmed by many subsequent charters. In 1503, a messenger was sent to Gravesend, to bring up a physician to attend upon Henry VII.'s queen; and among the items of expenses were:

For his bote hyre from the Towre tu Gravysende and again [back], . . .	iii iiij
Item tu twoo watermen abiding at Gravysende unto suche time as the said James come again, ...	viij

This grand sum of 3s. 4d. evidently refers to a specially-hired boat. By a sort of by-law of 1562, the Gravesend fare, by the barge or large open boat, was still 2d.; but by the boat with four oars, a steersman, and a tilt or awning, it was 4d. When Gravesend was made a corporate town by Queen Elizabeth, the barges and tilt-boats of the Long Ferry, though still owned by private persons, were controlled by the corporation, who granted licences, and so forth; and the owners had their regular turns for employment. The barges, which went every tide, were the regular authorised vessels; the tilt-boats, light-horsemen (a kind of boat which is difficult now to identify), and wherries, were competitors, which picked up a miscellaneous trade, much to the discomfiture of the vested interests in the barges. Battles were fought in the town-hall, in the justice-courts, and perhaps in the streets; and at length, in 1623, the tilt-boats established their claims to an equality with the barges. The barges died out during the reign of Charles I., and the tilt-boat then had the supremacy—to be tormented, in its turn, by rivals. A few improvements were made from time to time; and the old tilt-boat remained in power a few years longer.

THAMES STEAM-TRAFFIC.

But a new and most formidable competitor was about to appear on the scene—steam. In January 1815, appeared an advertisement, which startled both London pleasure-seekers and Gravesend boatmen: 'The public are respectfully informed, that the new London steam-engine packet, *Margery*, Captain Cortis, will start precisely at ten o'clock, on Monday morning, the 23d instant, from Wapping Old Stairs, near the London Docks, to Milton, below Gravesend; and will return from thence, at the same time on the succeeding morning, to the same stairs; the said packet having superb accommodation. Passengers and their luggage will be conveyed to and fro with more certain speed and safety than by any other conveyance by land or water, and on reasonable fares. Passengers are requested to be punctual to the time specified.' A steam-boat had been used on the Richmond route in the

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preceding year; but this was the first attempt at Gravesend. The *Margery* appears to have been a poor little affair: it was succeeded, in 1816, by the *Thames*, announced in rare holiday fashion. The steamer went and returned the same day; and the following tempting items were put forth: 'Ladies accompanied by gentlemen, in large parties of pleasure, passage free, Sundays only excepted. Refreshments provided—tea, bottled porter, &c. Passengers bringing refreshments will be assisted with boiling-water, and milk provided in readiness on board.' Here, then, we have a thorough picnicking, pleasure-making sort of a scheme. In 1817, a third steamer, the *Sons of Commerce*, was put upon this route. Meanwhile, the sailing-boats fought manfully for their position; decked-vessels had been introduced to supersede the open tilt-boat; and a Mr Dominy, in 1789, had launched one of such high pretensions, that he advertised it as being intended for 'genteel and creditable people only;' and it was further announced to be 'Mr Dominy's fixed resolution to carry no hop-pickers, or people going a-harvesting, on any account whatever.' The force of respectability could no further go. At the time of the introduction of the steam-boats, there were twenty-six sailing-boats on the London and Gravesend station, varying from twenty-two to forty-five tons each. However, steam gradually rose in influence. There were 27,000 steam-boat passengers in 1821, and 71,000 in 1825. In 1829, a rival company was established, the speed accelerated, the fares reduced; by 1833, the annual traffic had risen to 300,000 passengers, and new companies were formed. At length the poor sailing-boats, dropping off one by one from a hopeless contest, finally gave in, in 1834; since which time nothing but steamers have plied as passenger-boats between London and Gravesend. In a few years after this, the steam-boat passengers to and from Gravesend reached the large number of a million annually.

In the meantime, other places on the banks of the mighty river put in their claim for the benefits of steam navigation; and the ultimate result has been, that between Southend in the east, and Hampton Court in the west, there are nearly forty piers at which Thames steamers stop.

It is pleasant to watch the steamers from London Bridge, and to think how much business is facilitated, and how much pleasure afforded, by their aid. The Thames, it is true, is never free from an overhanging, cloudy, or misty atmosphere; but it is, nevertheless, an acceptable breathing-place to those who have been pent up in the dense streets of the huge metropolis. The practice of steaming on the Thames does unquestionably tend to improve the health of the Londoners; and we heartily wish success to all the well-conducted lines of steam-boats. There was some talk awhile ago of the construction of Thames gondolas—vessels which should combine something of the taste and smartness of Venetian gondolas with the rapid precision of modern steamers; but we are not aware that any definite progress has been made in this direction.

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Let us spend a few minutes in looking at the up-river steamers —those which do not go below London Bridge. Here, on the Middlesex side, and westward of the bridge, are the city termini for all of them. Not a single instant throughout the day is there a cessation from bustle at this extraordinary spot. There are always people going on the steamers or coming off; there are always boats either arriving or departing; there are always steaming pipes and smoking funnels; there are always men and boys loosening or fastening ropes, or turning rudder-wheels; there are always captains telegraphing the helmsman and the engine-boy with the hands and arms; there are always shoals of people descending the somewhat rickety platforms, stages, and gang-ways (for there wants a little reform in that matter) from Thames Street to the steam-boats. Here are the Halfpenny-boats running from London Bridge to the Adelphi; they rejoice in such names as the *Ant* and the *Bee;* they start almost every ten minutes; and they carry something like 40,000 passengers in a week. Here are the Penny-boats running from London Bridge to Westminster, and stopping at three intermediate piers; they are so numerous, that they follow each other at intervals of only five minutes: their charge is one penny for any part, or for all the distance, and their trade is truly enormous; and they render the Thames as flowery as they can by such names as the *Pink, Daisy, Forget-me-Not, Lilac, Snow-drop;* and so forth. Here are the Iron-boats, whose course is from London Bridge to Battersea Bridge, with ten or a dozen intermediate piers; their fares are twopence or threepence, according to distance; and they form two family parties—the *Daylight, Starlight, Twilight,* &c.; and the *Bachelor, Bride, Matrimony, Wedding-ring,* &c. Here are the Citizen-boats, having a similar route to those last named, and being called after the great city guilds—as the *Draper,* the *Goldsmith,* the *Fishmonger;* and so forth. Here, too, are the less numerous and more sluggish steamers which ascend to Richmond. And it is curious to see how all these steam-boats dodge about between the coal-barges—darting here and there—sometimes receiving a bump against one of these huge black carcasses, and then off again, with a bit of skin rubbed from the bows, or the sponson, or the paddle-box.

We cross to the other parapet of the bridge, and glance east-ward. Here the down-river steamers meet our view; and here the captains and the men have to keep a much sharper look-out than those above-bridge. The tiers of moored vessels are so broad and deep, that the navigable part of the river is reduced to a mere streamlet; and this portion is so blocked up, when a strong ebb or flood enables sailing-ships to depart or arrive, that the steamer has often to thread its way under no inconsiderable peril. Here, among others, are the Waterman-steamers, carrying their fourpenny and sixpenny passengers to Greenwich, Blackwall, and Woolwich. Here are the older Woolwich steamers, whose names of *Nymph,*

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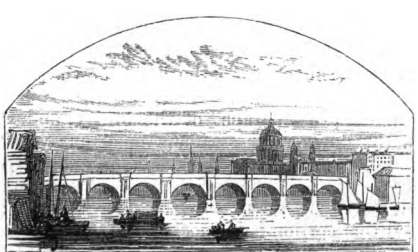
Fairy, Sylph, Naiad, Dryad, &c., scarcely accord with the busy and swarthy scenes through which they have to pass. Here, too, are some of the steamers (few compared with what they once were, for railways have made an inroad) to Gravesend; and here are those which extend their voyage to the regions of sea-sickness, about Southend, Sheerness, Herne Bay, Margate, and Ramsgate. The wharfs from which the sea-going steamers start are scarcely in sight from the bridge; but we see every now and then, 'looming in the distance,' the bulky hull and the black smoke of a steamer just going out to Harwich, Yarmouth, Hull, Newcastle, Berwick, Leith, Dundee, Aberdeen, or Inverness; or to Rotterdam, Antwerp, Ostend, Calais, Boulogne, or Havre; or to Jersey, Plymouth, or Cork.

The millions of passengers who thus annually make short journeys by steam-boat, at fares varying from one half-penny upwards, give life and animation to the otherwise solid and busy Commerce of the Thames. One thought is very likely to pass through the mind of a spectator of these extraordinary scenes: the thought how wonderful and instructive it is, that such a vast population can conduct their trading with so little need of government interference, so little agitation and distrust, so little accident and disaster. The vast social machine oils its own wheels, and winds up its own spring, regardless of the ins and outs among official men, and depending with an abiding confidence on the mutual relations between man and man, as being more healthy than the fostering, coddling, protective patronage which is so fashionable on the continent. When will autocrats believe that there is an age at which nations are old enough to run alone, without leading-strings or baby-jumpers?



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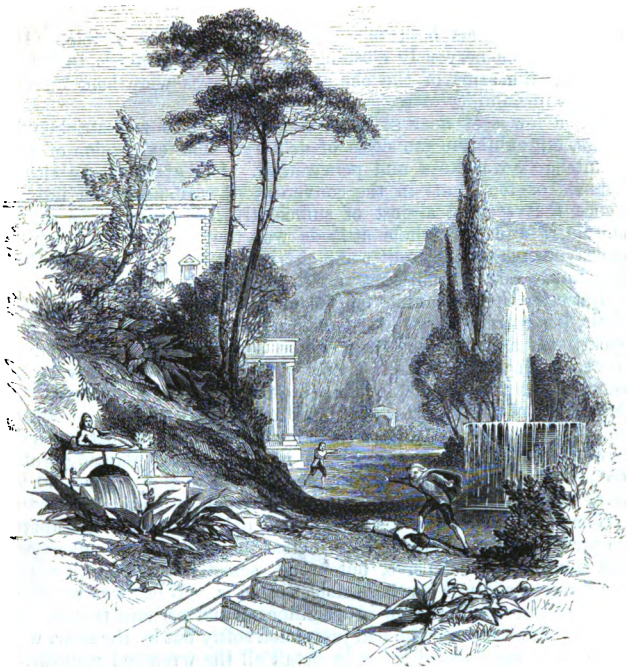

GINEVRA LA BIONDA.

I.

IN one of the vast chambers of the Gravina Palace at Genoa might have been witnessed, not many years ago, the materials of a beautiful family picture. The time was near sunset, and three streams of golden light were poured through as many uncurtained windows across the apartment, so that some of a long line of portraits set in the wainscotting were brightly visible, whilst the remainder shewed like a file of dim shadows.

Opposite the central window, in a spacious arm-chair, sat a venerable old man, on whose snowy head the beams of expiring day played as on the summit of an Alpine peak. His features had once been commanding; but now in every line evidences of

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extreme weakness both of mind and body were visible. He seemed to be nervously clasping the carved lion-heads that terminated the arms of the chair, and his eyes were bent on the ground in humility or resignation.

On a low seat near at hand was a lady also well-stricken in years, but exhibiting no signs of debility. The expression of her countenance was keen and penetrating. Her eyes, as she either listened or took part in the conversation, glistened with intelligence that seemed almost of sufficiently low order to be called cunning; and her whole attitude was that of one who, whilst endeavouring to carry out some cherished plan, desires, nevertheless, not to take a prominent part in counsel.

Between them, leaning on the antique back of the old man's chair, but turning now towards one, now towards the other, as she spoke, was a young girl, over whom some eighteen springs had passed with their lightest step. She was infinitely lovely to behold, but not of the loveliness generally found amongst the daughters of Italy. Her complexion shewed a mixture of white and rose, believed to be peculiar to northern climes, whilst her hair flowed over her Parian shoulders in cascades of glancing gold. Hence she had derived the name by which they knew her—Ginevra la Bionda, a reminiscence of Bandello's heroine.

The furniture of the apartment was old-fashioned and scanty: no practised eye was required to detect the evidences of poverty—not squalid and repulsive, but proud, sensitive, and dignified, as the poverty of those southern nobles often is. What was wanting in splendour was made up in cleanliness; and perhaps that meek-looking serving-man who had just stolen softly out by the door, was the only stranger who knew in detail all the wretched necessities to which the family was reduced.

'Mother mine,' said Ginevra in a rich musical voice, 'I begin to understand what is required of me; and may be I should not shrink from it, if there remained no other means by which the lustre of this house could be restored; and if'—— Her accents became troubled for awhile, and tears started to the eyes which she lifted up to heaven. 'O my father!' she proceeded, breaking off her sentence, but carrying on the same train of thought as she bent over the old man, and lightly touched his forehead with her lips—'do you not remember that evening and those solemn promises, and how he turned to me and invoked curses on my head if I waited not three years—and one year only is past?'

'Yes, yes, I remember,' murmured her father.

'We all remember,' said the mother cautiously; 'and of course promises are sacred. But did he not also promise to write, that we might know of his progress? Since he left Alexandria of Egypt, there have no tidings come of him; and perhaps'——

'Perhaps the tempest has been too strong, and the desert too

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fiery, mother. If so, three years of widowhood are not too much for such a man.'

There was a pause in the dialogue when Ginevra had dropped these words slowly and heavily, like the clay-clods upon a bier. Her mild sweet countenance had assumed an expression of solemn sorrow, and there was even a trembling on her lip that gave promise of tears.

Her love for the absent was no common love. She may be said to have been born with it; for he was her cousin, and they had been brought up under the same roof together. Agnolo da Gravina was an orphan, some three years older than Ginevra, and had been suffered to reach the age of twenty before they told him that he must carve his own fortunes, for the family estate had long since melted away. He was not unwilling to put his hand to any honourable work. They had enlisted him in that school which is spreading in Italy, and which holds among its tenets, that no true man must scorn to put his hand to the plough. If he felt a pang, therefore, it was because now for the first time the possibility was made manifest to him, that Ginevra whom he had loved from childhood with an ever-increasing love, might not be his. The idea found its way with difficulty to his mind; but when once it had taken possession, it could not be dislodged. For a whole year he hung his head, 'like the violet, full of the morning dew;' but one day he called together the family in that very place which we have described, and there declared his love and his hopes boldly and unreservedly. Ginevra looked acquiescence in all he uttered, and he was encouraged to demand a promise, that if he went away for three years from them to India in search of fortune, they would wait for him with patience during that time.

'You have allowed me, my dear adopted parents,' he said, 'to grow up in the belief that Ginevra should be mine, and she herself now ratifies my hopes by her regard. I know, however, your position; and that since our late losses you may be justified in seeking, in a brilliant marriage for her, some compensation for the injustice of fortune. Well, what matters it? Will it not be better if the wealth come from me? I will go into the East, and there with my sword or with my intellect, it little boots with which, I will win sufficient to make Ginevra one of the proudest dames in Genoa.'

Poor young man! he forgot that there were no new worlds to discover; and that it is not in this matter-of-fact age that ardent inexperienced youths can eclipse themselves for the period of a short apprenticeship, and return admirals of a whole fleet of argosies! Yet he had faith and courage; and we shall see what with these weapons he achieved.

They promised; for although the Marchioness of Gravina had already begun to nourish ambitious designs, and although the marquis himself now, for the first time, understood that his daughter had been appropriated, both were influenced by the

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enthusiasm of young Agnolo, and both saw that it would be imprudent to rouse the dormant spirit of Ginevra. This young girl had early exhibited symptoms of being possessed of an iron will; and even had they not feared her obstinacy, she had a strong advocate in their love. The young man departed, therefore, with a small sum of money, given him by another uncle of his, an old canon of Padua; and, as has been said, had only been once heard of since that time.

II.

The Marchioness of Gravina was in reality an excellent woman, although she wanted that chivalrous sense of duty which had long been the boasted characteristic of the family. When she gave her promise along with her husband, no intention of breaking it at a convenient opportunity existed in her mind. But as time wore on, the emotions excited by that solemn scene dwindled into soft eddies, and finally died away. The pinchings of necessity likewise became more sharp. Andrea, the butler and general servant, tore his hair several times in an ostentatious manner; and being called upon for an explanation, confessed that there was nothing but bread and dried fruit for dinner; and that in his opinion it 'was time for La Bionda to marry a prince.' In more prosperous years, this hint from a menial, however faithful, would have been resented as a direful insult; but when they remembered that appearances in that stately palace had to be kept up with the rent of the solitary farm of some few acres on the Arquata hills, they accepted the voice of the butler almost as a divine revelation.

The marquis had been a mighty man for punctilio in his time. He once swore never to take his boots off until he had obtained satisfaction for an insult he had received. His adversary left the city and went to some distant country, so that the poor gentleman was obliged to go to bed booted and spurred for six months. At the end of this period news came that the man had died. A council of honour was called; the melancholy event was decided to be ample satisfaction; and the worthy marquis suffered the boots to be cut off his swelled feet. He was much changed now: not that his sense of honour had grown less acute, but his will had been enfeebled by age and mental suffering. If the marchioness had desired it, she might have almost persuaded him to do a directly dishonourable act by talking for an adequate number of hours. Three days of dismal complaining had induced him to consent to appeal to Ginevra herself on the subject of the obnoxious promise.

'She was a girl when she made it,' said the marchioness; 'and it would be cruel to bind her down to it, now that she is a woman.' They had accordingly met in solemn family conclave on the spot

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where Agnolo had demanded and received the pledge which was to sustain him in his battle with the world. Ginevra had begun by indignantly refusing to discuss the subject; but the authority of her father had quelled her opposition, and they long talked at random, until the marchioness alluded to 'the Tedescan prince' who had seen them at church, who had followed them home, who had taken a palace in the same street, who had sent flowers, organised serenades, and had finally requested the aid of a cardinal to obtain an introduction to the family. He was to come the next morning, under pretence of seeing a famous old picture, a real Correggio, which was in possession of the marquis, and which he dared not sell, because its *locus* was known to every amateur in Europe, and this would be a public advertisement of his poverty. It was to a casual announcement of this fact that Ginevra had made the reply we have recorded. After a long pause she reverted to it.

'I shall see this German,' said she, 'who is so polite as to pursue me with his admiration. I have not the slightest doubt of my own faith; but if his brilliancy should dazzle me, I can do Agnolo no better kindness than to betray him. The heart which is like a mirror, and loses the image of the absent, is not worth having.'

'She speaks well, wife, very well,' muttered the poor old marquis. 'Say that again, my child. The heart—— What was it?'

Ginevra la Bionda smiled, and, stooping down, again repeated the words she had used, whilst the marchioness bit her lips and moved uneasily on her seat. To caress these sentiments was not the way to carry out her designs. She frowned at her husband; but he did not notice her, for he was playing with the long golden hair of Ginevra, which kindled in the last blaze of the sun that was setting beyond the warm Mediterranean, and fell over her father's snowy locks in showers of light, as she bent lower and nearer to him, and finally threw her arms round his neck, and fell upon his breast and sobbed aloud. The beams flickered on the coffered ceiling for a moment, and then brown shadows filled the room. Another form came to add itself to the group. The marchioness had felt a mother's sentiments bubbling up in her breast; thoughts of interest were for a time stifled; and the three remained clasped together in a kind of joyful sadness until they were surrounded by utter obscurity.

III.

The prince, who was called in Genoa Il Principe Frederico, came next morning in the cardinal's own coach. He was a fine handsome man, of about thirty-four years of age, rather robust, and somewhat heavy-eyed perhaps, but still not at all disqualified by nature to be a suitor even of the gentle and beautiful Bionda. His carriage was manly, and his costume irreproachable. Andrea

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at once gave a verdict in his favour: never saw such a prince in his life—worth fifty Agnolos (all this was between his teeth)—wished he had a daughter impudent enough to rebel against such good-fortune—stripes, dungeon, a convent, the veil, bread and water! The honest fellow had probably listened through the keyhole to the whole of the conference of the previous evening.

The conduct of the prince was exquisite. A shower of bows first testified his profound respect for the Gravina family; then he took the marchioness by the hand, and led her up her own staircase in the most beautifully stately manner that was ever seen. Andrea could not contain his admiration; and so far forgot the hierarchical distribution of things, as to nudge his master, who was following as fast as soft corns would allow him, and point with chuckling delight at the group that was already half up the broad flight of marble steps.

'Porco!' growled the marquis, giving him a smart tap on the bald crown with his ivory-headed cane; whereupon Andrea, restored to ideas of subordination, leaped three steps downward, and brought up the rear of the procession with due gravity, except that every time he passed a dingy mirror he endeavoured to perform the impossible feat of closely inspecting the bump he had received.

It had been arranged that Ginevra should be in the apartment where the Correggio was hung; and there she was seated before an old piano made some time in the last century. Strong in the conviction of her own love, she consented to any arrangement, except when the marchioness asked her to be a little—just a little, attentive to the prince; to exhibit a marked admiration of his judgment. 'If he make any wise remark,' said she, 'I will not be miserly of applause; but if he speak like a fool, I will be silent.' This was the only compromise they could bring her to consent to. 'Besides,' said she, 'I profess, after all, not to wish to fascinate this Teutonic importation. I am no coquette; and'—we must pardon her the magnificent solecism—'wish only to be the centre of one line.'

However, she had not refused to dress in her best—as any little milliner of the Strada del Popolo would have done to receive a visitor—and she had braided her vast profusion of sequin-coloured hair into a splendid tiara. Agnolo would have trembled at the elaborate simplicity of her costume, and would have sworn that she intended to betray him. Perhaps in her heart Ginevra at that moment was proud only of the wondrous nature of her beauty, because she thought on whom she was going to bestow it. Yet, though they had all schooled her to coquetry—even Andrea had hoped that she would keep up the credit of the Gravina family—such is the injustice of the world, that she was afterwards accused of wantonly trifling with the feelings of a prince.

The meeting was not awkward on either side. Ginevra rose with calm self-confidence when the group approached, and received

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the subdued but well-accentuated compliments of the complacent German with almost regal condescension. The conversation turned at first on the Correggio; and when the good old marquis had chanted a few accustomed phrases on art in general, and this picture in particular—all which the well-read northern heard with indulgent admiration—there came on a regular joust of intellect, in which the prince on one side, and Ginevra on the other, fought with weapons blunted, it is true, but not harmless.

That was an unwise proceeding, O prince! You thought to dazzle this maiden, reared in the seclusion of her marble nest; to overawe her, to subjugate her by the extent of your academical acquirements. And a most brilliant intellectual athlete you were. We should have shrunk from the contest ourselves perhaps; but that golden-haired girl, who seemed to have strayed from a northern race, and to have been idealised by feeding on Italian air, was more than a match for him. She did not demolish his quaint arrangements of facts by hurling other facts at him; but flashed down upon them with the light of her genius, and consumed the whole as if it had been a pile of dry leaves in Vallambrosa.

Courteously acknowledging that the lady knew more of painting than himself, Prince Frederico next asked her to play; for he said to himself: 'This is a terrible *blue*, and cannot sound a note. I will shew her what we can do at Munich and Dresden. She *must* acknowledge my superiority in something, or I have come on a fool's errand.'

Ginevra smiled rather contemptuously, as if divining his thoughts; and turning to her time-stained instrument, began at once to play. We cannot accumulate technical phrases to describe her magnificent performance. Suffice it to say, that the prince—generally admitted to have been in his day one of the best judges on the continent—pronounced her execution to be superb, unexampled. Nor was this said in a complimentary mood; it was rather wrung from him in an unguarded moment.

'Can you sing?' he inquired, hoping perhaps for a negative answer.

'Yes, prince,' replied she firmly, as one conscious of her power.

And she sung! It was impossible to surpass that; and the man of the world, who came to dazzle a little ignorant pretty daughter of a broken-down noble, looked at her with envious admiration. His self-love now more than ever required a victory, and he resolved to spare no pains necessary to take this treasure back to his little ten-foot-square principality. Among other flattering things, he said: 'There is no prima donna accustomed to visit the most brilliant capitals of Europe, who would not envy you the possession of that voice. It is a fortune in itself; and it is a pity for the world that you are not obliged to make use of it to gain your living.'

The marquis tossed his head a little, and coughed drily; but

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the marchioness understood that all this meant merely that he admired Ginevra supremely. The young girl herself began to be interested in the conversation, and asked: 'Do you really mean that a person singing no better than I do could make money?'

'Oceans!' said the prince laughing; 'and if the world be ever turned upside down, I may be some day crying bravo at your début.'

The talk continued to scandalise the punctilious marquis; but his wife looked him into silence.

'I wish I could believe you!' exclaimed Ginevra.

'Why, signorina, you surely do not think of taking the bread out of Grisi's mouth?'

'There is room for all birds that warble under heaven,' replied she; 'but'—a groan from the marquis put her in mind of public opinion—'these are mere fancies, and perhaps you are playing on my vanity, prince.'

Of course he assured her that this was not the case; and feeling that it was now time to retire, said 'farewell,' after receiving permission to renew his visit as often as he pleased.

'What a wonderfully clever man!' exclaimed the marchioness, breaking ground most maladroitly in the wrong place. 'I never heard such delightfully learned talk. You put me in mind of two Paduan doctors! Oh, if you were destined, child, to be a princess, how you would edify your court!'

'Three words of love, mother,' said Ginevra, 'are worth a whole library of learning.'

'I do not like his comparing you to an excommunicated actress,' put in the marquis. 'You will bring our family into disgrace, Ginevra, if you meddle so much with books and dainty studies. The Gravinas have never found it necessary to be able to read more than their mass-book and a challenge.'

'O most noble prince!' cried Andrea, shouting a soliloquy at his masters as they passed the kitchen, 'he has given me enough to buy a quarter of lamb for dinner, besides salad and wine, and I know not what.'

He was a most excellent fellow, but liked his sacrifice to be appreciated. They knew him, and were long past all serious twinges of pride.

'Andrea,' said the marquis, looking rather affectionately into the kitchen, 'there is a basket of game which the Contessa Barbi has sent.'

'Then we can have lamb to-morrow,' muttered Andrea.

IV.

Ginevra took the first opportunity to retire to her room. It was situated in a lofty wing of the palace, and opened upon a private terrace, which she had converted into a perfect hanging-garden.

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From this place she could sweep her eye round the vast semicircular line of hills that surrounds Genoa on the land side; could plunge into most of the steep and tortuous streets of the city; and, above all, could survey the harbour, embraced by its world-celebrated mole. From this look-out it was that she had watched the ship which bore her Agnolo as it got under-way, and slipped, bending under a gentle breeze, along the purple sea towards the southern horizon; and here she often sat gazing, now not at outward, but at homeward bound vessels, and picturing to herself the delight which might some day be borne to her breast by one of those moving clouds of canvas.

She had now, however, something more to do than to indulge in reveries, whether bitter or sweet. It was evident that a trying time was approaching. Her mother, it was clear, had resolved in her own mind that the solemn promise to Agnolo should be broken; and that she was to be handed over to that coldly brilliant stranger. Her father, despite his old professions of chivalrous honour, was evidently well-nigh tamed down by misery and age into acquiescence in the contemplated breach of faith. She had, therefore, to fight her own battle, and that of the absent, without aid or counsel.

Yet there was one person to whom she occasionally went for comfort and assistance—a person whose friendship she had formed against custom, and even against her own prejudices—invested with very little power to assist, but with much eloquence to console her. This was Nina, her old mistress in music and singing, once a celebrated professor, but long ago ousted from popularity by more vigorous and plausible rivals. Of all her pupils, this Ginevra la Bionda was the only one that remained; and to her she now came daily as a friend, for a long time had passed since any remuneration had been offered her. From the savings of her economy, or from some other source, the good old lady possessed a little income; and unless the popular rumours, on which this narrative is partly founded, be not exaggerated, as rumours now and then are, the very gown which Ginevra wore that day was a secret present from her plebeian friend.

There was a busy thought stirring beneath the broad pure brow of La Bionda, and yet she hardly dared to entertain it for more than a moment at a time. It would come back, however; and as she impatiently watched the pavement far below, on which human beings were moving like ants, she was endeavouring to make out the quick eager trot of her little old friend, that she might unburden her heart to her.

At length she breathed more freely; and shortly after in came the kind bustling Nina with a packet of new music under her arm.

'My good friend,' said Ginevra, 'sit down and listen to me without speaking.'

Not waiting for an answer, she placed herself at her piano, and

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having preluded, sang one of those marvellous pieces which could only have been dreamed of under an Italian sky. Her execution was that of one inspired; and little old Nina absolutely danced with delight when the last notes went rolling away towards the skies.

'Bravo! bravo!' she cried at length.

'Then you think still,' said Ginevra calmly, 'that in time I might rise to be a prima donna, and gain money as well as fame?'

'Why not, Ginevra? If it were not for your family, who would never hear of such a thing, and would accuse me of corrupting you, I would advise you at once to go upon the boards instead of'——

'Instead of starving here,' said Ginevra. 'I confess it is not misery that puts this idea into my head, although I think there is nothing so undignified as this state of idle poverty. Another and stronger motive than mere desire of wealth or applause guides me.'

Then she repeated her story, with the addition which her experience of that day enabled her to make. Nina listened in cautious silence. The good woman was fearful of being accused of corrupting her old pupil, and yet could not help approving of the wild idea submitted to her.

'I should have wished,' continued Ginevra, when she had related the interview with the German prince, 'to have spared this apparent disgrace to our family, but I am driven to it. They want me to break my plighted troth to Agnolo; and though I know the strength of my own will, I do not wish to exhaust it in family bickerings, that may end in total heart-estrangement. My determination is made, if you will assist me, and if I can by any means obtain a small sum of money.'

'That I will assist you, there can be no doubt,' said Nina, before whose mind visions of a brilliant existence, to be shared with Ginevra, were perhaps floating. 'But I do not know in what way to obtain the necessary means.'

'I will tell you my plan,' replied Ginevra. 'It can be justified only because there is no other, and because I am driven to adopt it by the force of circumstances. This morning the prince, who has little real reverence for art, advised my father that his Correggio should be sent to be cleaned by the old Jew Mario. I objected to this at the time, but I will seem to change my mind, and'——

'I understand,' put in Nina, perceiving that Ginevra hesitated. 'You have heard, as who has not, that the Jew lends money on pictures. We will go to him, procure five hundred sequins, fit ourselves out, and then hey for Venice or Naples!'

'Thank you for that word,' said Ginevra, smiling gravely at her old friend's enthusiasm. Having now communicated her plan, she felt more at ease—and yet not wholly so. Although an Italian, she was by nature averse to artifice of any kind; and the mode she was obliged to adopt of raising money, as well as a departure which would resemble an elopement, entirely clashed with her

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principles. From her point of view, however, she was obeying the call of duty. To acquiesce in her mother's ambitious projects, would be death. To remain at home, and yet thwart them by determined opposition, would be misery incalculable. All that remained was to fly for awhile, and find out a road to fortune.

V.

Two or three days afterwards, the Jew Mario was in his vast workshop, superintending the operations of his disciples, aspirant picture-cleaners, when two ladies were announced as desiring to speak with him.

'Shew them in,' he said carelessly to the servant, for he was accustomed to this kind of visit; and then he turned to admire with the eye of a connoisseur a magnificent Correggio, which had that morning been sent to him in the name of Ginevra da Gravina. Presently a soft yet firm voice by his side said: 'It is indeed a wonderful painting.'

He turned and beheld a closely-veiled lady, accompanied by Nina, whom he knew well.

'Yes, signora,' he replied, 'there are few like it; and many an English nobleman would cover it with gold to possess it.'

'I come to speak on that subject,' said Ginevra. 'Will you take me to a private room?'

Mario bit his lips, for he imagined that he had marred the prospect of a good bargain by his immoderate praise. Without replying, he led the way into a meanly-furnished room in the rear of his workshop, and motioned to his two lady-visitors to be seated.

'I am the daughter of the Marquis da Gravina,' said Ginevra unveiling.

Mario bowed recognition, calculating all the while in his own mind how far the necessities of that needy family would put them at his mercy. Ginevra, however, soon undeceived him as to the purport of her visit, and dispelled the visions of exorbitant profit he had formed.

'Signor Mario,' she began, 'I have sent you my Correggio [she was right in calling it hers, for they had promised it to her for her dowry], not to be cleaned, varnished, and spoiled—you must see as well as I do, that it would be sacrilege to touch it—but as a pledge for a sum of money which I wish to borrow of you.'

'I am not a pawnbroker,' said Mario, trying to colour.

'I know it, signor; but, like other bankers, you lend at a reasonable interest. I want five hundred sequins immediately. Can I have them?'

The picture-cleaner was not accustomed to this abrupt mode of doing business. Like other usurers, he came daily in contact with people who supplicated him almost on their knees to assist in

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ruining them; and it was his pleasure to exhibit his power, and better the terms he made, by an affectation of unwillingness. Nina watched his countenance eagerly, and mistaking his look of surprise for one of anger, coughed to warn her young friend to be a little more prudent; but La Bionda, though she understood the appeal, affected not to notice it, and again pressed her question.

'Signorina,' said Mario at length, 'I can do what you require of me; but how can I be really assured that you have authority to pledge the picture? Nay, do not start—I mean no offence; but the public rumour describes it as the property of your father, the Marquis da Gravina.'

Ginevra felt that the object of this speech was to induce her to lower her demand, and engage for a heavier interest. 'I cannot discuss my right, since you call it in question,' said she rising. 'Let the picture be taken back to the palace.'

'Nay, signorina, do not mistake me; I merely ask for my own safety. You are too hasty. It is evident you do not act without authority. I will let you have the money.'

Ginevra endeavoured to look indifferent, and reseated herself; whilst Nina, taking courage at what she supposed to be the termination of the bargain, began at length to let loose the flood of chat which she had hitherto pent up.

'That's right, Mario,' she cried familiarly; 'that is the way to deal with people of quality. Open your strong boxes, and let us see your gold. It must be more shining than that of other folks. Where do you get it from? Have you a mine? Or is it true what people say, that you found an iron chest full of broad pieces in the cellar of this house when you took it!'

'You are facetious, Signora Nina,' said Mario somewhat contemptuously. 'Every piece you shall see represents some portion of my toil, my anxiety, my intelligence, spent in its acquisition.—But our terms are not quite made yet,' he added, turning again to Ginevra. 'For how long do you want this money, and what am I to gain by lending it to you?'

'In a year from this,' replied Ginevra, 'I will return to you six hundred sequins instead of five hundred.'

'Be it so,' said the usurer, who in reality imagined that he was purchasing the picture for that miserable sum, as he was too well acquainted with the circumstances of the Gravina family to believe that he would be repaid in the time specified. In his view, Ginevra had simply been charged with this delicate commission by her father, too proud to conduct such a negotiation himself.

In a very short time the necessary papers were drawn up and signed, and Mario having obsequiously bowed out his fair visitors, hastened back to his workshop to admire, and then to put away, the inestimable work which he already regarded as his own property. Ginevra and Nina returned to the palace, to count over their gold, and make preparations for the journey they were soon to undertake. The former remained serious and melancholy; but the

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latter, as people accustomed to a precarious mode of life often do when a moment of apparent good-fortune gleams upon them, absolutely danced with delight, and had soon spent in imagination more than double the fortune they possessed.

VI.

As was to have been expected, the prince continued his visits every day, and soon succeeded in enlisting both the marquis and his wife most strongly in favour of his addresses. On the day, indeed, which witnessed Ginevra's visit to the Jew, they had both joined in a chorus of praise, and had signified a wish, if not a command, that no more should be said of the absent Agnolo. Fearful of an attempt to work on his feelings, perhaps schooled by his more cautious partner, the marquis blustered out his opinion and left the room, announcing his intention of departing on a visit to his estates (for so he described his only farm) on the Arquata hills. However, as he had to depend for means of conveyance on such occasions on Farmer Antonio himself, he was compelled to change his mind in going down stairs, and hinted to Andrea that he should instead go and play a game at billiards with an octogenarian friend in a palace round the corner. The scene that ensued after his departure need scarcely be described. The marchioness was imperative; Ginevra obstinate, almost defiant; and the visit to Mario was the consequence.

Two days afterwards they waited in vain for Ginevra in the morning; she made not her appearance. They went to her room, and found a bag containing 100 sequins on the table, accompanied by a letter, which had been composed in a long night of vigil. Ginevra told the story of her proceedings in detail, even the visit to Mario; justified herself eloquently, yet begged for forgiveness and the assistance of parental blessings; but spared the pride of the marquis a revelation of the road on which she was going to travel in search of wealth.

The poor old gentleman was at first struck dumb by this undutiful proceeding of his daughter; but recovering voice at length, in the violence of his anger began to curse the truant aloud.

'Ay, curse her!' put in Andrea with tremendous unction. The man would always speak at the wrong time; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth ere the ivory-headed cane, luckily wielded by no potent arm, descended once more on his bare skull.

'How dare you curse one of my family?' shouted the marquis, choking with rage, but perhaps delighted, as such peppery individuals sometimes are in similar cases, to have some present person to quarrel with. 'Get out of my sight—get out of my house, and never let me set eyes on you again. My daughter to be cursed by a knave whom I have'—— He was going to say 'fed,' but he felt this would be an unjustifiable boast; besides, Andrea had

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vanished as quick as thought, and there remained no one but the marchioness, in whom all a mother's feelings were at length roused, and who stood gazing at her daughter's letter with eyes from which big tears gushed unchecked, to bathe her marble countenance.

'We have driven the light from our house,' said she, 'and no one will pity us. We would have sold her for money.'—The marquis sank into the chair that had been his daughter's, and covered his face with both his hands.—'I seemed to think only of her good,' continued the mother in a solemn self-accusing tone; 'but, perhaps, in the secret recesses of my heart, there were ambitious stirrings that prompted me. Why should I have endeavoured to force my daughter into the arms of that northern barbarian, who would have bestowed on us the alms of his bounty, and then taken her away to a land where she would have heard of our deaths between a festival and a ball, and covered her indifferent breast with a six weeks' mourning, thinking, all the while, "it was to gild two or three remaining years of life that they sold me in my youth and prime to this master?"'

'Woman!' shouted the marquis, starting up as if with the vigour of youth, 'you have no right to torture me with these horrible pictures. Who encouraged this barbarian? Did I bring him to the house? Who persecuted poor Ginevra? Who urged me to break faith with Agnolo? Who'——

'Husband,' said the marchioness meekly, 'I accuse you not. On my head be all the curses deserved for this crime that has been committed. You may live to behold the return of our unhappy Ginevra—for be sure it will not be immediately—but I shall soon have no more part in this world. I shall bequeath to you the task of begging this unhappy girl to pardon me.' The marquis was deeply moved by the tone in which the poor woman spoke, and embraced her fondly. Then they concerted measures for endeavouring to discover the route that Ginevra had taken, so that, if possible, they might come up with her and bring her back. Sometimes they thought she must have departed on a wild search for her cousin Agnolo; at others, that she had gone to Rome, where lived a distant wealthy relative, her godmother, with whom they had held no communication for many years; but the idea that their daughter had departed with the intention of earning a living, perhaps a fortune, by any kind of personal exertion, never crossed their minds. They would as soon have thought of her enlisting as a grenadier, as suppose that she would have entertained the idea of seeking an engagement in the operatic company of Venice.

When the prince learned this piece of astounding news, his vanity was severely wounded; and though he faintly offered his assistance in searching for the lost one, he had in reality no other thought but that of escaping as soon as possible from the scene of his humiliating discomfiture. With polite malice he hoped that this mysterious flight was nothing more than a youthful

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escapade—was sure of it indeed—although in his country strange surmises would be made. In Italy of course people's modes of viewing such events were different; it was a moral country—pre-eminently so; there were no such things as elopements. To cut the matter short, the marquis told the prince that his services were not required, and that it would be better for him to retire by the way he had come. The answer to this straightforward speech was a bow of savage politeness; and the Gravina family were left to search for their daughter in their own way. In spite of a visit to Mario's, no success attended their efforts; the matter was soon hushed up; and they waited with constrained patience for the decrees of fate. In about a month a letter came from Ginevra, sent by a trustworthy person to Genoa. She was in high spirits, but gave no account of her fortunes or prospects, merely assuring them that she was well. And so life went on in the Gravina palace; the picture was supposed to be perpetually cleaning; and the 100 sequins, judiciously applied by old Andrea, maintained something like comfort in the palace for a long time.

VII.

A year all but a day passed over this bereaved family, and found them still in an expectant and uncertain mood of mind. They had received several letters from Ginevra, who not only assured them of her own health, but seemed to know all about theirs. She gave, however, no hopes of an approaching return, merely expressing anxiety now and then about the fate of the picture, which had furnished her the means of her adventurous expedition.

The Jew, Mario, was in his private gallery with Lord ——, the celebrated picture-collector. They were standing before a Holy Family, by Correggio, and the wealthy amateur was expressing amazement at its beauty and high state of preservation, when the servant came in and announced the Marquis da Gravina. Mario started, and bit his lip; but soon recovering, reflected that the old nobleman could have no means of reclaiming the pledge, and was probably come to beg for a further delay before it was sold. He would have liked to be rid of his English visitor, but could devise no plan for sending him away. Indeed he had no time allowed him, for the marquis almost immediately appeared at the end of the gallery, followed by Andrea, who cast the glance of a supercilious connoisseur on either hand as he advanced bearing a leathern bag in his hand.

'Signor Mario,' said the marquis, making a stately bow, 'I have come to reclaim my picture.' Seeing a stranger, who naturally turned to listen, the old gentleman bridled up and was silent, but the sweep of his ivory-headed cane had already indicated what picture he meant.

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'Excuse me,' said the Englishman, advancing deferentially to the marquis; 'I will not interfere with your private business; but I must ask one question: Is that magnificent painting yours?'

'Had I omitted to mention that circumstance?' put in Mario blandly.

'The Signor Picture-cleaner,' said the marquis drily, as he returned the stranger's bow, 'had omitted to mention that circumstance.'

Lord —— could not know that this was part of a little family tragedy, and rattled on for some time in praise of the Correggio and of the school to which he belonged; asked permission to admire it again in the Gravina Gallery, and at length retired.

'Andrea,' said the marquis, endeavouring as much as possible to be dignified, 'set down that bag, and retire to a little distance.'

Andrea did so with a prodigious sigh. What wonderful alterations that heap of gold would have made in home policy!

'I have nothing to say to you, Signor Mario,' continued the marquis, 'touching an event which took place in this house a year ago. You acted according to your nature and your profession. Perhaps I ought to thank you for your confidence in my daughter's integrity; for'—here his look became terrible—'you must know, that if I had denied her right to bring that picture here, it would have returned immediately to my palace, and you might have wept for your money.'

Mario looked daggers, and replied: 'I knew the Gravina family too well to fear that. They would not care to have the story of a daughter of their house pawning her father's picture for an elopement bruited about the city.'

'Silence, knave!' shouted the marquis, rising suddenly to his full height, and recovering for a moment the voice that had made him terrible in battle in youth. Mario shrank back, and was silent. The remainder of the interview was short. The money was paid; the receipts were destroyed; and the picture, carried by two *facchinos*, returned to the Gravina palace in company with its master. Next day Lord —— made his appearance, and easily succeeded in pleasing the marquis and marchioness, who were not insensible to grave respect from whatever quarter it came. They shewed him the Correggio to his heart's content, and one or two other pictures of very inferior merit. He asked to be allowed to take a view of the city from the terrace of the house; and they conducted him to the chamber which had once been Ginevra's.

'Good Heaven!' he exclaimed, as he returned into the room after admiring the prospect, 'whose portrait is that?'

He pointed to a water-colour sketch made by young Agnolo before he went, of his cousin La Bionda. Love had supplied the place of art, and enabled him to produce an admirable likeness.

The two old people did not answer at first; for as they gazed

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at that countenance, beaming amidst its halo of sunny locks, their eyes filled with tears, and their lips trembled.

'It reminds me,' said Lord ——, 'of the prima donna I saw last month at Naples: it must be she. An Italian girl with golden locks is so rare. They said, too, she was of Genoa, by her accent. How delightful to behold genius thus honoured in its own city!'

The speech of the unconscious amateur was interrupted by the heavy fall of the marquis upon the ground. The unhappy nobleman had understood and exaggerated his disgrace. It struck him down as with a club; and when they raised him, and brought him by degrees out of his fit, it was to discover that his intellects were gone. He smiled vacantly at every one; and said only: 'Let the prima donna sing!'

The marchioness, who admired wealth more than birth, and who at bottom loved her daughter in her way more than either, was secretly delighted to hear some definite news of poor Ginevra. Had it not been, indeed, for the dreadful effect produced by the intelligence on the marquis, she would have exerted herself to reconcile his mind to what had occurred. As it was, she was not even able to write to her daughter; for Lord ——, appalled at the dreadful results of his inconsiderate talk, had left the palace immediately, and Genoa the same day, without mentioning the name under which Ginevra played. He was observed to study the newspapers carefully before his departure; and suddenly making up his mind, announced his intention of proceeding to Vienna.

VIII.

The marquis remained in a state almost bordering on imbecility during a whole year, tended by his wife and Andrea. Generally speaking, he went through all the formalities of life with tolerable exactitude. It was observed, however, that at least once a day he used to become excited, and exclaim vehemently: 'Let the prima donna sing!' Some doubted that he recognised those who approached him; but Andrea claimed an especial exemption in his favour, on the ground that whenever he committed a solecism in manners, the ivory-headed cane used to be brought into play more vigorously than ever. 'As the noble marquis never strikes anybody else,' he used to say proudly, 'I am sure he has not forgotten his faithful Andrea.'

One day—it seemed solemn like an anniversary, but they knew not why—the two old people were sitting in the room where we first introduced them with Ginevra; but she was not there between them. The marchioness was pretending to knit; whilst her feeble husband occasionally stamped his foot, and insisted that the prima donna should sing. They had often brought singers

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to him, in hopes to soothe his folly, but he had driven them angrily away.

Andrea came, and announced that a shabby-looking stranger, who would not be sent about his business by any means, demanded to see them. 'In my younger days,' said the good old servant, 'I should have allowed my passion to get the better of my judgment, and have beaten the knave well; but pity has overcome me, and I condescend to bear his request for an interview. Besides, he pretends to know me, and calls me Andrea.'

'It is perhaps from her,' said the marchioness, making signs with her eyes.

'It is perhaps from her,' repeated the marquis.

At that moment a tall young man, as Andrea had hinted, most shabbily dressed, but of commanding appearance, entered the apartment, and having advanced a few steps, doffed his travelling-cap, and stood silent before the marquis and his wife. Andrea would have blustered at this unceremonious proceeding, but suddenly the two old people started from their seats, crying: 'It is he, Agnolo, our nephew!'

The next moment he was in their arms, and they wept over him; for they had emotions ever ready to be roused by the return of a long absent one, and on him their tears were poured for want of a better.

When the young man found strength to speak, he uttered first these words: 'Where is she?—Well?'

They answered: 'Well.'

The word fell coldly on his ear, and roused a strange suspicion.

'Married?'

'No.'

The gush of joy that overwhelmed his heart found expression only in a word of grief: 'Alas!'

'Why alas, Agnolo?' said the marchioness. Her husband, after a moment of lucidity, had lapsed as it were out of the conversation, and was murmuring rapidly to himself about the prima donna.

'Alas!' replied the young man, 'because I return as I went, or rather worse than I went; for then I had hope—now I have none. I have pursued fortune round the world, and have not even been able to catch sight of the skirt of her robe. I have tasted of the bitterness of death in the sea, in the desert, in battle, and in sickness; I have suffered hunger and thirst and fatigue, and insult and prison and suspicion; I was once even tortured by the semblance of success, which was ruin. But I bring back no jewels, no heaps of dollars; and, as three years ago, I have no other claim to Ginevra than my love.'

'Agnolo,' said the marchioness, 'there has another barrier risen betwixt you and her.'

She drew him into the embrasure of a window, and faithfully related all that had occurred since his departure, except that

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naturally she softened away the share she had taken in advocating the pretensions of the prince. Agnolo did not require any enlightenment on this point. He knew his mother's sister well, but kept his thoughts to himself, and eagerly drank in every circumstance of her extraordinary narrative. When he had heard all, he remained a long time in meditation; and then, drawing a long breath, as if he had taken some dreadful resolution, he firmly bade adieu to his unhappy relatives; pretended the calls of business; and went away from the house looking, as Andrea expressed it, more like an angry ghost than a mortal.

IX.

Now what, meanwhile, had been the career of Ginevra la Bionda? The history of her emotions, her mental sufferings, might fill a volume; that of her fortunes may be compressed into a very few paragraphs.

On leaving the Gravina palace before dawn, she went to the little cottage of Nina, situated near the Milan gate. A carriage was here ready, with two horses, driven by Pietro, a lad whom Nina knew, and who professed himself desirous of leaving Genoa, because his master, Count Barbe, had ill-treated him. They did not make any accurate inquiries into his character, or they would have found that he had wounded the butler with a knife at the villa near Savona, and was impatient to escape into Lombardy. The first consequence of breaking through the ordinary rules of life, is to bring one into contact with suspicious individuals. However, our two fair fugitives might have had a worse companion than Pietro, who, probably confident that he had given but a flesh-wound, whistled and sung as he drove rapidly towards the gorges of the Apennines, like any other light-hearted mortal. We shall not give any account of the journey, except to say that Ginevra, despite the natural sadness caused by her being compelled to take so extraordinary a step, soon began to enjoy her first days of liberty. She had never been beyond the neighbourhood of her own city before, and delighted the well-travelled Nina by the naïveté of her remarks and the girlishness of her enthusiasm. When they came to a steep hill, they got out and walked, and admired the scenery; and sometimes, in spite of the impatience of Pietro—whose eyes were always glancing backwards for fear of the police—they would wander off the road, and scramble to the summit of giddy precipices, and fly in fancy towards the horizon they were eager to reach, although it would have been more matter-of-fact and expeditious not to keep those two dusty horses waiting in the mire at the top of the white ascent. Sometimes, as they came up laughing to take their places, Pietro would endeavour to exert the influence of his sex, and talk big, and twist the semblance of a whisker, and say that, as he was responsible

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for their safety, he could not allow them to deviate thus into by-places, where they might find serpents or robbers to annoy them. They laughed at his remonstrances, and produced upon him the impression that they were two giddy good-for-nothings, who would come to evil in due time.

Both Ginevra and Nina felt all the delight of a couple of truants, as they were; for Nina, though old in years, was by no means so in character. Those who lead an artistic adventurous life, keep youth within them longer than others. The weather was splendid, and everything seemed to smile on the outset of their expedition. They arrived in a happy mood at Mantua, where they put up at the house of Signora Cornetta, an old musical comrade of Nina's. They here sold their carriage, and well rewarded Pietro, who, not quite satisfied that he was in safety even then, departed for Bellinzona, and was no more heard of.

It had been agreed between the two friends, that Ginevra should remain under the care of Signora Cornetta for some months, in order to practise before presenting herself for trial to a manager. She studied assiduously, and soon convinced both herself and her friends that failure would not be possible. The violinist Zecci, who, under cover of his age and respectability, was the only man admitted on visiting terms in the house, now and then told them, it is true, that mere excellence in singing would not insure success. He said that Ginevra was formed by nature for a singer, but wanted some of the qualities of the comedian. These could only be acquired by a long apprenticeship—much longer than she was willing to undertake. She was impatient for action; and at the beginning of the winter-season announced her intention of leaving Mantua, and proceeding at once to Venice, to endeavour to obtain an engagement there. Nina was also secretly eager to commence the brilliant existence of which she had dreamed; and so, bidding adieu to Signora Cornetta and the worthy Zecci, they started for Venice.

They halted on the way for one night at Padua, and very narrowly escaped meeting with Ginevra's uncle, the canon, who indeed came to visit a rich ecclesiastic who lodged in the same hotel with them. For a moment, indeed, La Bionda, whose heart sickened with fear as she drew nigh the scene where triumph or ruin awaited her, debated whether it would not, after all, be wise to go and throw herself into the arms of this worthy old man, who had furnished Agnolo with money for his journey, and by his means bring about a reconciliation with her family. She remembered, however, that this would be a confession of weakness; and that if she once faltered, it would perhaps be necessary to sacrifice her good friend Nina. She still, moreover, felt great confidence in her own powers; and no doubt also her life of independence possessed considerable charm, and the prospect of glory could not be without its effect. Carefully avoiding, therefore, all

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chance of meeting with the canon, she started early next morning, and in due time arrived at Venice.

Nina had formerly known a dealer in pianofortes, named Pietro Marchi, who lived not far from the Rialto. She took Ginevra to his house, where they succeeded in obtaining lodgings, and soon began to feel at home. Marchi at first shook his head when he heard upon what errand they had come; but Ginevra had no sooner filled his room with a magnificent bravura, than he became a convert, and clapped his hands and predicted all manner of success. Everything conspired, therefore, to urge on our romantic heroine in her wild attempt; and when she heard the windows of the neighbours opening that they might listen to her, she already felt the crown of laurel thrilling on her brow.

In a few days, by the interest of old Marchi—who had declared himself her enthusiastic admirer—Ginevra succeeded in obtaining an interview with the manager of the Opera, who, however, after listening to her execution, advised coldly some years of further study if she wished to establish a solid reputation.

'I cannot wait,' she said: 'I must succeed at once.'

'You will throw away a great chance,' replied the manager. 'Your talents are splendid, and will be assisted by the beauty of your person; but if you come on the boards now, you will flash along like a meteor, and soon consume yourself.'

'Let me be a meteor,' replied Ginevra. 'I care not how soon I am consumed.'

The manager thought this was the foolish confidence of youth, and that she speculated on her beauty: that was no business of his. He wanted a secondary part to be filled; and having satisfied his conscience by giving a piece of sage counsel, determined to make the most of this audacious novice. In a week she was rehearsing; in a month was her first appearance; and whilst the poor girl was struggling to repress the tears caused by the dead silence, which she mistook for failure, that greeted her first effort, Nina was already receiving the congratulations of the virtuosi on the success of her beautiful friend. A tremendous tempest of 'bravos' at length came from all parts of the house; and Harmonia, as she had boldly called herself, was admitted to her place amongst the singers of Italy.

We do not intend to follow her in all her professional triumphs; these were brilliant, but not quite so lucrative as Nina had led her to expect. Her talent still required the consecration of an engagement from abroad. Italy never makes demigods now of its geniuses until they have been applauded north of the Alps. However, some money came in; and before the year was out, Nina requested the assistance of some old friend of hers to convey 600 sequins, by a stratagem, into the hands of the Marquis da Gravina.

Ginevra had expected to encounter far greater difficulties in winning the applause of the public. She succeeded with an

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easiness that would have alarmed her had she embraced that career in obedience to a vocation. The masters of all arts know that facile triumphs often precede disgraceful defeats. But in her case there was no love of her profession in itself. She had felt the necessity of wealth; and finding herself possessed of a magnificent organ, which had a marketable value, had determined to make use of it. The object once gained, farewell to the stage.

But what troubled her was the admiration of another kind which she excited. No sooner had she retired from the applause of an enthusiastic audience, than she found herself surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen, who absolutely smothered her with bouquets, and almost fought for the honour of taking her home. Luckily she had found an apartment immediately in the neighbourhood of the theatre, and was enabled to decline both gondola and carriage without appearing supercilious. She could not, however, escape what the obstreperous young Venetians called an 'ovation,' which consisted in mobbing her to her door with vivas that caused some nervousness in the polite regions of society.

In vain did Ginevra surround herself after this experience with every kind of precaution. She soon found that no one is celebrated with impunity; and often thought, in bitterness of spirit, that if Agnolo beheld her facing the admiration she was obliged to endure, all her struggles and dangers would have been gone through in vain. 'He may suspect and spurn me,' cried she, as she threw herself upon her divan in tears, whilst the frenzied bravos still buzzed through her brain. 'Oh, can it be that I have done wrong in wishing to do right? Is this the beginning of the punishment which is to be meted out to me for my rebellion and undutiful conduct?'

The real purity of her motives, however, and, above all, the strength of her love for Agnolo, soon succeeded in consoling her. Applause, too, is sweet unto us all; and when she beheld the magical effect which her melodious notes produced, she not only justified herself to herself, but began to entertain high notions of the dignity of her position, and retorted the civil contempt exhibited for her and her fellows by the proud ladies who admired her from the boxes, and would scarcely look at her elsewhere.

Meanwhile, however, she had no friends but Nina; with old Pietro Marchi, the dealer in pianofortes, little Claudia, his child, and Mrs ——, a retired English actress, famous at the beginning of this century, and who then dwelt in octogenarian ease within a stone's throw of the Rialto. She might have received a splendid succession of marquises and counts, but without their ladies. Several attempts were made to get her into half-and-half society; but she opposed a sullen resistance, and she soon found that the spread of her reputation had stopped before the report that she was a coquette or a prude.

The most assiduous of her admirers was Count Spalatro, who became quite celebrated in Venice for the romantic strength of his

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passion. He besieged her with flowers and serenades, and rarely passed a day without sending her an offer of his hand and heart. Some said that he did this merely to gain a reputation, or to excite the jealousy of the Dowager-marchioness of Cedena, with whom he had been carrying on a flirtation for several years. At any-rate it became known that this said marchioness looked much more kindly on him than of yore, after he had pretended to faint in the pit of the Opera with admiration of Harmonia's performance; and it is quite certain that there was no other known reason why she should suddenly accept him as her acknowledged admirer, and allow him to announce their approaching marriage. This incident did great harm to Harmonia. The malicious began to whisper that she had been jilted or made a fool of; and she could not appear upon the stage without exciting a murmur, which she knew represented the interchange of scandalous remarks. She had never anticipated this kind of desecration, having been brought up in perfect ignorance of the terrible penalty which women must pay for fame. Now, however, she began to understand why the corps to which she belonged was excommunicated by public opinion; and to be convinced that there is much of contempt mixed with the admiration which the world bestows on maidens who quit the domestic hearth to solicit its bravos on the stage.

This it was that determined her to go to Naples, whence, as the reader already knows, she sent the 600 sequins to her father. The same qualified success met her there. Much applause at first, a moderate amount of money, then a check. Harmonia was no favourite with her buskined comrades, and would not pay the price necessary to obtain the support of a clique. Some had even gone so far as to whisper—in the key of green-room whispers—that she was worn out, when suddenly the news flew round like wild-fire that she had obtained a splendid engagement at Vienna. Every one then appealed to every one to testify that every one had foretold this great stroke of fortune. Some had heard long before, under pledge of secrecy, that negotiations were in progress. However that may be, Harmonia was more surprised than any one, and was inclined to look upon the event as a miracle.

The delight of Nina may be imagined. This excellent old lady had been somewhat disappointed by her pupil's semi-failure; for she instinctively felt that nothing but a splendid triumph could ever justify the step they had taken. For some time past she had been very humble in demeanour and language, and had submitted without a retort to hear a great many ill-natured remarks made in the green-room. Now, however, she made full use of her advantages; and with very little difficulty succeeded in leaving behind her three irreconcilable enemies at Naples. Ginevra was more moderate, but she was a woman, and could not refuse herself the pleasure of smiling graciously at one of her comrades who had recently compared her voice to that of a lazzarone howling after midnight in the streets, and offering to interest herself to procure

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for her the place of *seconda donna* at Vienna. They started by way of Rome, where Ginevra sung at a concert given by our ambassador, and reached Vienna in safety. The manager of the Imperial Opera received her as if she had been a Pasta or a Lind. Apartments were prepared for her. She could not believe her senses. Her favourite parts were offered her. She sung. There was evidently a cabal in her favour; even her false notes were applauded. She rose with the occasion; she surpassed herself; the bravissimos, that might at first have been thought forced, became fervent from all parts of the house, and frantic from the pit. They bore her almost fainting with delight to her carriage. Nina danced round her when they got home, in a savage step, much resembling that of a diminutive milestone led away by Orpheus. Ginevra laid her head on her pillow, and dreamed golden dreams, in which Agnolo came to her in a cloud of Oriental perfume. Her ambitious hopes had been realised. She was to sing a fortune into her hands.

Next morning, Il Principe Frederico, as they used to call him in old times in Genoa, called to receive the reward of her smiles for the magical effects of his patronage.

X.

Ginevra was sitting in the splendid apartment which she had been told the manager of the Opera had taken in her name; and was enthusiastically describing her own feelings to Nina. For a moment, indeed, she had forgotten the object with which she had left her obscure life. She spoke of the future as if it was to be lighted up not with love but with glory. 'They will repeat my name in every capital of Europe,' she said: 'Paris will flatter and London will reward me.' At that very juncture the prince appeared at the door of the apartment with a half-obsequious, half-patronising air; and his words were scarcely required to explain the whole truth. Bitter was the poor girl's fall from the heights of pride to the depth of humiliation. For some time she could not even find strength to interrupt the honeyed insults which her protector heaped upon her head; but at length the blood of the Gravinas stirred within her, and she thundered out her indignant rejection of the man's offers with a dramatic effect which would have rendered them perfectly useless for her fame, had she been able always to keep up to that mark. The prince was not very rough with her. He had seen her at Venice, and had imagined what easily might have been imagined by one who did not know her. He had gone to Vienna to prepare this surprise, and doubted not of Ginevra's gratitude. Instead of this, the poor girl could bestow on him only her anathemas; for it was he, in fact, who had driven her forth from home to lead that vagabond life, and be in want of the assistance of his intrigues. In her prejudice, she even exaggerated

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the danger of his presence, and was about to call for assistance, though Nina had not left the room, when another visitor was announced.

'Send him away,' said the prince fiercely.

'Nay, this is my house at present,' cried Ginevra, 'and he may come in.'

'Your house! yes,' muttered her patron between his teeth. 'I did not foresee this.'

The new visitor was Lord ——, who, on learning from the papers that Harmonia had been engaged for Vienna, had followed in her footsteps. Such Italians as afterwards heard the story, ridiculed and misrepresented him. It was eccentric enough, it is true, in this middle-aged nobleman, whose invalid wife and young family were comfortably established at Nice, to be running about from north to south after pictures and prima donnas; but many more harmful hobby-horses might be chosen. The doctors had prescribed locomotion to him moreover—perhaps because they saw he liked it. If the immediate object of his present journey had been known by people who had no information from Nice, they would have said that the worthy Englishman intended to offer his hand and fortune to the beautiful Harmonia. Our countrymen make a point of doing such odd things abroad from time to time to keep up our reputation as queer characters. Had this been the case, what he learned on arriving at Vienna was calculated to alter his intentions, and it was more in compassion than admiration that he sought an interview.

When the prince saw and recognised the English nobleman, he smiled in some contempt, and retired, having demanded permission to repeat his visit. Ginevra, who was too confused to know what to answer, muttered something that might have been assent or refusal, and was now left alone with Lord ——, for Nina, who was embroidering in a corner of the room, might be counted as nobody.

The new-comer seemed puzzled by all he had seen and heard, and scarcely knew how to begin what he had to say. Suddenly he bethought him of pronouncing the name of Genoa. He had no need to cast about for words after that. The questions poured upon him thick and fast; and Ginevra heard an attenuated account of the effect which her adoption of a profession had produced upon her father, just at the moment when every possible topic of persuasion was needed to convince her that she was not an outcast and an incumbrance upon the face of the earth. Her agony deeply affected poor Lord ——, who blamed himself at first for what he had told her; but was convinced, when, in a state of penitent expansiveness, she had related all her trials, that he could not have arrived at a more fitting opportunity.

Who knows whether Ginevra, when she found that what she regarded as the triumph of her genius was merely the triumph of her beauty, would not have at length given up the conflict with

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fate in despair, and resigned herself to what are generally considered the exigencies of her profession? It was clear, she thought, that if Agnolo was still living, and knew of all these things, he would turn from her with horror. What consequences might she not have drawn from that premise? Women are not made of adamant; at anyrate we do not know what might have happened had no one been at hand but that fond echo, Nina, who always guessed and gathered her friend's opinion, and then gave it as her own.

When Lord —— knew the state of the case, he said gravely: 'Signorina, I would not advise you to return at present to your family'—she had expressed some intention to that effect. 'Their prejudices are strong; and they may not have forgiven you. But if you will allow me to advise, I should say, leave this profession, which, however brilliant in itself, is rendered degrading by the way in which it is regarded by public opinion. You have but one of the talents calculated to make you shine in it; or rather two, if it be not a blunder to call beauty a talent. Your intention in choosing a career cannot be blamed; and every one will give you credit for the purity you have maintained in a very impure atmosphere. At Venice, they called you the Prude; at Naples, St Cecilia. These are high compliments to have gathered by the way. But your recent experience shews you that there are breakers ahead; the sunny sea is passed, the stormy one may be at hand.'

'You are very good, Sir Englishman,' said Ginevra, who listened with interest to the somewhat quaint lecture of her new-found friend. 'But if you disgust me with my profession, can you point me out a new one?'

'I think I can,' said Lord ——.

Nina drew nigh, having laid down her work; and, however devoted she may have been, listened in some suspense to advice that might bring her now easy life to a close.

'What I am going to say,' continued the Englishman, 'may not seem very brilliant to you at first; but you will find it perhaps nearly as profitable, and far more agreeable, unless, like a real artiste, you are paid for all sufferings by an hour or two of wild triumph occasionally. Come to Nice, where my wife is living, and set up as a teacher of music. I will take care to find pupils for you. The pay will be handsome and regular; and instead of being obliged to expend lavishly as you now are, you will be able to keep nearly all you receive. This certainly is to abandon the idea with which you set out—of making a fortune; but you must already perceive that that was a delusion. Your talents are of a high order: you sing like an angel; but you were never meant for the stage, and will not succeed more than you have already done. I speak freely, because I respect you, and because I think you sincere when you say that you had another object in view than that of emulating Pasta or Grisi.'

It was wonderful to see the delight expressed in little old Nina's

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eyes when she heard this proposal. She saw at once that she could not by any means be left out of such a programme. Teaching had always been her forte; and if they would not let her give lessons now, she could shew Ginevra how to do so. By an unusual exertion of independence, she gave her opinion whilst her friend was still musing.

'There can be no better plan,' she cried; 'and, Ginevra, you would be wrong to do other than what this good gentleman says. A fig for the stage! we have not saved enough to pay for a coffin, if we should die.' She forgot the 600 sequins. 'And then there is that horrid prince, who caused all our misfortunes!'

This reminiscence decided Ginevra, who perhaps at bottom had begun to like her profession.

'Signor,' said she, in a sweetly grave voice, 'I place myself under your protection; and if I can repay your kindness in gratitude, I shall not remain in your debt.'

XI.

There was one difficulty to be got over of which nobody had thought. Ginevra had signed an agreement which bound her for a season to the Opera of Vienna; and when the prince, who was influential in that department, found that not only did Ginevra shut her door against him, but that she was under the powerful protection of Lord ——, whom he despised as a rival, but whose diplomatic weight was superior to his, he exerted himself to prevent the compact being broken. Ginevra was accordingly compelled to appear for several nights before indifferent audiences, and acquitted herself so badly, that the 'bahs' became sometimes terrific. She had lost all her enthusiasm, and sung listlessly, as a mere matter of duty. Without intending it, she thus assisted the negotiations of Lord ——. Probably some bribes were taken, or at anyrate offered. Be this as it may, the prince heard one day, to his extreme disgust, that Ginevra had been released, and had set off with Nina for Nice. Lord —— followed in a few days, taking easy stages, for he wished to give his protégée time to establish herself independently, that it might not become generally known what part he had in her presence.

Ginevra cried with joy on once more beholding the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and endeavoured to believe that some of the waves she beheld had danced not long before in the port of Genoa. During the first few days after her arrival, she felt an almost unconquerable impulse to take ship and return, and throw herself at her parents' feet, and ask their forgiveness. But then she thought that, knowing what had been her career, they would turn from her with horror; and she resolved to abide by her resolution, to remain until the two years were fully accomplished. Then, she firmly believed, although she shrunk from confiding this

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conviction to others, Agnolo would return to claim her hand. It would have been impossible to persuade her that he could have gone without the circle of existence and she not know it.

'He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air.'

No article of her faith was more firmly established. If she doubted, it was whether he would not regard her as a being soiled and unworthy of him.

Lord —— had not promised more than he intended to perform, rather less indeed. The first pupils Ginevra obtained were his two daughters; and the example thus set was speedily followed. Very soon every day was fully occupied, and such was the liberality of some of the payments, that Nina began to talk of setting up a carriage. Her friend, however, had no such magnificent ideas; she felt that a great part of what came to her represented rather the generosity of Lord —— than her own value; and that it would be unbecoming in her to make any ostentatious display.

It required a very powerful reliance on destiny to enable Ginevra to adhere obstinately to her plan; many more yielding natures would have soon faltered. Perhaps, indeed, we should have admired her more, if, instead of sending periodically vague letters announcing her welfare—which the marchioness read and put aside—she had gone and trusted to her presence to purchase forgiveness. She forgot that though two years to her were nothing, to her aged parents they were much; and that, indeed, if she doubted of their tenderness now, there was no reason for believing in it at a period she had arbitrarily fixed. Lord ——, who had learned, partly from Nina, partly from herself, the story of Agnolo, encouraged her to adhere to her original resolution, because he knew, though she did not, the state of the marquis's mind; and he was desirous of keeping this melancholy news from her as long as possible.

So time passed on; and, as we have seen, on the day and hour fixed, Agnolo returned to announce the failure of his exertions, and throw himself on the mercy of the marquis. His story, if we had space to relate it, would interest the reader in his fortunes far more than we have been able to do. For three years one hope had been his guiding-star, and had upheld and cheered him whenever he felt disposed to faint away into despair. He had soon learned that the romantic projects with which he had set out on his voyage could never be transferred to the domains of reality. Instead, therefore, of aspiring to be a conqueror, he had forgotten his pride of birth, and had joined in trading expeditions on the coast of Africa, in the Persian Gulf, and the Indian Seas, and had traversed the Pacific Ocean to Peru. In all these voyages he had met with many dangers, which he had slighted for the sake of the happiness which was to be their price. Little did he expect to learn that his young and beautiful cousin, the beloved of his

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heart, the thought of whom had buoyed him through all the storms he had encountered, had fled from her father's house to adopt the profession of a wandering actress. He had been almost prepared to find her dead or married; and was ready to weep over her grave in the one case, and try to forgive her in the other. But a vagabond singer! All the ingenuity of his mind was tortured to find every idea of disgrace and infamy connected in Italy with this profession; and as he left the Gravina palace, there was but one desire uppermost in his mind, and that was of vengeance.

He had arrived at Genoa in the humble position of supercargo, on board a vessel from South America. His condition, however, was not quite so bad in itself as he had represented it. He was not absolutely destitute or without resources; he possessed some hundreds of dollars in hard cash, and had a fair prospect of earning a respectable livelihood. Many men would have looked upon him as fortunate, for it is not every one makes such progress in three years; but he had set out to make a fortune in that time sufficient to enable him to claim the hand of Ginevra la Bionda! Having failed in this, he considered himself miserable. He who sets his heart on being a cardinal, is dissatisfied if he is only an archbishop.

It was in this state of mind that he had entered the Gravina palace; and yet, even despite himself, there flashed every now and then a bright vision through the clouds. What mattered it if Ginevra still loved him? In his buffetings with the world, he had lost much of his respect for wealth and position, and imagined that others must have done so likewise. After all, why suppose that the marquis desired to dispose of his daughter against her wishes? She was the pet of his old age; and the sufferings which he, Agnolo, had undergone for her sake, might be taken as so strong a proof of love, that all other considerations would be thrown into the background.

But when he went away from the palace, the casuistry of hope ceased to work, his brain swam bewildered, the blood receded from his cheeks, and tears started in his eyes. He wept over himself—the shipwreck of his own happiness; but she—she in the midst of her splendour should be made to feel the recoil of the blow that had fallen upon him. One thought of forgiveness came over him. Would it not be better to go on board some vessel bound to the uttermost parts of the earth, and endeavour to forget her? No; her image, smiling in vice, would haunt his steps like a fury. The earth was too small to hold him and the woman who had put this torture in his heart.

Such was the tenor of his thoughts, when somebody placed a piece of folded paper in his hand, and passed on in the crowd that thronged the street. He looked at it unintelligently at first, but suddenly starting, he muttered: 'It was the devil who had been reading my thoughts;' and he glanced fearfully round.

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On the piece of paper were written these words: 'Ginevra la Bionda is at Nice.'

Agnolo never doubted for a moment that the information was correct, nor indeed that it had come by some supernatural messenger. The incident deepened the tragic nature of his thoughts; and when he set out for Nice, he took with him only his money and a poniard, which he had wrested from the hand of some night-assassin in the streets of Rio Janeiro.

XII.

We again shift the scene to a little cottage situated near the crest of a low hill, just overlooking the beautiful city of Nice, and within a quarter of a mile of its suburbs. It is Sunday morning, and Ginevra has just returned, with her faithful friend Nina, from hearing mass at a neighbouring church. The sun of spring is shedding its brilliant beams on the amphitheatre of hills behind, and on the lake-like surface of the Mediterranean before. All the olive-clothed country sparkles in beauty around. The beautiful girl with the golden tresses is sitting in a vine-shaded portico, in pensive expectation, whilst Nina, always bustling and busy, is in the house. She knows that the time has passed at which Agnolo should have arrived; but despair has not come over her. She believes that her trials are nearly at an end.

Lord ——, who had learned to love her as a daughter, and whose whole family shared in this sentiment, had been so powerfully impressed by her faith, that he had come to share it. He had employed a person to watch in the neighbourhood of the Gravina palace to learn if any news really came of Agnolo; and it was this person who, obeying his directions implicitly, had been enabled to communicate as we have seen with the young man. No one seems to have foreseen the effect which the news of Ginevra's extraordinary escapade would produce on him, or indeed to have calculated that he would punctually keep his appointment to a day. The winds and the waves sport with the resolve of the most determined will.

On the Sunday morning we have mentioned, Lord —— received a letter from his agent at Genoa, stating that Agnolo had not only arrived, but was to depart for Nice immediately. He instantly ordered his carriage, and in company with his two daughters drove up towards Ginevra's cottage, intending to communicate the pleasant intelligence before going to attend divine service at the chapel.

The air was filled with the chirping of grasshoppers and the songs of birds. On coming to the foot of the hill, they got out and walked under the shade of a hedge, from which rose-leaves, that had already begun to shrivel in the heat, now and then sprinkled down. Suddenly a piercing shriek went thrilling

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through the air. Lord —— pressed forward to the garden-gate, which stood open, and arrived in time to behold a man standing over the apparently lifeless body of Ginevra, stretched on the gravel-walk; Nina was bending over it. A shining poniard lay on the ground, but there was no blood. Agnolo had stabbed with a word only, and the steel seemed unnecessary.

The rash and violent young man had arrived at Nice in a state bordering on madness, and had soon discovered the retreat of La Bionda. He had presented himself at the garden-gate, his features convulsed with passion. She did not know him at first; and the look of fear she gave only heightened his fury. Suddenly she recognised him, and sprang forward to be received by one overwhelming epithet. The word flew to its mark like lightning, and she fell as one blasted. Agnolo understood that he had been unjust, and remained, statue-like, gazing at the work he had done, with flashes of fire gleaming through his brain, and deadly sickness hanging on his heart; but he dared not touch her. Nina, as she endeavoured to restore life to her poor friend, overwhelmed him with reproaches. The two daughters of Lord —— soon rushed to assist her; and he himself, laying his hand on the shoulder of Agnolo, asked sternly: 'What have you done?'

'I have killed her, I think; but—they told me she deserved it.'

Ginevra recovered at length, though it is believed that even now the effects of that shock have not entirely passed away. The explanation was long. To repeat it would be to repeat this narrative; but Agnolo suffered himself to be easily convinced that, however harshly Ginevra had acted towards her parents, he at least had nothing to complain of.

'Let us go and ask pardon of those whom we have offended,' said he, naturally taking a part of Ginevra's wrong-doing upon himself.

Lord —— determined to accompany them to Genoa; and as there was no ship about to sail, they went by land along the foot of the Alps by Monaco and Savona, and at length reached their destination. Andrea was sitting in melancholy idleness on a bench near the great gateway when they arrived. He could scarcely believe his eyes at first; but when he really became convinced that Agnolo and Ginevra had arrived together, would have rushed shouting into the palace had they not insisted on prudence.

'Go and tell my mother privately that I am here,' said Ginevra.

'The marquis is—pretending to play at billiards,' replied Andrea.

'Then prepare her gently, good Andrea.'

The meeting was most affectionate. Ginevra asked pardon for her fault, and said nothing about what had caused it. The marchioness pressed her to her breast weeping. Every other feeling was merged in that of joy; and one would have thought, to hear her talk, that her dearest wish had always been to behold the

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union of Agnolo and Ginevra. No one contradicted her, and the day of the marriage was agreed upon then and there; and Lord ——, who was usually a mild man, swore most improperly when they hesitated about allowing him to bestow a dowry on Ginevra.

We have nothing now to relate but the way in which the glad intelligence of all these things was communicated to the marquis; for as to the marriage, it took place in due course, and a detail of it would be as insipid as the accounts of such happy events usually are. The young couple—they are not yet old—still occupy a wing of the Gravina palace; and it is observed that there is a golden flush through the locks of each of their two children.

When the marquis returned home, they told him that strangers had come, and he composed a decent mien to receive them. The poor man partly suspected that his mind had been somehow shaken, and was often observed struggling to repress his eccentricities. The marchioness, with Lord —— and Agnolo, were in the great room. A profusion of formal bows passed; and the old nobleman gave a familiar nod to his nephew. They talked of many things, and at last brought the subject to music. The marquis seemed uneasy now, and relapsed into silence. From time to time a few sweet notes came from behind a screen which had always concealed Ginevra's piano since she had departed; he murmured something at length, and afterwards cried out: 'Let the prima donna sing—let the prima donna sing!'

There was a prelude, during which he listened attentively; and then the magnificent voice of his daughter burst forth in one of those old songs of crusading times in which he used to delight. He listened with breathless attention, beseeching silence by his gestures. Nature seemed to have taught him the remedy for his affliction. His countenance began to beam with life and intellect; and when at last the concluding notes, sweet as the roundelays of angels, came tinkling from an artificial distance to his ears, the old man rose and shouted: 'Ginevra, Ginevra, mia carissima, go not away!'

The next instant, with sobs of joy and mutual forgiveness and love, the old man, who had been restored to his intellects, and the young girl, who had been restored to her home, were clasped in each other's arms; and it was forgotten that the Gravina palace had ever been darkened by the absence of Ginevra la Bionda.

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WRITINGS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

AMONG the literary men of the age, Mr Carlyle holds a position at once distinguished and peculiar. His aims as a writer are of a higher and more commanding character than those which have actuated the generality of authors in modern times. Regarding literature as a power of immense importance to society, he esteems the literary calling as a noble and correspondingly important function—a function demanding the most serious and deliberate preparation, and surrounded with many responsibilities. 'Men of letters,' says he, 'are a perpetual priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that a God is still present in their life.' Thus, he adds: 'In the true literary man there is ever, acknowledged or not by

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the world, a sacredness: he is the light of the world—the world's priest—guiding it like a sacred pillar of fire, in its dark pilgrimage through the waste of time.' His own objects as a writer are sufficiently indicated in these words. He aims to be a public instructor—a teacher and publisher of truth: that or nothing is the ideal of his position. With the profoundest serenity of conviction, he believes that whatsoever is *true* will prosper; that a lie is unbelievable, and is always in the long-run cast out with merited indignation and contempt; that, in fact, men do in their very hearts love truth, and must, in the nature of things, accept it, and conform their practices to its requirements, as the condition of success. To teach and enforce something which is true, serviceable, or beautiful in the way of knowledge, is, therefore, the vocation of the literary man, as Carlyle apprehends it. And by truth you are to understand the order of things established by God in the constitution of human and external nature. The dialect, or forms of speech in which this may be expressed, will necessarily vary with the culture of the age; but, in all times and circumstances, it is the business of the man gifted with literary qualities to acquire wisdom, and then to present it in a form that shall be intelligible and attractive to his generation, and calculated to produce upon it some practical impression. He insists much, as an element of teaching, upon the lives and examples of great men, judging that in all cases these must offer the most important and valuable suggestions, and contribute largely as incitements to a habit of truthful and manly living. Hence his doctrine of hero-worship—by which he means a transcendent admiration of great men, a loving regard for their genius and character, and a recognition of their uses as the leaders of society. He preaches also the necessity of a faith in the invisible, of reverence for whatsoever is high and worthy; proclaims the 'infinite significance of duty,' the dignity and solemnity of human life—that time rests upon eternity, and that the thoughts and acts of men have everlasting consequences. Old truths, every one; but here taught and illustrated with a new and impressive earnestness.

Mr Carlyle has been before the public as an author for more than twenty years, though his writings for a long time did not meet with any very great success. As he observes of every original writer, he had to create the taste by which he was to be appreciated. Gradually such a taste has been growing up, and within the last few years he has even acquired a considerable popularity. Various criticisms of his works have from time to time appeared, attempting, with more or less discrimination, to determine and set forth his merits and deficiencies, but none of which, as we think, can be taken as a complete and final judgment. The one that comes nearest, in our opinion, to a correct appreciation of Carlyle, in regard both to his aims and his performances, is the article by John Sterling, published in the *London and Westminster Review* for 1839. This, however, seems to us in many respects perverse and

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insufficient; and perhaps the time is not yet arrived for forming a perfectly just estimate either of the man or of his writings. It is generally in the age after his own that a great writer's claims are settled, and his position fixed in relation to posterity. Nevertheless, when an author has to any extent excited the popular curiosity, it is quite natural and right that his contemporaries should express their thought concerning him: the judgment they will give may not be that which will be finally determined on, but, in the meantime, every opinion given honestly will serve to forward the decision. We nowise intend here to attempt the settlement of Mr Carlyle's literary reputation, or to enter much into the controversy that has been for some time raging between his admirers and his non-admirers: our object is simply to give some general account of the works which he has published, to indicate the leading features of his genius, and temperately to state what we may find to say respecting the purport and value of his teachings.

We believe Mr Carlyle commenced his connection with literature as the translator of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* in 1824. Three years later, he published a compilation, in four volumes, under the title of *German Romance*, containing translated specimens of various German authors, along with short biographical sketches and critical comments on their productions. His earliest original writings were contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, the first of which is dated 1827. A few years later, he wrote largely for the *Foreign Review* and *Fraser's Magazine*, and published a few occasional articles in the *Westminster*. The whole of these papers, or such of them as he conceived to be possessed of lasting interest, were collected and republished in five volumes, under the title of *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, in the year 1839. A second edition appeared in 1842, and, since then, a third edition, in four larger volumes, containing two or three extra articles, written subsequently to the original collection. Taking these writings altogether, they may perhaps be said to form the most important series of papers that has been contributed, by any single writer, to our modern race of periodicals. In dealing with them here, they may, as a matter of convenience, be classed under the several heads of Literary Criticisms, Social and Moral Essays, and Critical Biographies; and, as we proceed with our exposition, we believe it will appear that in each of these departments of literary art, Mr Carlyle has no superior among the authors of the age.

I. Of the *Literary Criticisms*, a large proportion relates to German literature, the scope and excellences of which Mr Carlyle was the first to make known, in a forcible and effectual manner, to English readers. As early as 1827, he entered into the general question, by an able and comprehensive defence of the leading German authors who had appeared within the last fifty or sixty years, and successfully exposed the vague objections brought against them by imperfectly informed and inconsiderate critics, on the score of mysticism, bad taste, and other similar defects. In

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treating of the ridiculous supposition, that the bad taste of the German authors arose out of the general poverty of their condition, he introduces some admirable remarks on the *nature* of taste, and its relations to the advantages of wealth and social rank, which may be not unfitly quoted in this place—partly out of regard to the value of the opinions so ably and honestly expressed, and, further, as affording us an extractable specimen of Carlyle's manner of writing in his younger days, while as yet his style exhibited no signs of its later singularity.

Concerning the dependence of literary taste upon the accidents of social station, Carlyle, in this essay, takes the liberty of questioning the whole postulate. 'Taste,' says he, 'if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence, all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than from within, in every rank. The charms of nature, the majesty of man, the infinite loveliness of truth and virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the poor; but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted, the self-seeking, be he poor or rich. . . . . Such is our hypothesis of the case: how stands it with the facts? Are the fineness and truth of sense manifested by the artist found, in most instances, to be proportionate to his wealth and elevation of acquaintance? Are they found to have any perceptible relation either with the one or the other? We imagine not. Whose taste for painting, for instance, is truer and finer than Claude Lorraine's? And was not he a poor colour-grinder; outwardly, the meanest of menials? Where again, we might ask, lay Shakspeare's rent-roll; and what generous peer took him by the hand, and unfolded to him the "open secret" of the universe; teaching him that this was beautiful, and that not so? . . . . The truth of the matter seems to be, that with the culture of a genuine poet, thinker, or other artist, the influence of rank has no exclusive or even special concern. For men of action, for senators, public speakers, political writers, the case may be different; but of such we speak not at present. Neither do we speak of imitators, and the crowd of mediocre men, to whom fashionable life sometimes gives an external inoffensiveness, often compensated by a frigid malignity of character. We speak of men, who, from amid the perplexed and conflicting elements of their everyday existence, are to form themselves into harmony and wisdom, and shew forth the same wisdom to others that exist along with them. To such a man, high life, as it is called, will be a province of human life, but nothing more. He will study to deal with it as he deals with all

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forms of mortal being; to do it justice, and to draw instruction from it: but his light will come from a loftier region, or he wanders for ever in darkness. Still less can we think that he is to be viewed as a hireling; that his excellence will be regulated by his pay. "Sufficiently provided for from within, he has need of little from without:" food and raiment, and an unviolated home, will be given him in the rudest land; and with these, while the kind earth is round him, and the everlasting heaven is over him, the world has little more that it can give. Is he poor? So also were Homer and Socrates; so was Samuel Johnson; so was John Milton. Shall we reproach him with his poverty, and infer that, because he is poor, he must likewise be worthless. God forbid that the time should ever come when he, too, shall esteem riches the synonym of good! The spirit of mammon has a wide empire; but it cannot, and must not, be worshipped in the Holy of Holies. Nay, does not the heart of every genuine disciple of literature, however mean his sphere, instinctively deny this principle, as applicable either to himself or another? Is it not rather true, as D'Alembert has said, that for every man of letters, who deserves that name, the motto and the watchword will be FREEDOM, TRUTH, and even this same POVERTY; that if he fear the last, the two first can never be made sure to him?'

This appears to us healthy and admirable writing, and we shall make bold to point to it in disproof of an assertion, which we have found current in some quarters, respecting our author's general unintelligibility. Indeed, we incline to think that this complaint of unintelligibility originated with somebody who took his own dulness for the measure of other men's capacity, and that it has been circulated from mouth to mouth as an established truism by a multitude of people, who have never taken the pains to read patiently any one of Carlyle's books. For our own part, since the commencement of our acquaintance with these writings, we have introduced them to the notice of many persons, and have never met with any one, of average sense and education, who was not capable of understanding them. To anybody who has been deterred from reading Carlyle by this absurd rumour, we would say confidently, take no heed of it, but read diligently for yourself; as we are certain that his productions present no difficulties which steady and painstaking attention will not overcome.

Among the German writers whose works and characteristics Carlyle has brought before us in these papers, the principal are Jean Paul Richter, Goethe, Werner, Schiller, and Novalis—all of whom he has treated with a candid and enlarged appreciation, and towards most of whom he manifests a loving admiration. In the way of critical writing, we know of nothing more forcible and discriminating than the best of these papers. The two articles on Richter bring us, as it were, face to face with the very man; the whole structure of his intellect and character is laid bare to us; and the impression given of him remains with us, fixed and

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ineffaceable. Mr Carlyle's criticism is not cold and formal, but intensely lifelike, picturesque, and eloquent. In all his disquisitions, he evinces the profoundest sympathy with his subject; all the shades and lights of character, the memorable facts of culture, the striking points of circumstance, are brought out and harmonised as in a picture of exceeding interest and beauty. Nor is the representation one which might serve for any other person or occasion; but it is essentially original, and belongs solely to the individual of whom he happens to be treating.

The man among the Germans whom Carlyle regards with highest reverence is Goethe—a man who, in relation to the varied tendencies of the nineteenth century, he holds to be the most important personage that has yet appeared in Europe. There are no less than five articles especially devoted to this writer in these Miscellanies, some of which contain various translated specimens from his works, but all in greater part consisting of descriptions of his life and character. It is to these essays that whatever just appreciation of Goethe there may be now existing in England is mainly to be attributed. We cannot expect to convey any adequate notion of so eminent a man in these pages: the field of his activity and achievements is far too wide to be cursorily run over; nevertheless, some slight and partial glimpse of him may be presented; and on attempting this, it will be best to render it in Mr Carlyle's own words. In an essay on the Death of Goethe, written in 1832, he observes:

'Goethe, it is commonly said, made a new era in literature: a poetic era began with him, the end or ulterior tendencies of which are yet nowise generally visible. This common saying is a true one, and true with a far deeper meaning than to most it conveys. Were the poet but a sweet sound and singer, solacing the ear of the idle with pleasant songs, and the new poet one who could sing his idle pleasant song to a new air, we should account him a small matter, and his performance small. But this man, it is not unknown to many, was a poet in such a sense as the late generations have witnessed no other; as it is, in this generation, a kind of distinction to believe in the existence of, in the possibility of. The true poet is ever, as of old, the seer, whose eye has been gifted to discern the godlike mystery of God's universe, and decipher some new lines of its celestial writing: we can still call him a *vates* and seer, for he sees into this greatest of secrets, "the open secret;" hidden things become clear; how the future (both resting on eternity) is but another phasis of the present; thereby are his words in very truth prophetic; what he has spoken shall be done.'

It is as a seer, as an observer and interpreter of the wants and aspirations of his age, that Mr Carlyle thinks Goethe entitled to be regarded, and it is under this aspect that he esteems what he has done to be pre-eminently significant. Speaking of the man's relations to his time, he observes: 'He was filled full with its scepticism, bitterness, hollowness, and thousandfold contradictions,

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till his heart was like to break; but he subdued all this, rose victorious over this, and manifoldly, by word and act, shewed others that come after how to do the like. Honour to him who first "through the impassable paves a road!" Such, indeed, is the task of every great man; nay, of every good man, in one or the other sphere, since goodness is greatness, and the good man, high or humble, is ever a martyr and "spiritual hero, that ventures forward into the gulf for our deliverance." The gulf into which this man ventured, which he tamed and rendered habitable, was the greatest and most perilous of all, wherein truly all others lie included: *the whole distracted existence of man in an age of unbelief*. Whoso lives, whoso with earnest mind studies to live wisely in that mad element, may yet know, perhaps too well, what an enterprise was here, and for the chosen man of our time who could prevail in it, have the higher reverence, and a gratitude such as belongs to no other.'

Goethe's works are here described as 'a glorious record, wherein he who would understand himself and his environment, who struggles for escape out of darkness into light as for the one thing needful, will long thankfully study. For the whole chaotic time, what it has suffered, attained, and striven after, stands imaged there; interpreted, ennobled into poetic clearness. . . . . Wondrously, the wrecks and pulverised rubbish of ancient things, institutions, religions, forgotten noblenesses, made alive again by the breath of genius, lie here in new coherence and incipient union, the spirit of art working creative through the mass; that chaos, into which the eighteenth century, with its wild war of hypocrites and sceptics, had reduced the past, begins here to be once more a world. This, the highest that can be said of written books, is to be said of these: there is in them a new time, the prophecy and beginning of a new time. The corner-stone of a new social edifice for mankind is laid there, firmly, as before, on the natural rock. Far-extending traces of a ground-plan we can also see, which future centuries may go on to enlarge, to amend, and work into reality. These sayings seem strange to some; nevertheless they are not empty exaggerations, but expressions, in their way, of a belief, which is not now of yesterday. Perhaps when Goethe has been read and meditated for another generation, they may not seem so strange.'

These extracts will serve in some sort to explain that ardent reverence for Goethe which Mr Carlyle displays throughout his writings, and to indicate briefly the main grounds of his admiration. With the dissertations on the other writers mentioned, we cannot now concern ourselves, but must pass on to a slight consideration of what we have called the *Social and Moral Essays*.

II. Of these, the principal are two, entitled *Signs of the Times*, and *Characteristics*. The *Signs of the Times* was written in 1829, and is an eloquent lament over the material and utilitarian

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character of the age. The present age, says he, is 'not an heroical, devotional, philosophical, or moral age. It is the age of machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word; the age which, with its whole undivided might, forwards, teaches, and practises the great art of adapting means to ends. Nothing is now done directly, or by hand; all is by rule and calculated contrivance. . . . . Has any man or society of men a truth to speak, a piece of spiritual work to do; they can nowise proceed at once, and with the mere natural organs, but must first call a public meeting, appoint committees, issue prospectuses, eat a public dinner; in a word, construct or borrow machinery, wherewith to speak it and do it. . . . . With individuals, in like manner, natural strength avails little. No individual now hopes to accomplish the poorest enterprise single-handed, and without mechanical aids; he must make interest with some existing corporation, and till his field with their oxen. In these days, more emphatically than ever, "to live signifies to unite with a party, or to make one." Philosophy, science, art, literature, all depend on machinery.' The evil of all this lies not in the complication and intricacy of material appliances, regarded as the means towards desirable and serviceable ends, but in the fact, that the same habit has come to regulate not only our modes of action, but even our modes of thought and feeling. 'Men are grown mechanical,' says he, 'in head and heart, as well as in hand. They have lost faith in individual endeavour, and in natural force, of any kind. Not for internal perfection, but for external combination and arrangements, for institutions, constitutions—for mechanism of one sort or other, do they hope and struggle.' The tendency, he affirms, may be traced in all the great manifestations of our time; 'in its intellectual aspect, the studies it most favours, and its manner of conducting them; in its practical aspects, its politics, arts, religion, morals; in the whole sources, throughout the whole currents, of its spiritual, no less than its material activity.' There is doubtless a large measure of truth in the complaint. There is something perhaps too one-sided in the statement, and scarcely a sufficient recognition of the many great advantages that have accrued to us from mechanical improvements—an oversight that these were necessary as the beginnings of that higher form of life and of social organisation which he himself longs for; but certainly it is well the present generation should understand that the utmost perfection of mechanism, the fullest repletion of wealth and comfort, the most boundless accommodation in the way of material habit and arrangement, are not the only, or indeed the highest things, which constitute the progress of humanity. As Carlyle earnestly insists, there is an instinct in man urging him towards the attainment of nobler possessions. The doctrine of the soul's supremacy being preached, it will in the end be received with gladness. There is hope, too, in every effort that is coincident with the celestial ordinations: and, indeed, Carlyle admits that,

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among the perversions and confusions of the age, there are many indications of the dawn of a nobler state of things. 'Indications we do see, in other countries and in our own, signs infinitely cheering to us, that mechanism is not always to be our hard task-master, but one day to be our pliant, all-ministering servant; that a new and brighter spiritual era is slowly evolving itself for all men.' In this conviction, he advises hope and sure faith in the guiding Power over us, and a diligent fulfilment of the duties which are every day at hand. Finally, he says: 'To reform a world, to reform a nation, no wise man would undertake; and all but foolish men know that the only solid, though a far slower reformation, is what each begins and perfects on himself.'

The essay, entitled *Characteristics*, has been a great perplexity to many of Mr Carlyle's readers. It opens with the physician's aphorism: 'The healthy know not of their health, but only the sick;' and from this text he preaches the evil of self-consciousness. As in a healthy state of body you take no note of the workings of your system, so, he argues, does the healthily constituted mind pay no regard to its moral, intellectual, and emotional activity: all goes on by natural vital action of its own, producing the result which it was constitutionally designed to bring about. All great deeds are accordingly spontaneous, and are not performed by taking forethought. It would even seem that you may *think* without being aware of it, and that, in giving utterance to what you think, it is a manifestation of disease if you pretend to any insight into the character of the thoughts! This is scarcely too extreme an interpretation of Mr Carlyle's theory; for, with reference to the workings of the intellect, he says expressly: 'Always the characteristic of right performance is a certain spontaneity, an unconsciousness;' and he broadly accepts the saying, that 'of the wrong we are always conscious; of the right, never.' The entire exposition is startling, confusing, and perplexed with contradictions. We regard it, upon the whole, as the most wayward and unsatisfactory of the author's compositions. Gleams of a deep significance there are undoubtedly to be found in it; beautiful passages of a high and noble meaning; nay, there is even the shadow of a great truth looming continually before you, but it is like the shadow of a mountain in the moonlight—vague, uncertain, and unapproachable. You cannot seize it and take possession of it for practicable purposes; it is as unobjective as a vision, as unsubstantial as the brilliancy of clouds. If we have misapprehended the argument, we are open to new light; but at present we cannot help thinking, that the doctrine and the applications given to it are for the most part fallacious. It certainly looks like an error to say, that the most gifted and accomplished persons have no consciousness of their own particular characters and powers, and that in anything they do they have no discernment of excellency or the contrary. It may be true that, as Mr Carlyle quotes, 'genius is ever a secret to itself'—true at least in

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the sense that a man of genius may not know that he is possessed of genius, or be able to trace the origin of his wisest thoughts; but it is evidently not true to the extent on which Mr Carlyle insists, notwithstanding his reference to Shakspeare, who, as he says, 'takes no airs for writing *Hamlet* and the *Tempest*, understands not that it is anything surprising.' Shakspeare, verily, 'takes no airs,' but he may not be the less aware of the greatness of his capacity; nor, indeed, if we are to accept the evidence of the *Sonnets*, does he anywise appear to be. But why should Shakspeare alone be called up in confirmation of this doctrine? Mr Carlyle's favourite, Goethe, whom he admits to be in all respects a man of the highest genius, and of the most perfect cultivation, ought, on the supposition of the correctness of this theory, to have been another important witness. But it happens that no man was ever more thoroughly self-conscious than Goethe, no one could have a more assured sense of his own worth or capability. The most direct self-observation is apparent in his writings; a healthy consciousness of what he is, and of what he aims at, is one of his most decided and palpable characteristics; no one knows better how to criticise himself, or can render a more discriminating account of the excellences or deficiencies of his performances. This theory of the unconsciousness of genius does not, then, appear to hold with regard to *all* men of genius, and in the present, and other eminent instances, very manifestly fails. With respect to the moral and social applications of the doctrine, much might be said which would tend to shew that there is still a large measure of truth in it: for instance, it is plainly true that the man who evinces much familiarity with his *virtues*, has but a small stock to be acquainted with; and, in like manner, the society which is apt to boast of its enlightenment, will probably be found to be in many respects shamefully unenlightened. But into these matters we cannot enter: readers who may wish to investigate the subject further, must be referred to the essay, in the third volume of the Miscellanies.

III. The *Critical Biographies* are very remarkable productions. The principal persons delineated are Schiller, the German poet; Heyne, a great German scholar; Richter, before spoken of; Diderot, the French cyclopedist; Mirabeau, the politician and popular leader in the French Revolution; Count Cagliostro, the archquack of the eighteenth century; Burns, Johnson, and Sir Walter Scott. With Mr Carlyle, biography is an art. He does not collect a few dates and circumstances, and, putting them down in order, consider the work to be accomplished; but he depicts the whole outward and inward being of the man, seeks to understand him in his inmost thoughts and feelings, paints in free and flowing outlines his entire character and activity, and, upon the whole, makes him almost as intimately known to you as though you had been spectators and partakers in his actual life and conversation. There can be no question that to these papers is to be

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attributed what little improvement there may be observable in the general biographical writing of recent years. Some years ago, indeed, he himself complained that we had no biography of any merit, except Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Mr Carlyle's way of writing, however, is very different from Boswell's. The excellence of Boswell lies in the accuracy of his recollections and the vividness of his impressions; in the general fidelity and minuteness of his narrative, apart from any considerations of the merit of his book as a literary composition. But these biographies are distinguished by an appropriateness of construction, by insight and deliberate portraiture of character, by the breadth and fervour of his style, by all the qualities, in short, which are essential to the production of a graphic and pictorial representation. What painting or sculpture is to the outward lineaments of a man, so is a biography of Carlyle to the mental and moral personality of the individual whose life and history he depicts. There is something exceedingly beautiful and attractive in every one of these performances; but, under the press of other writings remaining to be considered, we have no space to give any more particular account of them.

Dismissing the Miscellanies, we turn now to that wondrous volume, entitled *Sartor Resartus; the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh*. This professes to be in part a disquisition on the origin, influence, and philosophy of *clothes*, and to contain in other part a fragmentary biography of a certain German professor, Herr Teufelsdröckh aforesaid, who wrote thereon, and descanted, as lecturer, on 'Things in General,' in the celebrated university of 'Weissnichtwo' (or, Nobody-knows-where). It is essentially a work of humour, and one of a most singular and impressive kind. It is not a book which everybody can understand on the first perusal. There runs a story, that when originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, a certain sapient nobleman asked the publisher when that 'stupid series of articles by the Tailor* would be done.' A critic in the *Sun* called the work, in the phraseology of old Dennis, 'a heap of clotted nonsense;' adding, however, that it was 'mixed here and there with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigour.' To many persons, even yet, it appears little other than a confused mass of brilliancy and absurdity, a strange and rambling bewilderment of lofty thoughts and low conceits, adapted mainly to puzzle and mislead the common understanding. But this is nowise its authentic character, as any one capable of penetrating through its singular exterior, into its true sense and object will, after honest perseverance and attention, come to comprehend. He will find that the whole age, with its distractions, its many-sided shapes of effort and performance, its

* It may be mentioned, for such as do not know it, that the word *Sartor* signifies a tailor; *Resartus* is another Latin word, derived from *resarcio*, to patch, to mend, or to make up: the title, then, of *Sartor Resartus* may be rendered: 'The Tailor Patched or Mended;' or, more freely, 'The Tailor Retrimmed.'

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raging doubts and dim aspirings—the whole convulsion wherein the old and new are now revolving, and from which, hereafter, an unexampled regeneration of society is to spring—this he will find mirrored and embodied in a form combining the perfection and the graces of philosophy and poetry. The philosophy of clothes, in Mr Carlyle's dialect, is properly an exposition of the significance that lies in the manifold social vestures with which mankind have clothed themselves in the various stages of their history. It embraces all the customs, laws, opinions, habits, and arrangements by which society is developed and sustained, and through which, as appropriate symbols, the soul's sense of fitness, right, and duty is manifested in practical relations. A hint of the manner in which the author treats his subject may be furnished by a few sentences of quotation, wherein he explains his meaning with regard to the formulas assumed by the religious sentiment. We select this passage, solely because it is the only one in which anything like explanation is attempted:—'By church-clothes,' the professor is represented as remarking, 'it need not be premised that I mean infinitely more than cassocks and surplices; and do not at all mean the haberdasher Sunday-clothes that men go to church in. Far from it! Church-clothes are, in our vocabulary, the forms, the *vestures* under which men have at various periods embodied and represented for themselves the religious principle; that is to say, invested the divine idea of the world with a sensible and practically active body, so that it might dwell among them as a living and life-giving word.' Further on the professor observes: 'Without such vestures and sacred tissues, society has not existed, and will not exist. For if government is, so to speak, the outward *skin* of the body politic, holding the whole together, and protecting it, and all your craft-guilds and associations for industry, of hand or of head, are the fleshly-clothes, the muscular and osseous tissues (lying under such *skin*) whereby society stands and works—then is religion the inmost pericardial and nervous tissue, which ministers life and warm circulation to the whole. Without such pericardial tissue, the bones and muscles (of industry) were inert, or animated only by a galvanic vitality; the *skin* would become a shrivelled pelt, or fast-rotting raw hide; and society itself a dead carcass—deserving to be buried. Men were no longer social, but gregarious; which latter state, also, could not continue, but must gradually issue in universal selfish discord, hatred, savage isolation, and dispersion; whereby, as we might continue to say, the very dust and dead body of society would have evaporated and become abolished.' It will be seen, then, that by this philosophy of clothes is intended to be prefigured the immense and unspeakable significance of social habitudes. But while recognising the important services of these, the author would teach his reader to look through them into the inner and enduring essence of humanity, and not be overpowered or imposed on by the shows and mere appearances of things. 'The beginning

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of all wisdom,' he insists, 'is to look fixedly on clothes, or even with armed eyesight, till they become *transparent*. . . . . Happy he who can look through the clothes of a man (the woollen and fleshly and official bank-paper and state-paper clothes) into the man himself, and discern, it may be, in this or the other dread potentate, a more or less incompetent digestive-apparatus, yet also an inscrutable venerable mystery in the meanest tinker that sees with eyes!' Teufelsdröckh dwells much on the 'mystery' incarnated in man. 'To the eye of pure reason,' he asks in one place, 'what is he? A soul, a spirit, and divine apparition. Round his mysterious *me*, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a garment of flesh (or of senses), contextured in the loom of heaven, whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in *union* and *division*, and sees and fashions for himself a universe with azure starry spaces and long thousands of years. Deep hidden is he under that strange garment, amid sounds and colours and forms, as it were swathed in and inextricably overshrouded; yet it is sky-woven and worthy of a God. Stands he not, thereby, in the centre of immensities, in the conflux of eternities? He feels; power has been given him to know, to believe; nay, does not the spirit of love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments, look through? Well said St Chrysostom, with his lips of gold: "The true Shekinah is man;" where else is the *God's-presence* manifested, not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man?' Truly, profound things are handled in this volume, of the most of which we cannot hope to convey any complete or exact conception. Yet what has been already said may be useful to some readers as an introduction to the book, and serve in some sort as a clue to several of its most formidable difficulties. For a thorough comprehension of the work, a peculiar culture is required, including amongst other things a knowledge of German transcendentalism. Nevertheless, there is much in it which almost any intelligent reader may understand. The biography of Teufelsdröckh is one of the most beautiful and striking things in literature. It is an emblem of the spiritual history of all thinking and earnest persons in this era. If you have ever struggled through long years with difficulty, and known the cares that rise like clouds of blackness, eclipsing the whole horizon of your life; if you have walked in the solitude of crowds, and, like the everlasting Wanderer, felt yourself an unrelated alien on the earth; if ever 'the weight, the burden, and the mystery of all this unintelligible world' has lain like an immovable oppression on your soul; if you have trodden alone the wine-press of anguish and disappointment; if you have travelled with painful footsteps through the dreary Valley of the Shadow of Death, and rested with tired limbs in the sombre vales of Humiliation, and obtained glimpses in the distance of the blessed heights and citadels where the shining forms of Faith and Hope look out from their dwellings of immortality—if all or anything of

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this has come to pass in your experience, then, in the flame-written record of the sorrows and pilgrimage of Teufelsdröckh, you will recognise a gorgeous and symbolical representation of your own life-perils and perplexities; and the sublime reconciliation of conviction and submission wherein he rests, will seem to you as a well of precious waters in the parched deserts of the world. Much of the book will appear to many persons hyperbolical and exaggerated, but, allowing for all drawbacks, its high-wrought wisdom and enthusiasm, its strains of solemn pathos, its stern and trenchant humour, its unexampled splendours of imagination, combine to render it one of the most remarkable productions of this century.

The next of Mr Carlyle's works, in the order of publication, is *The French Revolution, a History*, in three volumes, the first edition of which appeared in 1837. It is a work of great power and interest, and utterly unlike any other history in the language. To appreciate it fully, it is almost necessary, and certainly an advantage, to be acquainted beforehand with the facts of the grand convulsion of which it treats. Then may you contemplate with a terrible delight its grotesque and gloomy groupings of events, its darkly-gorgeous scene-paintings, its brilliant-obscure portraitures of character—the whole ghastly and magnificent description of the 'overturning of a world.' Once enter into the spirit of it, and you are fascinated and carried captive by the affluent grandeurs of its power. 'Of all books in the English language,' says Sterling, 'which the present age has given birth to, it is that which, most surprising and disheartening men at first sight, seems afterwards, so far as can be judged from the very many known experiments, the most forcibly to attract and detain them.' Sterling remarks, too, that this history is a 'genuine breathing epic.' 'Complete and fixed in its design,' says he, 'it thrills with life-blood through and through. It shews how the most golden fancy and the most vivifying imagination may be exercised in all their glory and fullest flood within the bounds of the literally true, of that which was transacted in the lives of our fathers, and which filled with its jar and smoke, and diurnal apparitions, the pages of a hundred newspapers.' But, it may be added, that not only is the work epical in its spirit and conception, but its very figures and epithets, and even its repetitions, are all eminently epical. So are the fine episodes which here and there occur; for instance, that grand description of the flight of Louis XVI., which in some parts rises into the highest kind of poetry. Witness the apostrophe to the fugitive, as the morning dawns upon his journey: 'O Louis! this all around thee is the great slumbering earth, and overhead the great watchful heaven. But right ahead, the great north-east sends up evermore his gray-brindled dawn; from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming sun. Stars fade out and galaxies, street-lamps in the city of God. The universe, O my brother, is flinging wide its portals for the levee of the Great High King!' The strangeness

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of Mr Carlyle's style is in none of his works more striking than in the present history; yet it seems to us a style by no means unsuited to the theme. How paint the explosion and conflagration of a perishing system of society in elegant and measured periods, in neatly-balanced cadences of phrase and diction? It required a passionate and burning language, akin to the transactions to be described, fittingly to body forth so awful and so great a tragedy. Besides, it was a tragedy so mixed up with folly, as to be oftentimes incapable of a grave and earnest treatment; a tragedy, as it were, inextricably interlinked with many of the elements of unmitigable *farce;* and, consequently, whenever the farce-element was predominant, demanding a corresponding diversity of style. And here it is that Mr Carlyle's powers of humour serve him most effectually. Humour, as he has said, is the appropriate exponent of low and grotesque things; and his employment of it is for the most part in accordance with the definition. Artistically speaking, there could be no more suitable mode of describing such an incident as The Insurrection of Women than the one which he has adopted; the burlesque sublimity of the action being exactly represented by the burlesque sublimity of the style: and this, we apprehend, is the very utmost that could in such a case be aimed at or expected. And so with regard to the work generally; however wayward, capricious, and extravagant it may seem at first, the impression left upon the reader in the end is grand, thrilling, or ludicrous, according to the character of the incidents depicted, or the nature of the acts and motives represented. The wrongs and indignation of the epoch, the rage and fanaticism which stormed like an ungovernable tempest, the fanfaronade and ridiculous delusion, the patriotic fervours and explosions, the accumulated retributions of a thousand years of folly and oppression, the desperation and the suffering of a dynasty of terror—all and each are powerfully and vividly exhibited, and in their entirety stamp the mind with an indelible impression, and render the reading of the book an event never to be forgotten. The impression, as was inevitable to the subject, is for the most part extremely painful; but there are not wanting in the delineation a few points of grateful and exhilarating interest. Among these we count, as being prominent, the writer's emphatic admiration of every trait of worth and nobleness which the passions and dangers of the times developed, and, above all, the enlarged sympathy and tolerance which he manifests throughout the work. The heads which were hitherto clothed with reprobation, are here bared afresh and crowned with abundant honours. The brawny forms of a Mirabeau, of a Danton, stand before us in their native strength and earnestness, no longer disfigured by the obscurations of tradition; with their sins, indeed, and their recklessness wrapped around them as a garment, but with countenances beaming with energy and rugged splendours, with souls of manly insight and decision, and recognisable as beings intensely and unquestionably

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human. Altogether, we must say, the rise, progress, and termination of the Revolution, and the destinies of the actors and sufferers in it, are most forcibly and magnificently pictured; the causes and necessities of events unravelled and set forth with philosophical perspicacity; and the moral inferences and conclusions derivable from the story indicated and enforced with an almost prophetical solemnity. Exceptions might be taken to here and there a judgment, to many passages of extraordinary phraseology, to some of the author's estimates of character, to much of his mockery and denunciation; but the work, upon the whole, is so marked with the excellences of genius, so full of profound thought and subtile observation, so encompassed with the glowing graces of fancy and imagination, so admirably dramatic in interest and arrangement, so lively and picturesque in its effect, so every way attractive and imposing, as to make all minor blemishes disappear under the blaze of its general splendour, and to leave upon the memory only the impress of its truthfulness. It is a book which we do not expect to become popular; but for the thoughtful and discerning few, who are willing to *study* a book until they have drawn from it all it has to teach them, it has, and will continue to have, abiding and profound attractions.

A somewhat more popular production, though distinguished by most of Carlyle's eccentricities of manner, is his brilliant and thoughtful volume *On Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History*. This consists of six lectures on specific varieties of the hero, delivered first of all to a select audience in London in the year 1840. By the hero, Mr Carlyle means a man of great original genius, of general superiority of intellect—a man so gifted as to be capable of stamping his own thoughts and aspirations upon the times in which he lives, and thus influencing the activity of other men. The history of persons of this exalted originality, he regards as containing the substance of the history of their age and generation. 'As I take it,' says he, in the opening discourse, 'universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and, in a wide sense, creators of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain. All things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realisation and embodiment of thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world: the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these.' For his primary example of the hero, Mr Carlyle goes back to the pagan ages, and shews us how he conceives a great man might be regarded by a rude, uncultivated people as a being of supernatural endowments, and thus become reverenced and worshipped as a demigod. Odin, the central figure of the Scandinavian mythology, is his selected representative of this the earliest and rudest form of heroism. It was a gross, rude

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error, undoubtedly, to mistake a man, however eminently gifted, for a god; nevertheless, in Mr Carlyle's exposition, we are enabled to comprehend how so strange an error might arise, and be even the natural consequence of the ways of thought prevailing among a primitive, uncultured race of men. The man named Odin, and chief Norse god, was in all likelihood a man of extraordinary capacity, insight, energetic faculty; such a one, in short, as we are accustomed to call a man of genius. His marked superiority over his contemporaries might readily kindle in them a strong and even idolatrous feeling of admiration. His view of human destiny, and of the objects of existence, would naturally be accepted by them as the proclamation of a truth worthy of belief; his powers of guidance and of championship might be the means of leading them to a practical accomplishment of the objects they were instinctively in quest of; and at length, when the man had died, the memory of his prowess and wisdom would become so immeasurably enlarged, as to impress the minds of some subsequent generation with the notion that he was verily a god, as the only mode they had of accounting for his immense superiority. A rude, unquestionable error, as we say; but yet not altogether unnatural nor unintelligible to us, when we take into consideration the conditions of the barbarian intellect, and the circumstances under which its development was fostered.

Still less difficult is it to understand how the quick, vehement-hearted Arabs might accept Mohammed for a prophet and inspired preacher of heavenly tidings to mankind; for, indeed, Mohammed taught them many true things; was in many ways a teacher and a guide to them; and his religion, rude and imperfect as it was, displaced only baser superstitions. Mr Carlyle utterly rejects the current notion that Mohammed was a mere impostor, a clever and ambitious charlatan, whose chief object was his own personal aggrandisement. He declares that, for his part, he cannot conceive him so. He believes rather that 'the rude message he delivered was a real one withal; an earnest confused voice from the unknown deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no inanity and simulacrum; a fiery mass of life cast up from the great bosom of nature herself.' He discerns in him a rugged, 'deep-hearted son of the wilderness,' with 'beaming black eyes' and open social soul—a great silent soul; 'one of those who cannot *but* be in earnest; whom nature herself has appointed to be sincere.' 'From of old, a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimings and wanderings, had been in this man: What am I? What *is* this unfathomable thing I live in, which men name universe? What is life—what is death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern sandy solitudes, answered not. The great heaven, rolling silent overhead, with its blue glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer. The man's own soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer!' The

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answer which, after long silent strugglings with his thoughts, he at length elicited, was that really grand conception, that 'there is one God in and over all;' He is the great reality; we, and all things in the world, are but the shadows of his power—'a transitory garment, veiling the Eternal Splendour.' And now, if abandoning the idolatries and hearsays of his tribe, this man became impressed that it was his mission to teach them this great unquestionable truth, and in all ways exhort them to believe it, must it not be said that he rendered them a noble service, and was in some sort not unworthy to be esteemed by them as a faithful teacher and a prophet? At anyrate his prophethood became speedily acknowledged, was zealously promulgated by his wild Arab followers, and is still matter of ardent faith in many countries down to this very hour. Mr Carlyle thinks that had Mohammed's pretensions rested entirely on quackery and imposition, his 'religion' would not have become so widely and lastingly established. 'Are we to suppose,' he asks, 'that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I for my part cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here.' Accordingly, he holds that Mohammed's doctrine was successful, and has been hitherto preserved by the measure of *truth* which it contained; by the general fact that, to peoples in a given stage of civilisation, it was and is believable; that it was, upon the whole, as rational and as true a Word as their dim uncultivated minds could apprehend. He notes with emphasis how the man Mohammed was called the Faithful by his followers and companions. 'Through life,' says he, 'we find him to have been regarded as an altogether solid, brotherly, genuine man; a serious sincere character; . . . . a man of truth and fidelity; true in what he did, in what he spake and thought.' It seems he was a man who, when he spoke, always *meant* something. 'A man rather taciturn in speech; silent when there was nothing to be said, but pertinent, wise, sincere, when he did speak; always throwing light on the matter.' In another place he calls him 'a spontaneous, passionate, yet just, true-meaning man! Full of wild faculty, fire, and light; of wild worth, all uncultured; working out his life-task in the depths of the desert there.' He thinks that, upon the whole, the man's 'life-task' was well and ably accomplished; that he taught and did the best which it was possible for him under the circumstances in which he lived and worked. A very marvellous rhapsody is this discourse on Mohammed and his history; full of memorable, beautiful, and elevating thoughts; and distinguished by an enlarged tolerance, a most genial catholicity of mind, whereof we are at a loss to speak in terms of sufficient commendation.

'The hero as divinity,' remarks Carlyle, 'the hero as prophet, are productions of old ages, not to be repeated in the new.' The

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poet, however, is a heroic figure belonging to all ages, whom all ages accordingly possess, and who continues to appear whenever nature pleases. In his third lecture, Mr Carlyle descants finely on the office and functions of the poet—his chosen examples of hero-poets being the Italian Dante and our Shakspeare. He calls them the 'saints of poetry'—poets who have, as it were, been canonised, so that it is reckoned almost impiety to meddle with them. 'They dwell apart, in a kind of royal solitude—none equal, none second to them: in the general feeling of the world, a certain transcendentalism, a glory as of complete perfection, invests these two. They *are* canonised, though no pope or cardinals took hand in doing it. Such, in spite of every perverting influence, in the most unheroic times, is our still indestructible reverence for heroism.' He remarks that the prevailing characteristic of Dante's genius is *intensity*. 'Dante does not come before us as a large catholic mind—rather as a narrow, and even sectarian mind: it is partly the fruit of his age and position, but partly, too, of his own nature. His greatness has in all senses concentrated itself into fiery emphasis and depth. He is world-great, not because he is world-wide, but because he is world-deep.' Shakspeare, on the other hand, is distinguished by a broad and generous catholicity, a fine universality of soul and character, such as is not to be found to the same extent in any other person. Immense superiority of intellect may be said to be his true and grand distinction. He is the chief and prince of poets—the greatest human soul who has left record of himself in the way of literature. 'On the whole,' says Carlyle, 'I know not such a power of vision, faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth, placid joyous strength; all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil unfathomable sea!' The heroism of these men consists in their prevalent fidelity to nature—in the power which they have, by natural gift and birthright, to influence and sway the minds, passions, and affections of their fellows: this it is which constitutes their greatness, and has kindled in their behalf so general and profound a veneration. Mr Carlyle considers that the reverence with which they have been so long regarded, is intrinsically the same as that which was formerly paid to the hero as prophet or divinity; that the *shape* of it only is changed; that the feeling itself is permanent and indestructible in human nature, and in one or another manifestation continually makes itself apparent. A notable observation we find here on Shakspeare's characteristics as an artist, which well deserves meditating. 'Shakspeare's art,' says he, 'is not artifice; the noblest worth of it is not there by plan or precontrivance. It grows up from the deeps of nature, through this noble sincere soul, who is a voice of nature. The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakspeare, new elucidations of their own human being; "new harmonies with the infinite structure of the universe; concurrences with later

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ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man."' The significance of Shakspeare, therefore, is greater and more abiding than that of Odin or Mohammed; and the hero as poet, though not so imposing in his aspect, holds a position which in its issues is far more influential and commanding.

In the fourth lecture, we have an animated description of the hero or great man in the capacity of priest. Luther and John Knox are our author's representative men of the priestly form of heroism. Nobly, too, is the inward and outward history of these men conceived and represented. It is less needful to dwell on the delineation, as we have now sufficiently explained what Mr Carlyle understands by the heroic character. He repeats in this lecture, 'that all sorts of heroes are intrinsically of the same material; that given a great soul open to the divine significance of life, then there is given a man fit to speak of this, to sing of this, to fight and work for this, in a great victorious, enduring manner; there is given a hero, the outward shape of whom will depend on the time and the environment he finds himself in.' The ideal of the priest is, 'that he, too, be what we can call a voice from the unseen Heaven, interpreting, even as the prophet did, and in a more familiar manner unfolding the same to men. . . . . He is the prophet shorn of his more awful splendour, burning with mild equable radiance, as the enlightener of daily life.' Luther and Knox, he considers, answered with more than ordinary accuracy to this ideal. The work they performed, the life they lived, were in an eminent degree truthful and heroic.

The same is to be said of the personal earnestness and general life-endeavours of Samuel Johnson, Rousseau, and Burns, whom Mr Carlyle, in his fifth lecture, has taken as his representatives of the 'hero as man of letters.' Bravery, constancy, sincerity of heart and purpose, are shewn to be the soul of their activity. Very literally these men were heroes, and have all notably influenced the proceedings of mankind. For, as it is here observed, 'our heroic men of letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically, there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world.' What *name* or welcome we give to him or his teaching is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. 'The new truth, new deeper revealing of the secret of this universe, is verily of the nature of a message from on high, and must and will have itself obeyed.'

The last heroic personage whom Carlyle depicts for us in these lectures is the 'hero as king.' He observes: 'The commander over men, he to whose will our wills are to be subordinated, and loyally surrender themselves, and find their welfare in doing so, may be reckoned the most important of great men. He is practically the *summary* for us of *all* the various figures of heroism—priest, teacher, whatsoever of earthly or of spiritual dignity we can fancy to reside in a man, embodies itself here, to *command*

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over us, furnish us with constant practical teaching, tell us for the day and hour what we are to *do*. He is called *rex*, regulator, *roi:* our own name is still better—king, *könning*, which means *can*-ning, able-man. . . . . Find in any country the ablest man that exists there; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him—you have a perfect government for that country. . . . . The ablest man—he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the noblest man: what he tells us to do must be precisely the wisest, fittest that we could anywhere or anyhow learn—the thing which it will in all ways behove us, with right loyal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do. Our doing and life were then, as far as government could regulate it, well regulated; that were the ideal of constitutions.' He knows very well that ideals can never be completely realised—that we may be reasonably enough content with some tolerable approximation; yet it is never to be forgotten that ideals—perfect types of things—do actually exist, and that in all human affairs they must be as near as possibly conformed to, 'or the whole matter goes to wreck.' He holds that the natural born king has a divine right to govern—a point, however, which he guardedly explains. 'To assert,' says he, 'that in whatever man you chose to lay hold of—by this, or the other plan of clutching at him—and clapt a round piece of metal on the head of, and called king—there straightway came to reside a divine virtue, so that *he* became a kind of god, and a divinity inspired him with faculty and right to rule over you to all lengths: this, what can we do with this but leave it to rot silently in the public libraries? But I say withal—and that is what these divine-right men meant—that in kings, and in all human authorities and relations that men god-created can form among each other, there is verily either a divine right or else a diabolic wrong—one or the other of these two! . . . . There is no act more moral between men than that of rule and obedience. Wo to him that claims obedience when it is not due; wo to him that refuses it when it is! God's law is in that, I say, however the parchment-laws may run: there is either a divine right or else a diabolic wrong at the heart of every claim that one man makes upon another.' Again, he says: 'Find me the true *könning*, king, or able-man, and he *has* a divine right over me. That we knew in some tolerable measure how to find him, and that all men were ready to acknowledge his divine right when found—this is precisely the healing which a sick world is everywhere in these ages seeking after.' This doctrine does not agree very well with the democratic temper of the present times; but with such discrepancy we need not be here concerned, our business being only to shew what are Mr Carlyle's opinions on the matter. Of actual kings and rulers who, by natural birthright and capacity for ruling, had a divine right to govern, he considers there have at least been two in modern times—Cromwell and Napoleon. His last lecture is devoted to a consideration of the characters and historical position of these men. For Cromwell, in particular, he

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evinces a profound and enthusiastic veneration. Earnestly and lovingly has he depicted his struggles, labours, and successes; generously vindicated him against the calumnies and misrepresentations of party writers, and, on the whole, triumphantly portrayed him as a man of genuine worth, heroic energy, and sincerity; a man pre-eminently gifted with the capability for governing, and who, in taking the highest place of power, rose to it by virtue of natural fitness and endowment. 'That such a man,' says he, 'with the eye to see, with the heart to dare, should advance from post to post, from victory to victory, till the Huntingdon farmer became, by whatever name you might call him, the acknowledged strongest man in England, virtually the king of England, requires no magic to explain it!'

We have dwelt longer on this volume than the size of it and our contracted space would seem to warrant; but we have done so because the work contains the most popular exposition of what is most peculiar in Mr Carlyle's opinions. This doctrine of hero-worship recurs in all his later works; and so far as he may be said to have any philosophic or political *system*, a recognition of the natural supremacy of wise and able men is a prominent and leading principle.

In his *Chartism* (1839), and *Past and Present* (1843), Mr Carlyle deals expressly with the social disorders of our present times and country. They are both mournful books. They enter deeply into the social miseries of the age; are full of loud complaint respecting the decay of faith, of human nobleness, of all proper manliness and integrity in the nation. The governing classes, or landed aristocracy, he affirms, are no longer capable of governing, and have as good as abdicated; the working aristocracy—manufacturers, and capitalists engaged in superintending labour—are as yet in general unacquainted with the duties that have devolved upon them with the new relations of the times; being for the most part absorbed in mere money-getting, in undisguised mammonish idolatry. Men, he says, have lost their *souls*, and have taken for a substitute the *stomach*. Their leading aim in life is that of a mere material success, and the terror which most besets them is the 'infinite dread of not succeeding.' For true nobleness, for humane wisdom, for any of the great spiritual interests of humanity, there is scarcely any recognition. Great are the conquests of the English over inorganic nature, but in the way of distributing the results, we have as yet accomplished nothing satisfactory. With our competitions and doctrines of *laissez faire* (leaving things alone), and the general selfishness and indifferency that pervades our social being, society has become disorganised, and is in danger of dissolution. 'We call it a society,' says he, 'and go about professing openly the totalest separation, isolation. Our life is not a mutual helpfulness; but rather, cloaked under due laws of war, named "fair competition," and so forth, it is a mutual hostility.' Men must learn that they

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are brothers, and strive to live lovingly together. Above all things, they must seek to conform themselves to the Maker's laws. *Justice* is the one thing needed in this world. 'What is justice? The clothed embodied justice that sits in Westminster Hall, with penalties, parchments, tipstaves, is very visible. But the *un*embodied justice, whereof that other is either an emblem, or else is a fearful indescribability, is not so visible! For the unembodied justice is of Heaven; a spirit and divinity of heaven, *in*visible to all but the noble and pure of soul. . . . As many men as there are in a nation who *can* withal see Heaven's invisible justice, and know it to be on earth also omnipotent, so many men are there who stand between a nation and perdition.'

It is often objected to Carlyle that he points out, emphatically enough, the evils under which we are labouring, but yet nowhere suggests a remedy. In *Past and Present*, he takes note of this objection. 'It seems,' says he, 'to be taken for granted, by these interrogative philosophers, that there is some "thing" or handful of "things" which could be done; some act of parliament, "remedial measure," or the like, which could be passed, whereby the social malady were fairly fronted, conquered, put an end to; so that, with your remedial measure in your pocket, you could then go on triumphant, and be troubled no further. "You tell us the evil," cry such persons, as if justly aggrieved, "and do not tell us how it is to be cured!"—How it is to be cured? Brothers, I am sorry I have got no Morrison's Pill for curing the maladies of society. It were infinitely handier if we had a Morrison's Pill, Act of Parliament, or remedial measure, which men could swallow, one good time, and then go on in their old courses, cleared from all miseries and mischiefs. Unluckily we have none such; unluckily the heavens themselves, in their rich pharmacopœia, contain none such. There will no "thing" be done that will cure you. There will a radical universal alteration of your regimen and way of life take place; a most toilsome, all-but "impossible" return to nature, and her veracities and her integrities, take place: that so the inner fountains of life may again begin, like eternal light-fountains, to irradiate and purify your bloated, swollen, foul existence, drawing nigh, as at present, to nameless death! Either death or else all this will take place. Judge if, with such diagnosis, any Morrison's Pill is like to be discoverable!—But the life-fountain within you once again set flowing, what innumerable "things," whole sets and classes and continents of "things," year after year, and decade after decade, and century after century, will then be doable and done! . . . It will then be a blessed time; and many "things" will become doable. . . . . Wholly a blessed time: when jargon might abate, and here and there some genuine speech begin. When to the noble opened heart—as to such heart they alone do—all noble things began to grow visible; and the difference between just and unjust, between true and false, between work and sham-work, between speech and jargon, was once more, what to our

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happier fathers it used to be, *infinite*—as between a heavenly thing and an infernal: the one a thing which you were *not* to do, which you were wise not to attempt doing; which it were better for you to have a millstone tied round your neck, and be cast into the sea, than concern yourself with doing. Brothers, it will not be a Morrison's Pill, or remedial measure, that will bring all this about for us.' In the sense of 'remedial measures,' Carlyle has, in short, no remedy to offer. He only knows that in some way the Maker's laws must be obeyed. Those who can *discern* the Maker's laws are called to guide and direct the rest in the way of their observance. There is doubtless, in the nature of things, *a best course* for every one; let each in his degree try to discover that, and walk along it, nothing doubting. The plainest course for everybody is to do the duty which first lies at hand. That being done, other duties will become clear, and may in their turn be done. This *Past and Present* is noticeable, among other respects, as containing an announcement of the approaching supremacy of industry, of the high worth and dignity of labour. 'There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth. The latest gospel in this world is—know thy work and do it.' It is in work alone, in work appropriate and befitting to his faculties, that a man can find his welfare, and fulfil his destiny in time. 'Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for-ever-enduring gospel: Work, and therein have wellbeing. Man, son of earth and of heaven, lies there not in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work; and burns like a painfully-smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee? What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient, and productive to thee. . . . . The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it, that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered. But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness . . . . smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest, and it lives. . . . The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his *un*spoken voice, awfuller than any Sinai thunders or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old graves, with their long-mouldering dust—the

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very tears that wetted it now all dry—do not these speak to thee, what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in these never-ending courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day.' The proper epic of these times is not 'Arms and the Man' any longer; still less is it the celebration of 'Shirt-frills and the Man:' it is, 'Tools and the Man;' that, henceforth to all time, is now the appropriate motto and inscription for the banner of English enterprise. Instead of captains of armed troops, we must have captains of industry, a governing class of able men, a wise and enlightened priesthood; that so the work of the world may be wisely executed, and the results wisely ordered and arranged—the grand aim of all arrangement being the common social welfare. The consummation of all this is as yet afar off; it is work for long years and centuries; but towards it we shall gradually advance, as men begin to learn the real laws of nature, and to work in conformity therewith; as they come to comprehend the infinite difference there is between right and wrong, between God's everlasting truth and justice and mere temporary semblance and expediency, between reality and pretension, in all departments and affairs of life and action. When the *souls* of men are once awakened and conscious of the high relations in which they stand to the Eternal, they will be capable once more of discerning what is *true;* and by working that into their practices, they will realise a condition and state of being with which they may be reasonably content. This, as near as we can render it in a few sentences, is the substance of the didactic import of these volumes; many things are specifically treated of which cannot here be noted; and of the eloquence and power of the writing no impression could be given without very liberal transcriptions. There is little doubt that these works have tended very considerably to stir up the thoughtful mind of England, and given an impulse and a tone of earnestness to many of the efforts at social amelioration now in progress.

The next in the list of Mr Carlyle's productions is a collection of *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; with Elucidations,* published in December 1845. The work was commercially more successful than his former publications; something, it would seem, to his own surprise. A second edition was called for early in the following summer; and a third, to some further extent enlarged, came out in 1850. This last is in four octavo volumes. It would appear that the author regards the work as one preparatory to something 'greater and more useful' on the matter. It is plain, however, that this one has been put together with no inconsiderable difficulty and labour. 'These authentic utterances,' says he, 'of the man Oliver himself—I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried; I have washed, or endeavoured to wash them clean from foreign stupidities (such a job of buck-washing as I do

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not long to repeat); and the world shall now see them in their own shape. Working for long years in those unspeakable historic provinces of which the reader has already had account,* it becomes more and more apparent to one, that this man, Oliver Cromwell, was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritan revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable, and an epoch in the world's history; that in fact he, more than is common in such cases, does deserve to give his name to the period in question, and have the Puritan revolt considered as a *Cromwelliad*, which issue is already very visible for it. And then further, altogether contrary to the popular fancy, it becomes apparent that this Oliver was not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths, whose words do carry a meaning with them, and, above all others of that time, are worth considering. His words—and, still more, his *silences*, and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words—will, in several ways, reward the study of an earnest man. An earnest man, I apprehend, may gather from these words of Oliver's, were there even no other evidence, that the character of Oliver, and of the affairs he worked in, is much the reverse of that mad jumble of "hypocrisies," &c., which at present passes current as such.

'But certainly, on any hypothesis as to that, such a set of documents may hope to be elucidative in various respects. Oliver's character, and that of Oliver's performance in this world: here best of all may we expect to read it, whatsoever it was. Even if false, these words, authentically spoken and written by the chief actor in the business, must be of prime moment for understanding of it. These are the words this man found suitablest to represent the things themselves, around him, and in him, of which we seek a history. The new-born things and events, as they bodied themselves forth to Oliver Cromwell from the whirlwind of the passing time, this is the name and definition he saw good to give of them. To get at these direct utterances of his, is to get at the very heart of the business; were there once light for us in these, the business had begun again at the heart of it to be luminous.—On the whole, we will start with this small service, the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, washed into something of legibility again, as the preliminary of all. May it prosper with a few serious readers! The *heart* of that grand Puritan business once again becoming visible, even in faint twilight to mankind, what masses of brutish darkness will gradually vanish from all fibres of it, from the whole body and environment of it, and trouble no man any more! Masses of foul darkness, sordid confusions not a few, as I calculate, which now bury this matter very deep, may vanish: the heart of this matter, and the heart of serious men once again brought into approximation, to write some "history" of it, may be a little easier.'

* In the preceding chapter.

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Here you have the aim and intention of the work sufficiently set forth. That it has been ably and conscientiously fulfilled, appears to be the common testimony of persons most competent to form a judgment. Certainly the memory of Cromwell does here rise before us in a clearer and more human form than has hitherto been current; and here, too, for the first time, a modern reader is enabled to understand what English Puritanism in the seventeenth century really signified. It was, says Carlyle, a passionate and earnest effort of heroic souls to make God's law bear sway and practical supremacy in the world—an effort baffled then through the sectarian contractedness of the interpreters, and the untimely loss of the true *king* of the movement; but an effort which needs to be again and again renewed, under new and wider forms, until it can at length be approximately realised in fact. The record of Puritanism, with its champion and its struggles, is memorable to us as the 'last glimpse of the godlike vanishing from England;' and as a stern and earnest admonition for us to return to truth and nature. No regeneration or available improvement in our social life is possible until that has been accomplished; until we know and act on the conviction, that what is intrinsically right and true in the constitution of human things is alone capable of prospering —that it alone has Heaven's countenance and sanction, and is, therefore, victorious and enduring.

The third edition of *Cromwell* brings us down to 1850, in the month of February of which year appeared the first of the *Latter-day Pamphlets*, a series of compositions which excited a good deal of attention, and not a little criticism in the newspapers and other periodical publications. We believe the general verdict was anything but flattering; in some instances, indeed, grossly contradictory and contemptuous; but we recollect thinking at the time, that the writer's meaning was often strangely misapprehended, and even here and there quite wilfully misconstrued. We must confess that the great outcry raised against these pamphlets by the popular press did considerably surprise us. Nothing could be more perverse or palpably unfair than the manner in which they were for the most part criticised. Able editors selected the most extravagant-looking passages, and, presenting them apart from the context, in that way *shewed them up*, jeeringly asking readers whether such passages were not exactly so much nonsense? It is easy to cry down almost any writer by such a mode of criticism. By this method, at anyrate, Carlyle's meaning was utterly distorted, wrenched aside from its natural applications, and in all ways more or less misrepresented. Let the reader, who has not yet perused the Pamphlets, for the most part disregard the verdict of the newspapers, and, using such faculty as he may have, strive honestly to understand them for himself. Wild and singular as they look, they are, nevertheless, intelligible, and may, by an ingenuous mind, be actually comprehended. They cannot be said to contain any opinions which are not to be found in the author's

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former works; it is only in the mode of their announcement, and in the application given to such opinions, that these papers present anything of novelty. We have the same emphatic denunciation of shams, the same vehement exhortations to conform ourselves to the laws of God's universe, the same recognition of the need of able men to conduct and manage our affairs, the same prophecy of ruin to us if something of all this be not practically adopted. The peculiarity of the Pamphlets is, that in them the writer's views are brought to bear directly upon the political and social questions of the day. The titles are significant of the topics treated of:—1. The Present Time. 2. Model Prisons. 3. Downing Street. 4. The New Downing Street. 5. Stump-orator. 6. Parliaments. 7. Hudson's Statue. 8. Jesuitism. Were we called upon to characterise the composition, we might say that it is mostly of the nature of *rhapsody*—vehement, irregular declamation, full of wild force and splendour, and uttered as with the fury of a prophet. There is no logical argument, no laborious deduction of conclusions from established facts and principles; everything is prompt, dogmatic, and immediate, as though the writer *saw* the truth, and the authority of his vision were sufficient for its announcement. That there is really a great deal of important truth in these Pamphlets, we are prepared to assert in the face of all gainsayers; yet, on the other hand, we cannot but admit that much of it is presented in an exaggerated form, and is more or less vitiated by a too determinate one-sidedness. We can readily understand the vexation engendered by them in the minds of the so-called practical men of the times; for what they teach is anything but practicable under the present conditions of social life and habit. Carlyle does not disguise from us that it will take a long time to get our virtually disorganised society reconstructed in accordance with the principles on which he conceives it should be based. What he aims at, is to stimulate us to a more truthful and earnest way of life, that so a beginning of amendment may be made, and a way prepared for the advent of a better time. In the political and social nostrums of the day he has very little faith—the watchwords of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' are only ridiculous in his eyes; neither are the virtues ascribed to universal suffrage, ballot-boxes, or the government of the multitude by themselves, in his belief, at all available for the purposes of an efficient reformation. It is only in a hierarchy of the worthiest that he sees any shadow of hope; in a just and universal recognition of human worth and wisdom, that he discerns any chance or opportunity of permanent advantage. 'Thou shalt honour the right man,' says he, 'and not honour the wrong, under penalties of an alarming nature.' The right man being honoured, and appropriately employed in governing and teaching, our confused affairs might begin to be set right a little; to be more and more advanced towards a true and just condition, and this England perhaps be saved from an otherwise inevitable destruction. The difficulty of course lies in

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getting the wisest men to govern us. Reasonably, you may inquire of the author: My dear sir, how is this to be accomplished? But he scornfully declines answering, or if he gives you any response, it is in the shape of some comprehensive admonition, implying such extensive and spontaneous changes of thought and habit as to leave you still incapable of perceiving how it can be turned, in social respects, to any immediate or practical account. We, however, invite the candid reader to look into these Pamphlets; strange as they may seem to him, he will find them to contain some notable suggestions, and much reflection and remark well worthy of consideration; and we are inclined to think that his ultimate judgment, in regard both to their merits and defects, will be different from that which was current in the newspapers.

The last of Mr Carlyle's published works is the *Life of John Sterling*—a very attractive and beautiful biography. The book appeared in the autumn of 1851, and in two months reached a second edition. It was not so much the interest of the subject as the reputation of the author which occasioned this demand. Sterling is not much known to the ordinary public; indeed, such knowledge or rumour of him as there was prior to the appearance of this volume was in great part a *mis*knowledge, needing to be corrected. From the introductory chapter, we gather that such was the object of the present publication. Sterling's actual performances in literature, though manifesting a fine capability, are not very considerable in amount, or of such importance as to entitle him to an express biography, apart from accidental considerations. 'His character,' says Carlyle, 'was not supremely original, neither was his fate in the world wonderful.' But Sterling had gained a degree of notability on account of certain changes of opinion. He had been for some eight months a clergyman in deacon's orders, and subsequently relinquished that profession, partly through ill health, and partly, it appears, from the differences which had arisen between his speculative views and the creeds and articles of the Established Church. Accordingly, when, in 1848, Archdeacon Hare published a sketch of Sterling's life, by way of introduction to his collected writings, a certain class of sectarian newspapers and periodicals took occasion to treat both the work and Sterling's memory with a good deal of censure and severity. Though Hare's narrative is distinguished by the greatest kindliness, and the warmest appreciation of his friend's gifts and excellences, he had been led by natural tendency and position, as a churchman, to dwell with preponderating emphasis on the man's reputed heresies; 'by no means,' as Carlyle remarks, 'extenuating the fact, nor yet passing lightly over it—which a layman could have done, as needing no extenuation—but carefully searching into it, presenting all the documents of it, and, as it were, spreading it over the whole field of his delineation, as if religious heterodoxy had been the grand fact of Sterling's life, which even to the archdeacon's mind it could by no means seem to be.' The consequence was, that of the

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living original, John Sterling, his general opinions, character, and activities, an altogether partial and distorted image was presented to the world; and by the time the sectarian newspapers had done passing judgment on him, the likeness left of him had as little resemblance to the man as the November caricatures have to their celebrated prototype of the Gunpowder Plot. Sterling's friends naturally objected, that a man whom they had so intimately known and loved, should be thus perversely and ignominiously pictured. Carlyle, among the rest, desired that all this should be corrected, but for some time was doubtful how such an object could be accomplished. By degrees, however, as he observes, arose this final thought: 'That at some calmer season, when the theological dust had well fallen, and both the matter itself, and my feelings on it, were in a suitable condition, I ought to give my testimony about this friend, whom I had known so well, and record clearly what my knowledge of him was. This has ever since seemed a kind of duty I had to do in the world before leaving it.' Here, accordingly, it is done, and that with a heartiness so genial and affecting, as to invest the book with a lasting memorability. A brilliant, cheerful-looking, most beautiful human portrait, in the lineaments of which you can discern the characteristics of an amiable, truth-loving, pious-hearted man. Any one desirous of seeing a model of biography, may be safely recommended to read this volume. It has some attractions, too, in the way of literary history. Besides the portraiture of Sterling, it contains notices of various distinguished persons who exercised an influence on his training. Foremost among these was the poet Coleridge, whose genius, character, and surprising powers of conversation, as Carlyle remembers them, are here described with a graphic vigour and discrimination. Our author's judgment on this celebrated man is not altogether eulogistic, and it seems to have given much offence to Coleridge's unqualified admirers; yet, if any unprejudiced reader of Coleridge's prose writings were deliberately to collate the impressions derived from them with the estimate of the man presented in this volume, he would probably conclude that, though undoubtedly severe, Carlyle's judgment is, upon the whole, a just one. This is a point, however, which must for the present remain unsettled: when the critics have dealt with it sufficiently, no doubt the truth will be at last eliminated. Another interesting figure in the book is Sterling's father, Edward Sterling, the original Thunderer of the *Times* newspaper, whom our author designates as a veritable Captain Whirlwind—'an amazingly impetuous, hasty, explosive man,' with 'three hundred and sixty-five opinions in the year, on every subject,' but withal endowed with a 'faculty of improvising' (rapid ready-writing, suitable for a *Times* newspaper) utterly unequalled. Very pleasing traits of Carlyle himself are also visible in the work—intimations of his peculiar personality, and of the generous warmth and friendliness that glow within his heart. Upon the whole, we know not of a nobler, more affectionate

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and beautiful memorial, raised by one friend to another, anywhere in literature. Whether the world required a Life of Sterling or not, it cannot but be glad to possess so mild and graceful a revelation of the gentler phases of Carlyle's nature, and to learn how hearty and true a man he is in his private affections and relations. The great stormy giant, with his vehement rage, and wild, withering contempt, is here softened and subdued into quiet tenderness and suppressed sorrow; and, sitting watchful at the tomb of a memory which he loved, he has sown the place of sepulture with flowers, and for ever hallowed it with beauty.

We have but little space reserved for anything in the shape of general criticism, yet such as remains to us may serve for one or two necessary remarks. No reader of these writings can fail to notice the high importance assigned in them to *faith*—the habit of clear and definite belief respecting our relations to the universal system of existence, and to the Supreme Power on whom all things are dependent. 'The thing a man does practically lay to heart,' says he, 'and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest.'* This deserves attentive consideration; for though it is no new truth, it is one which is apt to be sadly overlooked, and scarcely obtains any of that serious recognition which it used to receive in earlier and more earnest ages. *What* you are to believe in times when so many conflicting notions and opinions, organised or unorganised, solicit your attention and adherence, it may be difficult to settle; yet in the attribute of reverence we have a guide which, if duly followed, will lead us to the possession of the truth. Consider well this wide region of wonder and of mystery, which men call being, including life and death, and all that is beyond them, and note the feeling that arises in you from the contemplation. 'Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible: in the heart of its tumultuous appearances, embroilments, and mad time-vortices, is there not silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful, sole Reality, and ultimate controlling Power of the whole?'† Reverence for *that* is the condition of all insight. Instinctively venerating this ineffable Excellency and Omnipotence, with intent to submit himself to the Divine decrees, a man may come to apprehend the grand significance of right and wrong, and discern the consequences of his corresponding actions: for between the Divine mind and the finite there are cords of communication, along which, as by electric agency, the Infinite transmits into the conscience the sense and intimation of his will. Truth, then, is not a shadowy or imaginary thing, but stands on the firmest basis: it is the definition of the laws of God. The universe is made by law, and the great Soul of the world is just. Here are grounds for unassailable conviction.

* *Hero-worship*, p. 3. † *Past and Present*, p. 307, 8.

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Assuredly faith is ever possible to man; and in whomsoever it subsists, it does unquestionably determine the tenor of his thoughts and conduct. To all greatness, to all heroism, to all truthfulness of life and action, it is fundamentally indispensable; for faith is the parent of sincerity and earnestness in practice, by the power of which all great and true things are accomplished.

The supreme significance of faith, the grand importance of having definite convictions, such as are credible and unquestionable to the understanding, is one of the things which Carlyle has recalled to the world's attention, and emphatically preaches to his generation. And along with this he teaches the high value of sincerity, the need of courage to work out into actual results whatsoever you believe, heedless of all temporary loss or danger, and with a patient unconcern about the issue. If what you do be right—if it be accordant with the order and constitution of things as ordained by God—the end will be successful; and if you have unhappily misapprehended the divine appointments, and in your blind ignorance acted contrary to their tendency, you will, if you are a true man, accept your failure with composure, and regard it as an admonition to a different course of effort. Thus by action you can put an end to doubt, and acquire the advantages of experience. In any case, submission to what is actually the law of this universe is the proper attitude of man towards his Maker. And then you are to regard the world as a place for work—as a scene for the development of your faculties, for the working out of the ends and objects of humanity, as they are represented in your person. Every man is in some sort charged with the destinies of the race; and it is through a sedulous and diligent fulfilment of his individual duties, that he will best advance the interests of progress. Rest not in hearsays, tolerate no shams, look keenly through appearances into the pith and heart of things themselves, and in all your doings and endeavourings deal at first hand with principles. This, under the practical aspect, is some portion of Carlyle's message to his contemporaries; and it seems to us a message not unworthy of acceptation.

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SPIRIT OF THE FAIRY QUEEN.

AS Milton's *Paradise Lost* represents in literature the age of the Long Parliament and the civil war, whose faith, philosophy, and temper too, are interwoven with its sublime poetry, so does Spenser's *Fairy Queen* illustrate the Elizabethan age, as it thought and spoke, imagined and believed. Scarcely a custom of that period now lingers in England's remotest corner. Changes have passed over town and country, over language and manners, since Spenser wrote. Science has grown up, education become popular, and great men risen among us; but the literary phalanx which gave those times their enduring lustre has never been displaced. Shakspeare still charms our people, still employs the critics; and

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scholars know that the mental aspect of its author's age is immortalised in the *Fairy Queen*. There are the remnants of the Reformation strife, the vestiges of chivalry and old romance, the classical learning, the lore of allegory, and the untiring adulation of their 'soveraine lady,' which characterised the English world of letters throughout Elizabeth's long and remarkable reign. This faithful adherence to the forms and fashions of his own day, secured a higher place for Spenser's poem in the esteem of his contemporaries, than was afterwards accorded to the noblest dramas of Shakspeare, who wrote less for his age than for all time; but it has also had the effect of rendering the work obscure, and here and there scarcely intelligible to the majority of modern readers. Besides, in the course of almost three centuries which intervene between us and its publication, many words have gone out of use or taken far different meanings, the orthography has grown in a great measure obsolete, and the plain-speaking of our ancestors on sundry subjects become positive coarseness. Nevertheless—to imitate the bard's own metaphorical style—a golden warp of true poetry and moral teaching runs through that old-world woof; and for its sake we offer the many who may find Spenser tedious or difficult, this brief introduction to the *Fairy Queen*.

In an explanatory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, which seems to have accompanied a presentation copy, when the first three books were printed in 1589, the poet says: 'The general end, therefore, of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline; which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction.' He then proceeds to describe the plan of his poem, beginning with a marvellous piece of flattery, which was doubtless intended to reach the royal ear. 'In that *Faerie Queene*, I mean Glory in my generall intention; but in my particular, I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the queene, and her kingdom in Faerie Land. And yet in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons—the one of a most royal queene or empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull lady—this latter part in some places I doe express in Belphœbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia—Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth Magnificence in particular [in Spenser's day this signified magnanimity]. Of the twelve other vertues, I make twelve knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history; of which these three bookes contayn three. The first, of the Knight of the Redcrosse, in whom I expresse Holynes; the seconde, of Sir Guyon, in whom I sette forth Temperaunce; the third, of Britomartis, a lady-knight, in whom I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights' severall adventures. The

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beginning, therefore, of my history, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faerie Queene kept her annual feaste of twelve days, upon which the occasion of these twelve adventures happened, which being undertaken by twelve knights, are in twelve bookes severally handled.'

This large design Spenser never completed; but besides the books mentioned in his letter, he has left us the histories of Friendship, of Justice, and of Courtesy, with two cantos, apparently part of the history of Constancy. These six tales, or rather allegories, and the above-mentioned fragment, constitute the poem known as the *Fairy Queen*.

The First Book, that of the Red-cross Knight, Holiness or Piety, after an invocation to the Muse, Cupid, Venus, Mars, and Queen Elizabeth, opens with the following description:—

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remaine,
The cruel marks of many a bloodie field;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bitt,
As much disdaining to the curbe to yield.
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sitt,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his breast a bloodie cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For soveraine hope, which in his help he had.
Right faithful, true, he was in deede and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad [dreaded].

With the knight rides Una, or Truth, a fair lady mounted on a snow-white ass, clad in deep mourning, and leading a white lamb; behind her comes her page, a dwarf, who 'moves with lazy pace,' and carries necessaries for her journey in a bag slung at his back. The poet thus discloses her history and character:—

So pure and innocent as that same lamb
She was in life, and every virtuous lore;
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens that had of yore
Their sceptres stretched from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend, with foul uproar
Forwasted all their land, and them expelled—
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compelled.

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This destroyer was a monstrous dragon, intended to represent the principle of Evil, whom Truth has summoned Holiness to combat. As they ride on, a sudden storm obliges the knight and his companion to take refuge under the thick-growing trees of a forest. The storm soon blows over, but they lose their way, and after wandering 'till they doubt their wits be not their own,' Spenser says:—

> At last, resolving forward still to fare,
> Till that some end they find, or in or out,
> That path they take that beaten seemed most bare,
> And like to lead the labyrinth about;
> Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
> At length it brought them to a hollow cave
> Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
> Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
> And to the dwarf awhile his needless spear he gave.

This hollow cave is the den of Error, who is described as a 'monster vile,' the upper half of her body resembling a woman, the lower an enormous serpent; and she nourishes a thousand of her offspring, all ugly and ill-favoured. The knight engages and kills this monster. Her young poison themselves with their mother's blood, and the pair find a beaten path which leads them safe out of the forest. Journeying on, as evening approaches, they meet an old man called Archimago, or Hypocrisy, dressed like a hermit, with book and beads, and all the other appurtenances of monastic life:—

> He fair the knight saluted, louting low,
> Who fair him quited, as that courteous was;
> And after asked him if he did know
> Of strange adventures which abroad did pass.
> 'Ah, my dear son!' quoth he, 'how should, alas!
> Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
> Bidding his beads all day for his trespass,
> Tidings of war and worldly trouble tell?
> With holy father sits not with such things to mell.
>
> 'But if of danger, which hereby doth dwell,
> And homebred evil ye desire to hear,
> Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
> That wasteth all this country far and near.'
> 'Of such,' said he, 'I chiefly do inquire;
> And shall theo well reward to shew the place
> In which that wicked wight his days doth wear;
> For to all knighthood it is foul disgrace
> That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.'

Archimago, however, persuades the travellers to rest for that night in his dwelling, 'a little lowly hermitage hard by a forest's

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side.' There he entertains them with great hospitality and pious discourse; but when all are fast asleep in their 'several lodgings,' he summons an evil spirit (for Archimago is a mighty enchanter), who brings him a false dream from the house of Morpheus. With this, after disturbing the rest of the Red-cross Knight, he forms an image of Una; his familiar, at the same time, assumes the form of a youthful squire, and the enchanter having awaked the knight in great wrath, makes him a witness of his lady's seeming faithlessness. The luckless champion believes his eyes, and the consequences are thus related:—

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And waste his inward gall with deep despite,
Irksome of life, and too long lingering night.
At last fair Hesperus in highest sky
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light;
Then up he rose and clad him hastily;
The dwarf him brought his steed—so both away do fly.

In the morning, Una finds her page and champion gone; but unwilling to believe that the latter had actually forsaken her, she follows him through wood and wild, all in vain.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place,
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

Here a hungry lion—intended to represent Courage—comes suddenly upon her; but overcome by the sight of her beauty and innocence, the savage creature 'licks her lily hands with fawning tongue;' and when Una rises up to continue her journey—

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared;
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

Una and her lion wander through the forest till they reach the dwelling of Corceca, or Superstition, and her daughter Abessa, otherwise Stupidity.

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She found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray,
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred paternosters every day,
And thrice nine hundred aves she was wont to say;

And to augment her painful penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit.'

Una craves shelter in their cottage for the night; but her lion having killed Kirkrapine, Abessa's lover, who rudely rushed in with the plunder of poor's-boxes and churches heaped on his shoulders, the old woman and her daughter pursue her with curses and evil names, and, on their return, encounter Archimago, armed and equipped like the Red-cross Knight, 'his late deceived guest,' whom, as he was an old acquaintance, they directed where to find Una; and she, trusting to appearances, joyfully welcomed him as her lost champion. With an apology for his abrupt departure, which he says had been to destroy a neighbouring giant, vows of constancy are exchanged, and they proceed together.

In the meantime, the real Red-cross Knight and his page have encountered a knight armed like a Saracen, and called Sansfoy, or Unbelief—one of three brothers, the children of Aveugle, or Darkness—and by his side rides the fair Duessa, or Falsehood, the daughter of Deceit and Shame, but a powerful enchantress, who, by her arts, appears of exceeding beauty. The Red-cross Knight and the Saracen no sooner see each other than a mortal combat ensues, in which the latter is slain; and the fair Duessa—after informing the conqueror that she was the daughter of a mighty emperor, who governed all the west from his palace by the Tiber's banks—consents to accompany him. Under her conduct he proceeds to the palace of Pride. A broad highway leads to its door, and numbers of all ranks travel thither. The palace itself is built of brick without mortar, but all overlaid with thin gold-leaf, and standing on a hill of loose sand. Here they enter, and behold the Queen Lucifera.

High above all, a cloth of state was spread,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sat, most brave embellished
With royal robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden queen, that shone as Titan's ray,
In glistering gold and peerless precious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As envying herself, that too exceeding shone.

* * * *

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Soon as the elfin-knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming lady fair,
A gentle usher, Vanity by name,
Made room, and passage for them did prepare;
So goodly brought them to the lowest stair
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeisance, did the cause declare
Why they were come, her royal state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great majestee.

The Red-cross Knight receives every honour and attention in Queen Lucifera's palace, but his page discovers that it contains fearful dungeons, where all manner of men—

Besides the endless routes of wretched thralls,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world, after their woeful falls,
Through wicked pride and wasted wealth's decay.
But most of all, which in that dungeon lay,
Fell from high princes' courts or ladies' bowers,
Where they, in idle pomp or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods and thriftless hours,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stours.

On learning this, the knight thinks it prudent to leave the palace by 'a privy postern;' and the story returns to Una and Archimago. They are met by the third brother of Sansfoy, called Sansloy, or Licentiousness, who, taking the pretended champion for what he seems, unhorses, and would have slain him, but when the visor is rent, he recognises Archimago as an old and valued friend. Leaving him, therefore, safe and sound, he seizes upon Una, kills the lion, and carries her off, still followed by the faithful ass. From Sansloy the lady is rescued by a troop of satyrs, who live in the green forest with old Sylvanus and the wood-nymphs. Astonished at her immortal beauty, these wild people worship her as a goddess, and when forbidden by Una, who strives to teach them 'true and sacred lore,' they would fain worship her ass. Anxious to continue her search for the Red-cross Knight, but yet detained by the satyrs, who wish to make her queen of the woods, Una at length finds a temporary champion.

It fortuned a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forest came,
To seek his kindred, and the lineage right
From whence he took his well-deserved name.
He had in arms abroad won muchell fame,
And filled far lands with glory of his might;
Plain, faithful, true, and enemy of shame,
And ever loved to fight for ladies' right;
But in vain-glorious frays he little did delight.

This knight is of satyr descent; but when he learns the lady's

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cause of grief, he vows to assist her in the search, and they leave the forest together. While journeying on, Sir Satyrane meets Sansloy: they fight; but on seeing Una, Sansloy turns from his adversary and pursues her. The lady flies so fast that she leaves both him and her defender behind, and finally meets the page carrying the bloody shield and arms of the Red-cross Knight. After leaving the palace of Pride, he had journeyed on through a wilderness, and at length sat down to rest beside a spring, the waters of which had the power of destroying knightly strength and valour. In a luckless moment he stooped and drunk, and soon after was joined by the false Duessa, who, by blandishments and pretended love, made him forget his former vows to Una. Here the giant Orgoglio, or Spiritual Pride, surprised him; and, unable to wield his arms, the Red-cross Knight was taken captive, carried to the giant's castle, and thrown into a deep dungeon, his false lady bestowing her love on the giant.

Erom that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honoured in his haughty eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to wear,
And triple crown set on her head full high,
And her endowed with royal majesty;
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And people's hearts with awful terror tye,
A monstrous beast, ybred in filthy fen,
He chose, which he long time had kept in darksome den.

This beast had seven heads, and is evidently suggested by a similar description in the Revelations. Duessa rode upon it in high triumph; and the page, having seen all, fled with his master's arms, that they might not be the giant's spoil, when he met Una.

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowful essay,
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender heart in tway;
And Love fresh coals into the fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the loss.
Was never lady loved dearer day,
Than she did love the knight of the Red-cross,
For whose dear sake so many troubles her did toss.

At last, when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth did pass,
All as the dwarf the way to her assigned:
And evermore, in constant careful mind,
She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale:
Long tossed with storms, and beat with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adown the dale,
She wandered many a wood, and measured many a vale.

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At last she chanced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, fair marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arrayed meet;
His glitter and armour shined far away.

This knight is Prince Arthur. He has a dragon for his crest, and a shield of a solid diamond, which, in courtesy, he keeps covered, lest it should dazzle the beholder's eyes. Like a true knight, the prince at once undertakes to liberate Una's champion.

They sadly travelled thus, until they came
Nigh to a castle, builded strong and high—
Then cried the dwarf: 'Lo! yonder is the same,
In which my lord, my liege, doth luckless lie,
Thrall to that giant's hateful tyranny.'

Prince Arthur's squire carries a bugle, at the sound of which all gates fly open; with its assistance, they enter the castle. Prince Arthur slays the giant after a tremendous battle, lops off the beast's seven heads; and, at Una's request, spares the life of Duessa, but strips her of her crown and purple robe, with which all her borrowed beauty disappears, and beholders see only a monster of disease and ugliness. Thus exposed, she 'flies to the wasteful wilderness apace;' while the prince endeavours to learn from Ignaro, the giant's foster-father, who kept the keys of the castle, though he could not use one of them, where the Red-cross Knight is imprisoned; but receiving no answer from the old man to all his questions, except that 'he could not tell,' Arthur takes the keys from him, discovers the knight's dungeon, and restores him to Una, much wasted with long captivity. Before they leave the castle, Arthur also relates his story, which is, that he was brought up by a sage preceptor, who taught him all manner of knightly accomplishments, but chiefly to despise the snares of love, till, seeing the Fairy Queen in a dream, the prince, in spite of that sage counsel, vowed never to rest till he discovered that lady of his thoughts.

Gentle Una thus to him gan say:
'O happy Queen of Fairies, that hast found,
Mongst many, one that with his prowess may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound.
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.'

The friends now exchange gifts. Arthur goes on his way, while Una conducts her knight to the house of Religion, whose daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity, instruct him; and under the care of the physician Patience, he recovers his knightly strength. Being then committed to the charge of Mercy, 'a matron sage'—

Eftsoones into a holy hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring,

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In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heaven's King,
Did spend their days in doing goodly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the weary way were travelling;
And one sat waiting ever them before,
To call in comers-by, that needy were and poor.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and governèment.

* * * *

The second was as almner of the place—
His office was the hungry for to feed.

The third had the charge of clothing the naked, 'not with plumes of pride or wings of vanity,' but 'clothes meet to keep keen cold away.'

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poor prisoners to relieve with gracious aid,
And captives to redeem with price of brass
From Turks and Saracens which them had stayed;
And though they faulty were, yet well he weighed
That God to us forgiveth every hour
Much more than that why they in bands were laid;
And he that harrowed hell with heavy stour,
The faulty souls from thence brought to his heavenly bower.

The fifth had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay.

* * * *

The sixth had charge of them being now dead,
In seemly sort their corses to engrave.

* * * *

The seventh now after death and burial done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead,
And widowes aid, lest they should be undone:
In face of judgement he them right would plead,
Ne ought the power of mighty men did dread
In their defence; nor would for gold or fee
Be won their rightful causes down to tread:
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

These beadsmen evidently represent what in Spenser's day were called the seven chief acts of charity. From their hospital, the Red-cross Knight, still under the conduct of Mercy, climbs a high hill—

On top whereof a sacred chapel was,
And eke a little hermitage thereby.

Here dwells an old man, whose name is Heavenly Contemplation—

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'of God and goodness was his meditation.' Mercy informs him that Religion's eldest daughter, the wise Fideleo, or Faith, requests that he shall shew the knight 'the way that leadeth right to heaven.' The old man consents.

From thence, far off, he unto him did shew
A little path that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view,
Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong.
* * * *
As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that city wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.

The knight wonders what noble city is this, and what happy people dwell there, and the old man answers him:

'Fair knight,' quoth he, 'Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem that God has built
For those to dwell in that are chosen his—
His chosen people, purged from sinful guilt.'

The knight replies, that till that moment he had believed 'Cleopolis, in which the Fairy Queen did dwell,' the 'fairest city was that might be seen;' but this far surpassed it. The old man assures him that Cleopolis is the fairest city on earth, and worthy of its royal dame, telling him also—

'When thou famous victory hast won,
And high among all knights hast hung thy shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shun,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field,
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrow yield.

'Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,
Where is for thee ordained a blessed end;
For thou amongst those saints whom thou doest see
Shall be a saint, and thine own nation's friend,
And patron: thou Saint George shalt called be—
Saint George of merry England the sign of victoree.'

The sage then proceeds to unfold the secret of the knight's birth, informing him that he was no elfin's son, but 'sprung from ancient race of Saxon kings;' he had been stolen in his infancy by a cunning fairy, who left a changeling in his place.

The knight avows his wish to give up for ever the din of arms, and 'the perplexities of ladies' love,' and remain with Heavenly Contemplation in hopes of entering that blessed city; but the old

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man reminds him of his plighted vows to Una, of the glorious battle he has yet to fight with the dragon, and of the service which, as a true liege-man, he owes to the queen of Fairy-land. With renewed courage the knight promises to fulfil all his obligations, and quickly descending, he rejoins Una; who, finding him now completely restored and ready for the combat, immediately conducts him to the brazen tower in which her parents have shut themselves up for fear of the dragon. The monster appears 'stretched on the sunny side of a great hill.' It is described as 'with its largeness measuring much land,' 'with wings like sails,' and 'quills like great main-yards'—its body covered with scales which neither sword nor spear could pierce, and its 'huge long tail wound up in hundred folds.' The battle between this monster and the Red-cross Knight continues for two days. At length the dragon is despatched, and 'there rushed forth a stream of blood would drive a water-mill.' Una's parents joyfully come forth; the whole land rejoices; and in spite of a letter from Duessa, in which she claims the Red-cross Knight as her false and plighted love, he is solemnly wedded to Una; and after living in great happiness for some time, the champion once more sets out to fulfil a vow of six years' service to the queen of Fairy-land; after which he will return and rest from all his combats.

The Second Book opens with an address to Queen Elizabeth—

> Right well I wote, most mighty soveraine,
> That all this famous antique history,
> Of some the abundance of an ydle braine
> Will judged be, and painted forgery,
> Rather than matter of just memory;
> Sith none that breatheth living air doth know
> Where is that happy land of Faery,
> Which I so much doe vaunt, yet nowhere shew;
> But vouch antiquities, which nobody can know.

After suggesting that the land of his song might yet be discovered, as America had been in the preceding century, the story begins with Archimago, who, having been the bearer of Duessa's false letter to Una's father, and imprisoned for his pains, has now escaped, and with his old accomplice, determines to be revenged on the Red-cross Knight, or at least obstruct his return to the Fairy court. For this purpose, Duessa arrays herself once more in the semblance of a fair lady, Archimago assumes the appearance of an 'humble miser,' or poor man. The lady sits down by the wayside, while her confederate goes forward;

> Upon the way him fortuned to meet,
> Fair marching underneath a shady hill,
> A goodly knight, all armed in harness meet,
> That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

* * * *

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Him als accompanied upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attire,
Of ripest years, and hair all hoary gray.

This knight is Sir Guyon, or Temperance, a warrior of undoubted prowess, and in high esteem with the Fairy Queen, who not only permitted him to bear her portrait on his shield, but sent him forth to subdue and bring to justice the wicked enchantress Acrasia, or Pleasure, against whom the aged palmer—Prudence—had preferred a complaint on the second day of the annual feast, as a destroyer of men, and a special enemy to himself. After many compliments on the subject of his warlike achievements, Archimago beseeches Sir Guyon, whom he also wishes to hinder on his journey, to turn and do justice on a recreant knight, who had grossly insulted a lady. The champion consents.

So now he Guyon guides an uncouth way,
Through woods and mountains, till they came at last
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads overplast
The valley did with cool shade overcast;
Through midst thereof a little river rolled,
By which there sate a knight with helm unlaced,
Himself refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travel long and labours manifold.

Archimago points him out as the evildoer, and Sir Guyon is about to attack him, when he perceives the Red Cross on his shield, and knowing him to be a brother of the same noble order, famous for many great exploits, particularly that of slaying the dragon, they at once enter into explanations. Sir Guyon learns the true character of the lady and her squire; and Archimago finding himself discovered, scours away with all speed.

The knights, after much courteous talk, pursue their different courses. The palmer and Sir Guyon proceed till noon.

At last, as chanst them by a forest-side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a rueful voice, that dearnly cryed
With piercing shrieks and many a doleful lay,
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

Here they find the Lady Amavia and Sir Mordant. The knight lies dead upon the grass, the lady has stabbed herself, and her helpless babe's hands are covered with its mother's blood; but before her spirit departs, she tells their luckless story—how the knight her husband had been enticed into the domain of Acrasia, from whence, with much pain and peril, she had won him back; but the enchantress laid a spell upon him at parting, by which, when stooping to drink at a spring hard by, he dropped dead. His faithful wife would not survive him. With her last breath, she commits her child to the care of Sir Guyon, who, with the

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help of the palmer, lays the unfortunate pair in one grave, and takes the helpless charge, after a solemn oath to avenge his parents. All the knight's endeavours prove fruitless to wash the blood from the babe's hands. The palmer tells him it is a sign from Heaven against the wicked Acrasia; but on leaving the forest, the knight discovers that his steed is stolen. On, however, he must go, and towards evening reaches a 'castle built on a rock adjoining to the sea.' Here he leaves Amavia's babe to the care of the Lady Medina, and next morning the knight and palmer onward fare.

An episode is then introduced concerning the knight's steed, which, when he left it by the forest-side, was stolen by Braggadocchio, whose name denotes his nature—boasting cowardice.

> He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
> Purloyned both steed and spear, and ran away full light.
>
> * * * *
>
> And by the way he chanced to espy
> One sitting ydle on a sunny bank.

'Whereat the scarecrow waxing wondrous proud' in the glory of steed and spear, threatened him with immediate death if he did not do him homage and become his liege-man, which the poor clown, much terrified, consented to do, and they journeyed on as knight and squire. On the way, they meet Archimago, who also believing Braggadocchio to be a valiant knight, beseeches him to avenge on Sir Guyon the death of Sir Mordant and Lady Amavia, whom he declares to have perished by his hand. Braggadocchio swears to undertake the adventure; but Archimago, perceiving that he has no sword, advises him to provide one before encountering Sir Guyon or his confederate, the knight of the Red Cross—

> When Braggadocchio said: 'Once I did swear,
> When with one sword seven knights I brought to end,
> Thenceforth in battle never sword to bear,
> But it were that which noblest knight on earth doth wear.'

The enchanter immediately undertakes to steal for him the sword of Prince Arthur, and vanishing by his art as he speaks, leaves them in such terror, that knight and squire at once fly to an adjoining wood.

The story now returns to Guyon and the palmer. They meet the madman Furor, and his wicked mother Occasion, cruelly maltreating a handsome youth, who, on being rescued by the valiant knight, informs them that he fell into the madman's power through jealousy. Sir Guyon, knowing that Furor does all his mischief through Occasion, binds him with cords and her with chains. Scarcely is this achieved, when he is set upon by the knight Pyrochles, and his foot-page Strife, who came there in search of Occasion. The motto of this knight's shield is, 'Burned, I burn;' and he and his brother Cymochles, who is at this time a lover of Acrasia, were sons of Acrates and Despite. Sir Guyon conquers Pyrochles, but grants him life; and his foot-

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page immediately summons Cymochles from Acrasia's bower to take revenge; but by the way, Mirth entices that warrior into her boat, which floats continually on the Idle Sea, and leaves him fast asleep in the Isle of Pleasaunce. In the meantime, Pyrochles having obtained Sir Guyon's permission, looses both Furor and Occasion.

It was not long ere she inflamed him so,
That he would algates with Pyrochles fight;
And his redeemer challenged as his foe,
Because he had not well maintained his right,
But yielded had to that same stranger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wax as wood as he,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fierce engrasped be,
Whyles Guyon standing by, their uncouth strife does see.

The knight, seeing Pyrochles getting the worst of the battle, is about to interfere, when the palmer advises him to let things alone, for the man had brought on his own sorrow. Sir Guyon obeys; and they at length approach the Idle Lake, where 'Mirth, a lady fresh and fair,' waits with a light and well-trimmed boat to ferry over passengers to the dominions of Acrasia. She gladly receives the knight on board, but will not be persuaded to take the palmer, who is left on the strand; while her boat, which moves of itself whither its lady lists, floats away to the 'ile of pleasaunce.'

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Amongst wide waves set like a little nest,
As if it had by nature's cunning hand
Been choicely picked out from all the rest.
* * * *
No tree whose braunches did not bravely spring,
No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sit,
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetly sing,
No song but did contain a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fitt
For to allure frail mind to careless ease.

This is far out of Sir Guyon's intended track, and no blandishment will induce him to stay. Moreover, he meets Cymochles, who has by this time awaked; and so fierce a battle takes place between them, that the lady is fain to preserve the peace of her island by ferrying Sir Guyon over to the opposite shore. Here, in a gloomy glade, 'covered with boughs and shrubs from heaven's light,' he found an 'uncouth salvage and uncivil wight, of grisly hue, and foul, ill-favoured sight'—

And round about him lay on every side
Great heaps of gold that never could be spent.

This is Mammon himself, and he offers the knight all the gold on condition of becoming his subject. Sir Guyon rejects the offer, as

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beneath knightly virtue and valour; and in order to tempt him further, Mammon takes him to see his treasure-house. They descend 'by a darksome way,' through the hollow ground; then reach a great plain in the kingdom of Pluto, through which leads a beaten way: by its side sit Pain, Jealousy, Revenge, and Hatred.

> At last him to a little door he brought,
> That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
> Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought;
> Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
> That did the house of riches from hell-mouth divide.

The door opens at Mammon's approach, and closes the moment he and Sir Guyon have passed the threshold; but an 'ugly fiend' leaps from behind it, and follows the latter step for step, with his 'cruel claw' ready to seize and rend him, if he lay covetous hand or eye on any of the riches there.

> In all that room was nothing to be seen
> But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,
> All barred with double bends, that none could weene
> Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
> On every side they placed were along;
> But all the ground with sculls was scattered,
> And dead men's bones, that round about were flung,
> Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed.

Mammon offers Sir Guyon all this wealth, telling him 'it's the source of the world's bliss;' but the knight answers that he prefers 'to spend his fleeting hours in arms and brave achievements,' rather than be the slave of riches which he could not use. As a further trial, Mammon conducts him to another huge room, in which a hundred furnaces were blazing, and around them fiends of fearful ugliness, busy in melting the gold from its native ore. This also failing to move Sir Guyon, he is conducted to a hall, whose roof is supported by massive golden pillars.

> And every pillar decked was full dear
> With crowns and diadems, and titles vain,
> Which mortal princes wore while they on earth did reign.

Here, on a splendid throne, and in yet more splendid garments, sits Mammon's daughter, Ambition, whom he promises to the knight in marriage, as a last and irresistible temptation. The lady is surrounded by a crowd of courtiers, whose whole anxiety is centered in catching hold of a golden chain which Ambition holds: the upper end of it reaches to heaven, the lower to the deepest Tartarus; and the crowd is thus described:—

> Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
> By riches and unrighteous reward;
> Some by close shouldering; some by flatteree;

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Others through friends, others for base regard;
And all by wrong ways for themselves prepared.
Those that were up themselves kept others low;
Those that were low themselves held others hard,
Ne suffered them to rise or greater grow,
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

Bride and dowry are alike refused by the inflexible Sir Guyon; and having now remained no less than three days in the nether world, Mammon is obliged to reconduct him in safety to the spot where they met; but on reaching the upper air, its freshness is so strong to the knight after that dark journey, that a deathlike sleep overpowers him; and the palmer, who has searched for him ever since they were separated by Mirth, finds him there, and sits down to watch beside his friend. The two fierce brothers, Pyrochles and Cymochles, having by this time escaped, the one from the Isle of Pleasaunce, the other from the hands of Furor and Occasion, soon after come that way, and, supposing Sir Guyon to be dead, despoil him of his arms, notwithstanding the palmer's entreaties. Archimago, happening to pass by with Prince Arthur's sword, which he has stolen for Braggadocchio, warmly encourages them; but at the same moment Prince Arthur himself appears, and, at the palmer's request, interferes in behalf of the prostrate knight. Though he speaks courteously at first, both brothers fall upon him without even a challenge; but Pyrochles has armed himself with the stolen sword, in spite of Archimago's explanations that Mordure, as it was called, had been formed by Merlin in the fire of Etna, and could never serve a foe of Prince Arthur. After a sharp contest, the knight succeeds in slaying both brothers, whereon Sir Guyon awakes; and, with much discourse concerning the Fairy Queen and their respective adventures, Prince Arthur and he wend to a castle in a pleasant dale, whose gates are barred day and night, by reason of a rude rabble who live in the neighbouring hills and caves, and continually besiege it, under the conduct of their leader, Maleger. He is described as pale and wan as ashes, with a large body, which was unsubstantial and bloodless. His steed is a tiger, his helmet a skull, and his squires two gray and ragged hags, Impotence and Impatience, who, though the former is lame, 'can run like very stags.' Through his troop the knights fight their way into the castle. It is elaborately described, parlour and kitchen, together with its lady, Alma, 'a fair maiden, clothed in lily white;' and three sages, who assist her in governing the castle. The first of them foresees all that is to come; the second knows whatever is passing in the present time; and the third, who sits surrounded by books and rolls, has a perfect knowledge of the past.

The years of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest lived,
For he remembered both their infancis.

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Having perused his chronicles, Sir Guyon, accompanied by his trusty palmer, sets forth to finish the war against Acrasia; while Prince Arthur delivers the castle from its besiegers, by slaying their leader. They embark in a small boat. The ferryman is a vassal of Lady Alma; by her command, he takes them down a river to the sea, where they soon leave land far out of sight, pass the Gulf of Greediness, the Rocks of Reproach, the 'quicksand of Unthriftyhed,' and the vortex of Decay—all which have proved fatal to Acrasia's many victims. The Wandering Islands are also passed, in spite of the songs of Sirens and the allurements of Mirth, who appears in her boat among them; and, after a voyage of three days and nights, they arrive, amidst a shoal of sea-monsters and an overhanging mist, at 'the land where all their perils grow.' The knight immediately seizes his arms, and, leaving the boatman to await their return, he and the palmer take their way along the pleasant shore.

> Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
> Of many beasts, that roared outrageously.

The palmer subdues them with the sight of his magic staff, and they pass on to the Bower of Bliss, as the poet tells us it is falsely called; there, surrounded by all that could contribute to vice and luxury, they find the enchantress; and the knight, having broken innumerable charms and spells, binds Acrasia, and leads her away captive, together with a knight found in her company, as vouchers for his victory at the Fairy Court. The palmer also achieves, by means of his magic staff, the deliverance of many knights and men of all degrees, who had been changed by the enchantress into the beasts before mentioned.

> But, being men, they did unmanly look,
> And stared ghastly—some for inward shame,
> And some for wrath to see their captive dame;
> But one among the rest in speciale,
> That had an hog been late, hight Gryll by name,
> Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
> That had from hoggish form him brought to naturall.

Sir Guyon is astonished that man could have so base a choice, but the palmer assures him that such is to be expected from 'the donghill kind,' and winds up the tale by saying:

> Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish mind;
> But let us hence depart whilst weather serves and winde.

The last four Books are less complete in themselves. The stories are indeed so interwoven that they may be said to form one. The heroine of the first—Britomart, or Chastity—is described as the only daughter and heiress of Ryence, king of the ancient Britons. Her royal mind, the poet says, rose above 'the vain delights of ladies;' and she early accustomed herself to the exercise of knightly arms, caring for nothing but spear and shield, 'the

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flying falcon and the goodly chase,' till one unlucky day, when, entering her father's closet, she had the curiosity to peep into a mirror made by Merlin, in which all future things in any way pertaining to one's self might be seen.

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all armed in complete wise,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on high,
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And friends to termes of gentle truce entice,
Looked forth, as Phœbus' face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountains doth arise:
Portly his person was, and much increased
Through his heroic grace and honourable gest.

This unknown knight captivates the heart of the royal maiden, and by the advice of her nurse, Glauce, she goes to inquire of Merlin regarding him. The enchanter informs her that his name is Sir Artegall, the patron knight of Justice; that he is a Briton born, but 'wonnes in fairy land,' where it is her duty to seek and bring him back to Britain, as, by fate's decree, he is to be her future husband and assistant in delivering her father's kingdom from all oppressors. Britomart accordingly sets out, disguised as a knight, in the armour of a Saxon Amazon, which the Britons had taken amongst her baggage on a former foray.

Beside those arms there stood a mighty spear,
Which Bladud made by magic art of yore,
And used the same in battle aye to bear;
Since which it had been here preserved in store,
For his great virtues proved long afore;
For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce into the ground it bore;
Both spear she took and shield which hong by it;
Both spear and shield of great power for her purpose fit.

Glauce accompanies her, in the equipments of an aged squire, and Spenser thus opens their adventures—

Where is the antique glory now become
That whilome wont in women to appear?
Where be the brave achievements done by some?
Where be the battailes, where the shield and spear,
And all the conquests which them high did rear,
That matter made for famous poets' verse,
And boastful man so oft abashed to hear?
Be they all dead, and laid in doleful hearse?
Or do they only sleep, and shall again reverse?

After a long journey, they reach a wild sea-shore, where further progress is barred by a knight named Marinell, who watches there to prove his prowess on all comers. He is the son of a sea-nymph; but his mother, warned by the prophecy of Proteus, that

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her child should prove his greatest peril by a woman's hand, carefully keeps him from all ladies' love, notwithstanding which, he is well beloved of fair Florimell, a maiden without peer even at the Fairy Court. In answer to his challenge, Britomart overthrows and grievously wounds him with her magic spear; then 'kept her ready way along the strand.' Meantime, his mother finds the bleeding knight, carries him in a chariot to her ocean-home; and the report of his accident reaching Fairy Court, makes fair Florimell set forth as a damsel-errant to seek her wounded love. As for Britomart and her squire, they push on, till on an open plain Prince Arthur, with his squire Timias, Guyon, and the palmer, on fresh adventures bound, descry them; and seeing Britomart's hostile attitude, Sir Guyon prays the prince to let him run that turn, which he accordingly does, little to his comfort, for Britomart bears him a full spear's-length off his steed; and the chagrined knight is about to engage her sword in hand, when the palmer, recognising the magic spear, interposes, and by his mediation they are not only reconciled, but all become fast friends. Their journey now lies through a forest, where out of the thickest brush there suddenly rushes a lovely lady on a snow-white palfrey, pursued by a grisly monster. This is none other than fair Florimell. At this sight, the prince, Sir Guyon, and their attendants, spur off to rescue the lady, while Britomart and Glauce continue their way, which brings them to Castle Joyous, before whose gate the Red-cross Knight is found in great peril from six champions, who demand of him to forsake Una and love the lady of that castle, according to custom therein established. 'Perdy,' says Britomart, 'the choice is hard;' but she engages and overcomes the six, on which they are well entertained in the castle; but, disgusted by the light behaviour of its lady, Britomart and the Red-cross Knight leave it by next day's dawn; on the way, he informs her of a great adventure on which Sir Artegall is bound by command of the Fairy Queen, and they part to pursue their separate quests.

The story then diverges to those who rode after Florimell. The lady flies so fast that none can overtake her. Timias, who at last succeeds in slaying the monster, in 'a covert glade beside a narrow ford,' is sorely wounded, and found by Belphœbe. She and her sister Amoret were the children of a wood-nymph and Apollo. In their infancy, Diana adopted the one babe and Venus the other; so Belphœbe lived the queen of the woods, while her sister was brought up in the gardens of Adonis, till brought to the Fairy Court, and beloved by the good knight Sir Scudamore, who overcame for her sake no less than twenty knights; but at their marriage-feast the fair Amoret was carried off by a wicked enchanter, from whom it is decreed that Britomart alone can rescue her. Meantime Belphœbe, by her leechcraft, cures the squire; but in the progress of that cure his heart is wounded, and after much despair and humble service, he is received to his

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lady's grace, and dwells as her squire in the forest. The adventures of fair Florimell are rather more unlucky. When her weary palfrey will proceed no further—

> Within a gloomy hollow glen she found
> A little cottage built of sticks and reeds
> In homely wise, and walled with sods around;
> In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weeds
> And wilful want, all careless of her needs;
> So choosing solitary to abide
> Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds
> And hellish arts from people she might hide,
> And hurt far off unknown whomever she envied.

This witch has a son called Carle, a rude clown, who no sooner sees fair Florimell than he is smitten. The lady perceives this, and not liking either her admirer or his mother, steals away as soon as she and her palfrey are rested. Carle is from home hunting, but the witch sends one of her familiars after her—

> Likest it to an hyena was,
> That feeds on woman's flesh, as others feed on grass.

It slays her palfrey, but Florimell escapes with the loss of her girdle into a fisherman's boat, from which she is taken by the sea-god Proteus, who happens to pass that way in his chariot. He offers to make her queen of all his ocean dominions; but Florimell, preferring her still hopeless love of the sea-nymph's son, he at last, by way of vengeance, confines her in a rocky cavern 'for ever beaten by the restless waves.' While this goes forward, Sir Satyrane—as usual in quest of adventures—finds the witch's familiar devouring her palfrey, and also the lost girdle, with which he binds the monster, well understanding its magical virtues; but an encounter with a giantess, in which he is immediately engaged, gives the familiar an opportunity to slip its noose, and Sir Satyrane remains in possession of the girdle, which he determines to make the prize of beauty at an ensuing tournament, believing that its rightful owner has been devoured. The familiar carries home intelligence of all to his mistress, who, for the consolation of her son, assembles all the evil spirits subject to her art, and proceeds to form an image of Florimell.

> The substance whereof she the body made,
> Was purest snow in massy mould congealed,
> Which she had gathered in a shady glade
> Of the Riphaean hills, to her revealed
> By errant sprights, far from all men concealed:
> The same she tempered with fine mercury
> And virgin wax that never yet was sealed,
> And mingled them with perfect vermily;
> That like a lively sanguine it seemed to the eye.

After describing how she made the eyes 'of two burning lamps

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in silver sockets shining,' and the hair of golden wire, the poet adds—

> And in the stead
> Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcass dead.
> * * * *
> Him needed not instruct which way were best
> Himself to fashion likest Florimell,
> Ne how to speak, ne how to use his gest;
> For he in counterfeiting did excell,
> And all the wiles of woman's wits knew passing well.

The witch's son is much delighted with this false semblance; but in 'walking the woods' one day with 'his idol fair,' he is suddenly overtaken by Braggadocchio, still mounted on the stolen steed, who with wonted threats and boasting, carries off the lady, declaring she is his 'deare.'

While these events are passing, Britomart and her squire meet Sir Satyrane, and their company is soon joined by one of the many knights who had set forth from Fairy Court in search of Florimell. Spenser says: 'Sir Paridell was he hight'—a knight of most unstable mind; and leaving him at the house of Malbecco—an old man whose affections are divided between his young wife and his hoarded wealth—the martial maid and Sir Satyrane pursue their way. At some distance, they see a young man pursued by a fierce giant, and spurring to the rescue, both enter a forest and take different ways. Britomart can see no trace of youth or giant; but close by a fountain's side she finds a knight in loud lamentation, who proves to be Sir Scudamore, the lover of Amoret. In reply to her consolations, he informs Britomart that all approach to the enchanter's castle is barred by an unquenchable fire; but confident in her invulnerable arms, she leaves Glauce with Sir Scudamore, and undertakes the adventure alone; accordingly, 'throwing her ample shield before her face,' and directing her sword's point against the flame, the royal maid rushes forward to prove her utmost might; and to the astonishment of Sir Scudamore, the fire divides, and she passes safely through. Hoping to achieve the same, he also rushes upon it, but is obliged to retire fearfully scorched, and more chagrined.

> That with fell madness he effierced was,
> The whiles the championess now entered has
> The outmost room, and passed the foremost door—
> The outmost room abounding all with precious store.

She is puzzled by doors on all sides, over which is written, 'Be Bold;' and at the upper end one of solid iron, with 'Be not too Bold' upon it. Here Britomart watches till midnight, when through the silent castle—

> She hears a shrilling trumpet sound aloud,
> Sign of nigh battle or got victory.
> * * * *

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All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, and clapped every door,
With which that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty lever had been tore.

Thence issues the Masque of Cupid, sung by 'bards and rhymers impudent.' This scene is repeated twice; but on the second night Britomart rushes in with the retiring company, on which the pageant vanishes, and she finds Amoret fastened to a strong pillar, while the enchanter sits before her figuring strange characters. Britomart combats the enchanter, and compels him 'his charms back to reverse.' At length the chain round Amoret's waist falls off; the great 'brazen pillar breaks in pieces small;' and Britomart, cheering her with news of Scudamore, binds the enchanter with her loosened chain, and leads him forth a captive, perceiving as they go that the splendour of the castle is fast disappearing, and the guardian fire dying out 'like a consumed torch.' On arriving, however, at the place where she had left Scudamore and her squire, they were both gone; for the knight believing, when Britomart delayed so long, that some mischance must have happened, had set out with Glauce to seek further aid. Britomart and Amoret therefore proceed. We are not told how the enchanter is disposed of; but the lady supposes her deliverer to be a knight, till on reaching a castle in which the custom is that no knight shall be admitted without a lady, Britomart jousts with a young knight who seeks to draw Amoret from her escort, and having overcome him, declares herself, and has the knight admitted for her sake. After this, they travel on in perfect friendship.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spied
Two armed knights that toward them did pace,
And each of them had riding by his side
A ladie, seeming in so far a space;
But ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward show fair semblance they did bear.

These knights are Sir Blandamour, 'full of inconstancy,' and false Paridell, who, after a number of discreditable adventures, have now been captivated by Duessa, and a fitting companion she has brought from the nether world called Até, or Dissension.

Hard by the gate of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound
Which punish wicked men that walk amiss:
It is a darksome delve far under ground,
With thorns and barren brakes environed round,
That none the same may easily out-win;
Yet many ways to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

This lady being neither young nor fair, sets on the inconstant

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Blandamour to combat Britomart for the love of Amoret. He is of course unhorsed by the magic spear; and scarcely are the supposed knight and lady fairly gone, when Scudamore and Glauce appear on the plain; whereon Até tells the former, that a stranger knight has just passed by with his lost love rescued from the enchanter's power, but no longer true to him. He recognises Britomart by her description, and vows vengeance; while Glauce, though in some danger of his wrath, faithfully keeps her nursling's secret. Their company is soon increased by sundry knights and ladies on their way to the tournament proclaimed by Sir Satyrane for Florimell's girdle. Among the rest comes Sir Ferraugh with the snowy Florimell, whom he has carried off from Braggadocchio. Até sows all sorts of quarrels, and their party is joined by

> Two of the proudest knights in Faery Land—
> Courageous Cambell, and stout Triamond,
> With Canacee and Cambine linked in lovely bond.

In relating the history of these knights, how they had been 'foes the fellonest on ground,' but were now friends, the one having wedded the other's sister, Spenser refers to Chaucer's poem on the same subject in those celebrated lines :—

> Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
> On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed.

After them came Braggadocchio, that 'masqued mock knight, who was their sport and play,' till they reached the place of tournament—

> Where they before them found in fresh array
> Many a brave knight and many a dainty dame.

The lists being prepared, Sir Satyrane brings forth in a golden ark—

> A gorgeous girdle, curiously embossed
> With pearl and precious stone, worth many a mark;
> Yet did the workmanship far pass the cost:
> It was the same which lately Florimell had lost.
>
> * * * *
>
> The same aloft he hung in open view
> To be the prize of beauty and of might.

The tourney then proceeds. All the knights fight except Braggadocchio, and meet with various success; but on the third day a stranger enters the lists—

> In quaint disguise full hard to be described,
> For all his armour was like salvage weed.

He performs amazing exploits, and remains victor of the field, till Britomart unhorses him with her 'hebene spear,' whereon the trumpets sound, and she is declared the winner. The salvage knight is, nevertheless, Sir Artegall, who has selected that disguise

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for the tournament. Much chagrined at his defeat, he vows revenge on some future occasion, for as yet neither he nor Britomart know each other; but the contest of valour being ended, that of beauty begins, as the girdle can be worn only by the fairest. It has, however, another inconvenient property, for around the purest only will it remain fastened, being wrought with magic skill for that very purpose; and notwithstanding the numbers present, not one but Amoret can wear it for a moment, whereon a scornful knight remarks:—

> Alas for pity that so fair a crew
> As like cannot be seen from east to west,
> Cannot find one this girdle to invest!
> Fie on the man that did it first invent.

At this the 'knights gan laugh and ladies lower;' but the girdle was ultimately adjudged to the snowy Florimell as the fairest present, though 'round her slender waist it will not stay;' and being requested to choose a knight from among the champions, she selects Braggadocchio.

> Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyrane,
> And wroth with Satyrane was Blandamour,
> And wroth with Blandamour was Erivain,
> And at them both Sir Paridell did lower;
> So all together stirred up strifeful stoure,
> And ready were new battle to darraine [begin].

Braggadocchio takes to his usual expedient of flight; and Britomart, seeing them to discord set, rides forth with her companion, who has hoped in vain to see Scudamore, for he had lingered at the house of Care—a forge, in which he got no sleep with the din of continual hammers. Having left this abode, he encounters the salvage knight 'under a forest's side;' they extemporise a friendship, and, revealing their mutual wrongs done by Britomart, swear to assist each other in retaliation. While thus they communed, Britomart herself appears. Sir Scudamore craves the first onset; he is speedily unhorsed; but the salvage knight takes up the combat, which continues till Sir Artegall shears away the front of her helmet; and seeing 'her angel face,' is immediately conquered, believing he has seen some heavenly goddess. Britomart of course recognises the knight seen in the enchanted glass; Glauce's explanations clear up matters; and Sir Scudamore, rejoicing that Até's tale must be untrue, observes:—

> 'Certes, Sir Artegall,
> I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
> And now become to live a ladie's thrall,
> That whilome in your mind wont to despise them all.'

There is, however, sad news for Scudamore. While Britomart slept in the forest-shade, the lady had been carried off by a monster, from whose cave she was eventually rescued by Timias and

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Belphœbe. In the meantime her lover, hearing only of her disappearance, which is all Britomart knows, sets forth to seek her; while Britomart and Sir Artegall exchange vows, and, leaving her at a castle, where they have rested, he proceeds on the adventure ordered by the Fairy Queen. Amoret's adventures are further related. Prince Arthur finds her in the forest; recognises his squire, who, having fallen into disgrace through suspicion of loving Amoret, has been restored to the wood-queen's favour by help of a dove, is left to his allegiance, while the prince takes Amoret under his care, to search for Scudamore. After subduing sundry giants, he arrives where the knights are fighting for the snowy Florimell. Sir Scudamore is endeavouring to pacify them with Britomart's assistance; and Amoret, having escaped the chase of Slander, at whose house she and the prince rested, is restored to her loving knight—and there the story leaves her.

Sir Artegall, in pursuit of his adventure, which is to redeem the heritage of the Lady Irena from a usurping tyrant named Grangorto, rides on, with his page Talus, a present bestowed upon him, together with a sword (Chrysaor), by the goddess Astræa, who taught him in the discipline of justice. Talus was a man made of iron—

> Immoveable, resistless, without end,
> Who in his hand an iron flail did hould,
> With which he thrashed out falsehood and did truth unfould.

Drawing near the sea, they are astonished to find an immense assembly, of all ranks and ages, gathered round a rock, on which stands a huge giant, with a balance in his hand—

> With which he boasted in his surquedry [pride]
> That all the world he would weigh equally,
> If ought he had the same to counterpoise;
> For want thereof he weighed vanity,
> And filled his balance full of idle toys.

This giant asserts that he will reduce all things to their ancient equality, and suffer no more encroachment throughout the universe:

> Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
> And cluster thick into his leasings vain,
> Like foolish flies about an honey-crock,
> In hope by him great benefit to gain,
> And uncontrolled freedom to obtain.

Sir Artegall perceives that he is deceiving the people, and can by no means do what he pretends. The knight endeavours to prove this by challenging him to weigh the wind, the light, and false words against the true. The giant makes many apologies for his insufficient balance; but Talus, growing impatient of his deceit, steps gradually nearer, and with one stroke of his iron flail dashes him from the rock and drowns him in the sea.

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The next scene is the marriage of fair Florimell at a castle on the strand. Marinell being healed of the wound received from Britomart, has come to the palace of Proteus, on the occasion of the marriage of Thames and Medway, at which the sea-gods and nymphs were present; and passing by the cavern in which Florimell was shut up, he heard her lamentations for him, which, says the poet, 'winged Cupid's arrow' to his heart. At an order of Neptune, obtained by his mother, Proteus releases the lady; and Spenser says it would require a herald—

> To tell the glory of the feast that day,
> The goodly service, the deviceful sights,
> The bridegroom's state, the bride's most rich array,
> The pride of ladies, and the worth of knights.

To the wedding-tournament comes Braggadocchio with his snowy Florimell; of course he will not joust, but Sir Artegall borrows his shield to disguise himself while fighting in place of Marinell, who has been overthrown by six knights. The victory being won, Braggadocchio claims it, and boasts his lady as fairer than the bride; but Sir Artegall, unable to bear his 'brag,' informs the company who it was that fought for Marinell; and the snowy maiden being, at his request, placed beside the true Florimell, dissolves utterly, leaving nothing but the empty girdle. At the same time, Sir Guyon challenges the boaster for his stolen steed; and when Braggadocchio refuses the combat, the steed himself gives proof, for after slaying two who attempt to see a mark within his mouth, the moment Sir Guyon calls him by his name—Brigadore—

> For joy he brake
> His bands, and followed him with gladful glee,
> And frisked and flung aloft, and louted low on knee.

Thereupon Braggadocchio, in spite of all excuses, is turned out of the field as a blot to knighthood; while Talus strips him of his arms, shaves his beard, and pursues both him and his squire Trompart for leagues with his iron flail.

The festivities being finished, Sir Artegall and his page journey on, till, on approaching a fortified city, they see a troop of armed women conducting a knight with many indignities to a gallows-tree. On inquiry, Sir Artegall learns that these are the troops of Radigund, a redoubted Amazon, who, having betaken herself to arms, and reversed the usual order of society in the city, waged war on all knights, and compelled those she conquered, which were not a few, to put on woman's attire, and card and spin in the meanest hall of her palace. Sir Artegall considers himself bound to liberate the knight Sir Turpin, ordered to immediate execution for rejecting the distaff. This he accomplishes with the help of Talus; but meeting the Amazon next day in single combat, he is shamefully defeated, through his own folly in being momentarily

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charmed by her fair visage. Radigund leads him away captive, strips off his armour, clothes him in woman's weeds,

> And puts before his lap an apron white,
> Instead of cuirasses and bases fit for fight.

He is then sent to a large long chamber, 'hung with monuments of many knights' decay' by her subdued. Here he also finds many warriors of his acquaintance 'spinning and carding all in comely row'—

> For nought was given them to sup or dine
> But what their hands could earn by twisting linen twine.

Sir Artegall is placed among them, but the Amazon's heart has been unconsciously won by the captive. After many struggles with pride, she sends her maid to open negotiations. In that delicate mission the damsel is herself interested, and cheats at once her mistress and the knight, by assuring him that Radigund is his implacable foe, and her that Sir Artegall rejects her offers with disdain; on which he is fettered and thrown into prison.

In the meantime, Talus journeys a long way to inform Britomart of her lover's state; whereon the martial maid resumes her spear, and after many exploits and adventures by the way, slays Radigund in single combat, 'restores the ancient order' of things in the city, and sends Sir Artegall forward on his quest. Many episodes are now introduced, some of them bearing on the history of the poet's times: the defence of Holland against Philip of Spain; Henry IV.'s war for the throne of France; and amongst these, a scene in the court of Queen Mercilla, where Sir Artegall and Prince Arthur witness the trial and condemnation of Duessa, who is here made to represent Mary Queen of Scots; and large occasion does Spenser take to flatter his royal mistress, who, he says, 'would not let just vengeance on her light'—

> But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
> Few pearling drops from her fair lamps of light,
> The which she covering with her purple pall,
> Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall.

The next is Sir Artegall's great adventure. He crosses a tempestuous sea, has a fierce battle with the tyrant Grangorto, against whom Talus does good service; but the knight at last overcomes and slays him, sets the Lady Irena free from prison, and having restored her to her rightful inheritance, departs for the Fairy Court, to lay his trophies at the feet of Queen Gloriane.

The poet says he had not passed far along the strand, 'whenas two old ill-favoured hags he met,' seated by the wayside. They are named Detraction and Envy, and keep between them a monstrous and forever-barking creature, whom 'men the Blatant Beast do call.' It seems to mean Scandal. The hags are thus described, beginning with Detraction:—

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And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling.

* * * *

The other nothing better was than she,
Agreeing in bad will and cankered kind.

* * * *

For if she heard of ill that any did
Or harm that any had, then would she make
Great cheer, like one into a banquet bid;
And in another's loss great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gained a great stake.

This pleasant pair loudly scold and send their beast barking after the knight, who goes bravely on his way till he meets Sir Calidore —the patron knight of Courtesy—who has been sent forth to bind and bring to Fairy Court the said Blatant Beast as his adventure, for that monster 'had good knights and ladies much annoyed.' Sir Artegall tells him where he lately saw it, and with mutual compliments each takes his separate way; but the story proceeds with Sir Calidore. Notwithstanding Artegall's directions, he cannot find the object of his search, but puts an end to many evil customs on his way; among the rest, that of the proud lady of a neighbouring castle, who exacted the locks of all passing ladies, and the beards of all errant-knights, to line the mantle of her beloved lord, who could be tempted to marry her on no other condition. Him Sir Calidore overcomes, after patiently enduring a tedious scold of two previous days from his lady, whom he nevertheless commands the vanquished knight to wed on the spot, 'withouten dower or composition' for the mantle. Whereon, overcome with his courtesy, she throws herself at his feet, 'thanking him for life and love restored,' and he is sumptuously entertained at the bridal-feast in her castle.

Everywhere the knight hears and sees the ravages of the Blatant Beast; occasionally, he comes within sight of the monster, which nevertheless still escapes him. He courses it from the city to the country, through farms, forests, and even into the quiet pastures where shepherds sing beside their flocks—

There on a day, as he pursued the chase,
He chanced to spy a sort of shepherd-grooms,
Playing on pipes and caroling apace;
The whiles their beasts there in the budded brooms
Beside them fed, and nipped the tender blooms;
For other worldly wealth they cared nought:
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
And then to tell him courteously besought
If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

The shepherds answer that they have seen no such beast; but ask

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the knight to rest among them and partake their rustic fare. While sitting with the shepherds, Sir Calidore perceives, seated on a rising-ground at some distance, and surrounded by shepherd maidens, a fair damsel who wore a crown

> Of sundry flowers with silken ribbands tied,
> And clad in home-made green which her own hands had dyed.

On inquiring, he learns that she is the only daughter of the shepherd Melibee, and known throughout that country as fair Pastorella, for whom it was said many shepherds, and even sundry knights sigh in vain, but chiefly Coridon, who fed his flock near by. Pastorella took no heed of such lovers; and to Sir Calidore her mien appeared so much above her state, that he deemed her 'worthy to be a prince's paragone;' and while gazing on the maiden—

> He was unawares surprised in subtle bands
> Of the blind boy, ne thence could be redeemed
> By any skill out of his cruel hands.

Forgetting, therefore, Blatant Beast and high emprize, the knight lingers till even-tide, when old Melibee hospitably invites him to his humble cottage. Sir Calidore gladly accompanies him home, and after much discourse on the safety of the pastoral compared with the courtly life, offers to remain with Melibee and his wife, and assist their daughter in watching the flock. The old pair accept his proposal, and all things go on well. The knight wins fair Pastorella's preference, by rescuing her from a bear; and Coridon, though at first jealous, is changed from a rival to a friend by his courtesy. One day, however, when Calidore has lingered long on a wooded hill, where he chanced to see a dance of the Graces, a horde of robbers lay waste the pastures, carrying off at once the shepherds and their flocks to their stronghold, an immense cavern in the neighbouring wild.

> Hither those brigands brought their present prey,
> And kept them in continual watch and ward,
> Meaning, so soon as they convenient may,
> For slaves to sell them, for no small reward,
> To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard.

When this sale is about to be effected, the robbers quarrel over their plunder; and lest the poor shepherds should make their escape in the fray, they are all put to death except Pastorella, for whom they hope to find a wealthy purchaser, and Coridon, who creeps out and brings the news to Calidore while he roves distracted over the wasted pastures in search of his love. The knight's single arm is sufficient to despatch or put to flight the robbers, whom he surprises at midnight, and safely bears away Pastorella with great spoil to the castle of Belgard. It belongs to a noble knight and lady, who, having wedded secretly in their youth, were obliged to secrete their only child, through dread of the lady's father. A

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'trusty maid' carried it far into the fields, having first taken note of a mole, like a rose-bud, on the infant's bosom; there old Melibee found the babe—

> So home unto his honest wife it bore,
> Who as her own it nursed, and named evermore.

The well-remembered mark, and the coincidence of her story, discover Pastorella to be their daughter and heiress; and her espousals to Sir Calidore would have gone forward immediately, but the doings of the Blatant Beast in that neighbourhood coming to his ears, reminds him of his 'vowed quest.' The knight accordingly goes forth, leaving his plighted lady with her parents. 'By the track of his outrageous spoil,' he follows the monster from place to place—

> Through all estates he found that he had passed,
> In which he many massacres had left,
> And to the clergy now was come at last;
> In which such spoil, such havoc, and such theft
> He wrought, that thence all goodness he bereft,
> That endless were to tell. The elfin knight,
> Who now no place besides unsought had left,
> At length into a monastery did light,
> Where he him found despoiling all with maine and might.

Through cloister and church, Sir Calidore chases him, and at length overtakes him in a narrow place where he can fly no further, attacks him with sword and shield, while the beast makes a terrible defence with 'his cruel claws' and 'open mouth, that would contain a full peck,' set round with iron teeth in 'ranges twain;' and still more dangerously armed with a thousand tongues, some of which were like dogs to bark, some like serpents, and far the worst—

> Were tongues of mortal men
> Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

In spite of all these weapons, the valorous knight overcomes and drags him forth—

> At last, whenas he found his force to shrink
> And rage to quail, he took a muzzle strong
> Of surest iron made with many a link,
> Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
> And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
> From ever more defaming gentle knight,
> Or unto lovely lady doing wrong;
> And thereunto a great long chain he tight [tied],
> With which he drew him forth, even in his own despite.
> * * * *
> Yet durst he not draw back, nor once withstand
> The proved power of noble Calidore;

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But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearful dog him followed through the land.

* * * *

Thus was this monster by the mastering might
Of doughty Calidore suppress and tamed,
That never more he might endanger wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causeless caused to be blamed:
So did he eeke long after this remain,
Until that (whether wicked fate so framed
Or fault of men) he broke his iron chain,
And got into the world at liberty again.

With some verses deploring that the Blatant Beast could never again be subdued, though 'many valiant knights took him in hand,' the poet drops at once his theme and lyre, and the rest of his twelve books remain unwritten. There are indeed two cantos of Mutability, supposed to form part of the legend of Constancy, or seventh book of the *Fairy Queen*. Their story is, that Change, not content with reigning on this earth, once contested the empire of Olympus with Jupiter, and appeared in a full assembly of all the living, from divinities downward, before 'great Mother Nature,' who decided the cause against her, by shewing that there was a world in which change had no power.

In the limited view we have given, many instances of wonderful invention and many passages of splendid poetry are necessarily omitted; but trusting that it may induce some of our readers to make themselves better acquainted with Spenser, we extract the last verse of an imperfect canto, at which the poet paused, never to resume his work in this world:—

Then gin I think on that which Nature said
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayed
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contraire to mutability:
For all that moveth doth in change delight;
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight—
Oh that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's sight!

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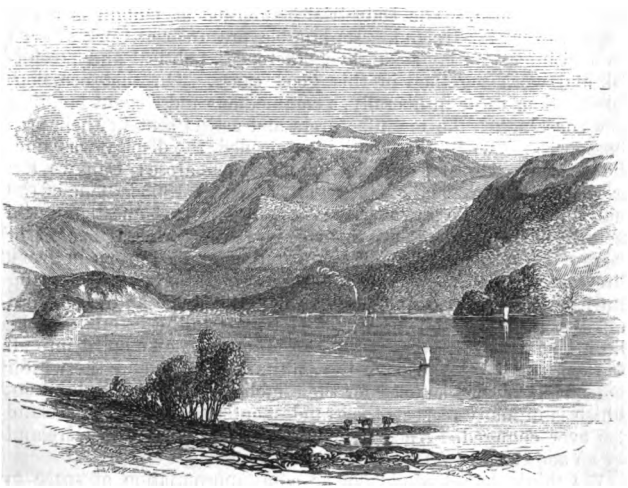

IRISH TOURS AND TOURISTS IN 1853.

THERE is something in the condition and circumstances of Ireland at present very remarkable. Every one is looking more or less hopefully at its prospects, according to his notions of what are or ought to be the elements of its prosperity; and although these notions do not always agree, although there is much discordance and clashing, yet the very opinion that the woes and wounds of poor Ireland are undergoing a healing process, will effect much towards the success of this healing. Hope is one of the best of all physicians, as every sick man can tell. As to the question, What *are* the woes and

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wounds of Ireland? we gladly escape from the responsibility of answering in this humble sheet; but this much may be said—that Englishmen now feel an interest in Ireland and the Irish such as was, perhaps, never before shewn; that the facilities for knowing the people and the country were never before so great as they now are; that the Irish are now especially anxious that the English should come among them, and see with their own eyes what can be seen and done; and that there is scarcely a country in Europe better worthy of a few weeks' sojourn on the part of those who can spare time for a tour.

The year 1853 has a special meaning in respect to this Anglo-Irish friendliness. The Industrial Exhibition at Dublin is really a great event for Ireland. Its humble precursor at Cork shewed that Irishmen can lay aside their differences, political and polemical, and work together in this good cause. On that occasion, subscriptions came in liberally, a commodious and elegant building was constructed, the manufacturers and artists sent in their productions, and when the Exhibition opened, the display was fine, the success complete, and the inquiry soon arose: Can we not have an International Exhibition at Dublin in 1853? One of the many persons who have striven to answer this question satisfactorily—Mr Roney—has thrown into his work an amount of energy truly remarkable: he scampered through Europe in every direction, calling on everybody, seeing everything, and not resting until he had obtained good assurance that France and Germany, and Belgium and Holland, would contribute to the Exhibition; he did a month's work every week, and infused his own spirit into all else concerned. Thus have the autumn of 1852 and the winter and spring of 1853 sufficed for the establishment of an Exhibition, which is in many respects the grandest enterprise in which Ireland has ever engaged. And thus is England drawn towards Ireland by an additional tie this year.

We think that it would not be a misappropriation of space to point out what may be done and seen, during the autumn of the present year, by an Englishman or a Scot who has a little time and money to bestow upon Ireland.

First, then—how to get there? Mr Roney organised, two or three years ago, a system of return-tickets, presenting great advantages. Holyhead and Dublin are about sixty-four miles apart; the one is connected with the net-work of British railways; while the other is the point whence the great lines of Irish railway radiate. The steam-packet forms a floating link, so to speak, between the locomotive on the one shore and that on the other. The Chester and Holyhead, the London and North-western, the Midland, the Caledonian, and other British railway companies, agreed to certain mutual terms; as did likewise the companies whose lines start from Dublin towards Kingstown, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, Galway, and Belfast. Moreover, Mr Roney invited stage-car and coach proprietors to take part in the arrangement,

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as likewise the owners of steam-boats. All these parties then agreed on the fares which should be charged from one place to another, and on the ratio in which the proceeds should be divided among those who had rendered the service. How complicated these calculations must have been, will be rendered apparent presently.

All this, we say, had been done two or three years ago; but it is in the Exhibition year 1853 that the system has appeared in full force. Does an Englishman or a Scot wish to visit Dublin, without venturing on further expense inland? There are thirty-nine towns at which return-tickets are issued, covering the whole expense of railways and steam-boats to Dublin and back again: the time allowed for the return varies from a week to a month, according to distance; and the towns where the tickets are issued range between Edinburgh in the north, and London in the south, between Hull in the east, and Holyhead in the west. Does the tourist wish to extend his run to Belfast, to Galway, to Limerick, to Killarney, or to Cork? He may procure a ticket which will effect any of these, and may purchase this ticket at any one of several English and Scotch towns. Does he contemplate a still wider excursion? Then there is the Irish Tourist Ticket at his service. This ticket is issued at twenty-six different towns in Britain; it covers all the travelling fares from Dublin to Cork, Cork to Killarney, and Killarney to Dublin, besides those eastward of Dublin; it entitles the holder to a copy of a smart green book called the *Irish Tourist's Handbook;* and it also entitles him, at lower fares than those ordinarily charged, to conveyances for a tour in Wicklow, a tour to Glengariff, a tour up the Shannon, a tour to Galway, and a tour to Belfast—any or all, at his pleasure, provided that the total time which he is absent from Britain does not exceed one month. All this is managed by the affiliated companies; but there are, in addition, numerous other facilities now offered for reaching Ireland. There are the steamers from Glasgow, from Fleetwood, and from Liverpool, to Dublin, Belfast, and Londonderry; those from Bristol to Dublin and to Cork, and those from Plymouth to Cork. There is more and more tendency, however, to use the Holyhead and Kingstown route, on account of the shortness of the sea-passage—four to five hours. Marcus's excursions may also be mentioned here.

Nor have the booksellers been slow to tell the tourist what he can see in Ireland. As to the smart green book, we have a little fault to find with it. It is somewhat too large in surface—larger, we think, than Murray's Handbooks; and the addition of 150 pages of advertisements to 250 pages of hand-book information, renders the book rather too bulky to slip readily into the pocket. It is profusely illustrated with wood-cut views; but we would willingly give the whole of these for a few good maps, those contained in the book being very poor and insufficient. This is bad policy, for the copies which are *sold* have

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good maps inserted in them; whereas those which are *given* have these good maps left out. Moreover, the book is wanting in tabulation and convenience of reference. We hope that if this Tract meets the eye of the conductors of the tourists' traffic, they will receive the criticism in a friendly spirit, and strive to make the green paper-book as good as the green and silvered cloth-book. We may mention that Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, who have done so much in their various publications to render Ireland familiar and interesting to the English, have divided their large book on Ireland into four nice little volumes, devoted respectively to the north, south, east, and west, and revised by information brought down to the present year: there is a snugness and elegance in these compact little pocket-books. Fraser's *Handbook* bears some such relation to Ireland as Black's does to Scotland. Then there are Wild's *Boyne and Blackwater;* Wakeman's *Irish Antiquities;* White's *Connemara;* White's *Wicklow;* Windele's *South of Ireland; Handbook to Carlingford Bay;* Fraser's *Handbook for Killarney; Week in the South of Ireland;* Wakeman's *Three Days on the Shannon; Week in the West of Ireland; North of Ireland, and how to See it; Dublin and its Environs;* and a host of others. Nor are the railways without their travelling-charts and picturesque handbooks. Even Walsh's *Irish Railway-guide*, which was before a tolerably cheap pennyworth, has in this busy year been rendered still cheaper by thirty-two pages of a description of Dublin.

Such are the facilities offered in 1853 to those who would visit Ireland from the sister isle; and we shall now attempt to shew what are the sights and scenes and contrasts which present themselves to a visitor. It is not as a guide-book that this Tract is written, nor as a record of the daily doings of the writer during his own trip, but as a series of notices and facts which may be interesting both to those who can and to those who cannot partake in the pleasure-touring, and which may, perchance, give a few hints to those who would study Ireland and Irishmen as they now are.

Off we go from Holyhead. The steamers start three times a day—one in connection with a mail-train from England and Scotland, and two in connection with express-trains; and the speed is now so great, and the arrangements so good, that fourteen or fifteen hours suffice to land the Londoner in Ireland. If the tourist be one of those unfortunates who run down into the cabin and go to bed as soon as they embark in a sea-going steamer, it is useless to talk to him about light-houses and beautiful bays; but if he will only remain on deck, he will see much that is curious before getting out of sight of the Welsh coast. There is the Stack Rock, with its myriads of gulls, and its stories of daring men who climb from crag to crag; there is the light-house, whose revolving and intermittent light is visible

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so far out and in so many directions; and there is the Harbour of Refuge, now slowly progressing. At a little further distance from land, we see the Welsh Mountains towering up behind us; and very soon afterwards the Wicklow Mountains tower up in front, presenting their blue outlines against the western sky. Next we see two bold headlands jutting out into the sea, about seven miles apart—these are Howth Hill and Killiney Hill, the two extremities of Dublin Bay. This bay is very beautiful: some have compared it to Naples, some to Baiæ, some to one place, and some to another; but simply comparing it with itself, we may say that it is a fine semicircular sweep, having Dublin at its middle or furthest point, about midway between Howth and Killiney. Unfortunately, the bay has become a good deal silted up by the outpourings of the river Liffey; and although there is a tide-wall jutting out two or three miles from the Dublin quays, and another from Clontarf, Dublin is but ill adapted for receiving packet-steamers. On this account, the packets proceed to Kingstown—called Dunleary before George IV. paid a regal visit to it—not far from the Killiney extremity of the bay. A fine harbour has been formed here at a heavy expense; and the packets draw up close to the quays, about five miles from Dublin. This would be a dismal arrangement, if nothing but a coach-road existed; but the Dublin and Kingstown Railway bears some such relation to these packets as the London and Blackwall Railway bears to the Margate and Gravesend packets—it whips you off to the heart of the city in a few minutes, and with very little inconvenience.

There is something about this railway very striking to a stranger. It is one of the prettiest railways with which we are acquainted. It has the open sea nearly all the way along on one side, and the suburban villas of Dublin inhabitants on the other. Sandymount, Merrion, Booterstown, Black Rock, and Kingstown, all may be said to constitute one continuous row of cheerful-looking houses, generally having gardens between them and the railway. The sea-wall between the railway and the bay has many inscriptions to indicate the entrances to bathing-places. This is a remarkable feature superadded to the railway accommodation; for the company having had to build the wall, and having in some cases actually carried the railway over the bay itself, have availed themselves of the opportunity of establishing bathing-places, which are open to those who pay a trifling sum beyond the railway fares. The carriages make an Englishman first pleased, and then angry—pleased at riding in such clean, elegant, lofty, roomy, cushioned, and curtained second-class carriages; and angry that the same class of carriages should still be so disgracefully dirty and comfortless in his own country. There is a *char-a-banc* included among the second-class carriages—a cushioned open vehicle of very agreeable character in fine weather. This railway is also remarkable in possessing the only bit of atmospheric line left to us.

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There is a very steep tram-way from the Dalkey quarries down to Kingstown—a distance of a mile or two; and when, about ten years ago, the company resolved to adapt this length for passenger-traffic, they doubted the power of locomotives to surmount the very steep gradients. The atmospheric system was adopted, and has been continued ever since. There is a tube, about a foot in diameter, laid down midway between the rails; a piston moves along this tube, as soon as a steam-engine has pumped out the air in front of it; and connecting mechanism moves the carriages at the same speed as the piston. It is a beautiful contrivance, and makes one regret that mishaps of various kinds should have crushed the system in every part of the empire except this little bit at Dalkey. It evidently succeeds here, or the directors would not have continued it for ten years.

When we reach Dublin, the very first fact which strikes upon the attention is, that Dublin is one of the 'car-drivingest' places (to use Thackeray's expression) ever seen. We are beset on all sides by cars, of which there are no less than 1500 in Dublin—a larger number than the omnibuses and cabs of London combined, relatively to the population. We sit sideways, Paddy the Jarvey sits sideways, and sideways we rattle along the streets, having a ride from any one part of Dublin to any other part for sixpence, which is cheap enough in all conscience. Some wag has broached the theory, that Irishmen take a one-sided view of things, because they travel sideways, and see only one-half of society at once; but placing waggery aside, we must say that these cars are easy to ascend, easy to quit, and easy to ride upon. They are too broad and straggling for the London streets; but the principal streets of Dublin are very wide, and there is room for the cars. The Jarveys are dashing about from morning till night; their horses and harness nothing to boast of, and the men themselves rather seedy in appearance. The whole body are kept under stringent police regulations; and the fares, both within and near Dublin, are kept down with a tolerably tight hand.

We have said that the streets of Dublin are wide; such is certainly the case in the better parts of the town. Sackville Street, containing the Post-office, the Rotunda, and other public buildings, is one of the finest streets in Europe; and in it are plate-glass splendours and shop-architecture such as Regent Street cannot excel. The squares, too, are of noble size, especially St Stephen's, Merrion, and Mountjoy Squares. The banks of the Liffey are lined on both sides with granite quays for miles, and there are in various quarters public buildings of great majesty and beauty. Yet with all this, Dublin presents strange contradictions. The dirt and squalor, and rags and misery, are in close proximity with the splendour. The two cathedrals are hemmed in with wretched streets; and the Castle, where the lord-lieutenant has his official residence, is not far distant. In walking, too, from the noble Sackville Street to the noble Phœnix Park, parallel with, but a

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little northward of the river, we go through a district in which he who is bereft of smell will be temporarily fortunate. Bare brown legs and dirty brown faces and ragged backs are at a premium. The rambler from England sees women carrying about placards —a work which with us is performed by men; he sees women squatting before the doors, and men lolling against door-posts, and children playing with the pigs; he sees very few butchers-shops, but very many spirit-shops; and he sees—not perhaps so much rollicking fun as Irish writers talked about in past years, but a good deal of shrewdness and enjoyment.

A tourist who has time to bestow upon it, will find much that is curious and instructive in Dublin; but as the Great Exhibition is the one notable feature in 1853, we must just say sufficient concerning it to convey a notion of its general character. Already, when entering Dublin by the Kingstown Railway, the rounded summits of the building present themselves to our notice; and on reaching Merrion Square (rendered in some degree memorable as containing the late residence of the great Dan), the structure presents its remarkable front as occupying nearly the whole of the west side of the square, being built on a plot of ground in front of the Royal Dublin Society's house.

This Exhibition is eminently creditable to Ireland, taking all things into consideration. It shews that Irishmen can combine to achieve a great work, when their minds are not distracted by religious and political quarrels. To understand its origin, we must mention that, for many years past, the Dublin Society have held triennial exhibitions of Irish manufactures at their house in Merrion Square; and that 1853 is one of the years on which the Exhibition would have taken place. Somewhat more than a year ago (June 1852), Mr Dargan, a railway contractor, who has risen to great wealth by his skill and enterprise, wrote to the Society, stating that if they would make the Exhibition of a more extensive character than usual, he would advance capital to the amount of L.20,000 for a building worthy to contain it. This bold and generous offer attracted general attention. The Society at once accepted it, and appointed an executive committee to form a plan of operations. The committee advertised for plans for a suitable building, and accepted that sent in by Mr Benson. The works were commenced; but so many amplifications and improvements were gradually introduced, that by the time all the expenses were defrayed, Mr Dargan's L.20,000 had risen to three or four times that amount. Nevertheless, he scorned to flinch; he 'put his hand in his pocket' as often as more capital was required, and carried out his generous resolve to the full, depending only on the success of the Exhibition for his chance of reimbursement. Surely a country which contains Dargans has a career yet before it! They worked away during the winter—architect, builders, committee, secretary, and all—and tried hard to get their building ready by the 1st of May. They could not quite succeed, but they

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nevertheless opened it in vice-regal state a few days afterwards—very incomplete, it is true, but with an abundant claim to lenient judgment for any temporary shortcomings.

And now, what sort of a building is it? The structure differs very materially from the Crystal Palace. It has much more curves, and fewer angles; much more wood, and less glass. It consists of five parallel halls, with numerous subsidiary halls, courts, and galleries. The great central hall is more than 400 feet long, by 100 wide, and the same in height: the others are of smaller dimensions. One is devoted to the fine arts, one to foreign contributions, one to machinery in motion, and the rest of the structure to miscellaneous articles, disposed in partially-classified order. All of them have wagon-vaulted or semi-cylindrical roofs, formed for the most part of wood-panelling, but having a row of glazed sashes running along the centre or summit. There are corridors between, with rows of columns which support galleries. The curvilinear principle is observed at the ends as well as the top, producing some such effect as that noticeable in the semicircular apses of some of the continental churches.

What is the degree of admiration which the building deserves, it is impossible to determine: individuals can alone settle this for themselves. In respect to ourselves, the wonderful structure in Hyde Park left an impression which somewhat disqualifies us from calmly judging the Dublin building; and therefore, in saying that the unrelieved white surface of the exterior, and the large extent of blue panelling in the interior, contrast unfavourably with the fairy lightness of the Glass Palace, we do not wish to dwell upon the opinion, nor to ask others to share in it. One thing is unquestionable, that the central hall is a grand and noble apartment, so well proportioned that the eye does not at first recognise its large dimensions. It is also an important merit, that the admission of light is so managed as to shew everything excellently; the Fine Arts Hall, especially, displays the pictures in a way that would put our National Gallery to shame.

Our Irish friends have certainly spared no pains to give completeness to their undertaking. They have called to their aid numerous auxiliaries, and have appointed committees and superintendents in considerable number. There is, for instance, besides the executive or original committee, a building committee, a finance committee, a fine arts committee, a committee of manufactures, an agricultural committee, general superintendents, assistant superintendents, superintendents of districts, correspondence officers, &c. The thought has occasionally crossed our mind, that, in imitating the Great Exhibition of 1851, the managers may have multiplied the offices and officers a little too liberally; but the great point is to have the affair well managed, whether by few or many. A catalogue has been prepared, similar in shape and price to that of 1851,

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but less bulky, and of the national green colour. The compilers have found—as the compilers of all catalogues find, sooner or later—that a good catalogue is no easy matter to produce; and it is no great reproach to them to say, that the arrangement is somewhat defective. It is very difficult to find what you want when you want it. The articles are ranged from No. 1 to No. 2000, or so, in the catalogue, in proper order; but they are not placed in juxtaposition in the building itself. The fine arts have a distinct set of numbers for themselves. But any defects in this department may be pardoned, and more than pardoned, when we remember how few articles had been received and arranged at the time marked out for the commencement of the cataloguing. The later editions will doubtless be much superior to those first published.

An English reader will scarcely be surprised, nor need an Irishman be offended, to be told, that the Irish manufactures exhibited are not striking for their beauty or excellence, except in a few special branches. It would be unfair to expect it, in a country which has had such uphill work, and has laboured under so many difficulties, as poor Ireland. The poplins, the sewed muslins, the Limerick laces, the Dublin carriages, the Irish friezes and paddy-cloths, the flax products—all are good; and among the rest of the articles exhibited, whether Irish, British, or foreign, there is abundance of interest for many visits of many hours each. If you want to see 'the first doll manufactured in Ireland,' here it is; if you would see Irish lasses, dressed in green, serving at the refreshment-tables, here is a smart bevy of them; if you would see how pearl-buttons are made, or how sugar-plums and rose-drops are fashioned, here are the actual workmen labouring in the building, the confectioners wearing crimson velvet caps, trimmed with gold lace; if you would feel the texture of Irish paddy-cloth and rumswizzle, here are dummies dressed up in such garments. The mineralogist will find ninety-eight specimens of Irish marble, and specimens of all the valuable ores and clays which the country contains. The musical young lady will meet with the Dargan Polka and the Dargan Gallop, and Irish harps and other musical instruments. The admirers of minute silver-work will find a complete tea-service, of forty-five pieces, made out of a fourpenny-piece! Those who take interest in the peat-bogs, which constitute one of the marvels of Ireland, will admire the beautiful ornaments made in bog-oak and bog-yew, and will look with pleasure at the chemicals which have been produced from peat. The advocates for beet-root sugar will have an opportunity of seeing that, whether sold at a remunerative profit or not, really good sugar can be produced from beet. Those who know how valuable flax is to Ireland, will here see how excellent are the specimens producible when proper care is taken in the cultivation and preparation. If we would know what progress Ireland has made in coach-building, we can judge by the splendid state-carriage just made for her Majesty by Messrs Hutton of Dublin.

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Considerable gaiety is thrown into the Exhibition by the music introduced there. In imitation of the Crystal Palace, there is an organ placed prominently at one end; and at this organ, music is frequently played during the later hours of the day. Moreover, military bands are occasionally engaged; and the fine effect which their martial strains produce beneath the vaulted roof of the lofty central hall, tells well for this style of architectural construction. We have met with an objection to this musical attractiveness, urged in one of the Irish newspapers, on the ground that the Exhibition ought to be good enough to attract without such extraneous aid; but surely a man will not enjoy the sights around him any the less when his heart beats in unison with the strain of some fine melody, or swells almost unconsciously beneath the grand diapason of the organ.

One of the halls, appropriated to machinery in motion, must be a great novelty to the Irish themselves; for, not being a manufacturing nation, they are less familiar than Englishmen with looms and carding-machines, steam-engines and hydraulic-machines, stamping-presses, printing-machines, boring and drilling machines; and so forth. Steam-power is provided outside the building, shafts and gearing are provided within; and a considerable number of machines are exhibited at work.

But the department of the Exhibition which stands out in most marked contrast to that in Hyde Park, is the Picture Gallery. It was, as is well known, one of the rules of the last-named Exhibition, that no pictures should be admitted, except a few, to illustrate the use of different kinds of colours or varnishes, or canvas or prepared grounds; but at Dublin a gallery has been thrown open to the painters of all nations. There is a mediæval court, fully equal to that at the Crystal Palace, and, in some respects, superior; and there is a gallery of Irish antiquities, which, by praiseworthy exertions, has been filled with a most instructive series of specimens and models and casts, to illustrate the architecture, the sculpture, the weapons, the tools, the instruments, the dresses, the habits and customs, of the ancient Irish. If for nothing else, this Exhibition would be valuable, as shewing how cordially all parties in Ireland have lent a helping-hand towards the object in view. It is, however, the Picture Hall to which the present paragraph chiefly relates. In the first place, some of the finest pictures in the British dominions have been lent to the committee for exhibition in this building; in the next place, a few foreign princes have sent over portions of their collections for a similar purpose; and, thirdly, artists, foreign as well as British, have done the same. The result is a very varied and interesting collection. The cataloguing and arranging have been somewhat confused, for accessions to the collection were made during many weeks after the opening of the Exhibition. Any person who shall have made two visits to the Exhibition—one in the middle of May, and one in September or October—will see how difficult it must have been for

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the compilers and arrangers to place in proper order the very numerous articles received during the intervening period.

Such is a brief sketchy outline of the Great Exhibition at Dublin in 1853, an Exhibition which reflects much credit on the active energy of the committee and their secretary, Mr Roney—on the taste and skill of the architect, Mr (now Sir John) Benson—and, above all, on the open-handed liberality of Mr Dargan, who has hitherto stoutly refused to be 'Sir William'd.' Thousands are going from the sister isle to see it; thousands will yet go to see it; thousands ought to go to see it; and as among these thousands, hundreds avail themselves of some or other of the various tourists' tickets before described, we will now leave Dublin, and accompany an imaginary tourist through some of the scenes which he may visit.

The Great Southern and Western Railway is the main outlet from Dublin. It leads in one continuous line to Cork, sending off branches to Kilkenny, to Waterford, to Killarney, to Limerick, and other towns of note. We must jot down this fact by the way—that our Irish friends have not worked well together in their railway enterprises. There are four railways which enter Dublin, and these have four terminal stations, distinct and distant from each other. If the Liffey were a broad river crowded with shipping, objections might be urged against crossing it by a railway; but it is neither broad nor busy; and if the companies had joined in the formation of one central station, they could have worked their traffic more efficiently and cheaply than they can now do, besides establishing through traffic from north to south of Ireland *vid* Dublin. The same fact is observable at Cork, where three railways have three termini; but here there is somewhat better excuse, for there is more water to be crossed at Cork than at Dublin. We have heard it candidly confessed by Irishmen themselves, that though they may give a long pull and a strong pull, they do not sufficiently pull all together in their public enterprises: let us hope that the Dublin Exhibition will shew how fully they can do so if they will but try.

One fact which the railway traveller in Ireland soon recognises, we have already adverted to—the excellence of the carriages relatively to those of England. Another soon becomes apparent—that the gauge of the railways is midway between those of England: the English gauges are fifty-six and a half inches, and eighty-four inches respectively; while the Irish gauge is sixty-three inches. The railways, in general construction, in stations, and in management, will bear successful comparison with those of England; and it is impossible to resist the conviction, that they must play an important part in that regeneration of Ireland which every one is looking for.

On we go, then, with our brother tourist, in a waving course, having a general south-west tendency. We pass Clondalkin, with its fine old round tower; and Sallins and Naas; and Newbridge,

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with its crumbling Connell Castle; and Kildare, with its wild bleak 'curragh,' or racing and coursing plain; and Monastereven, with the fine seat of the Marquis of Drogheda. At a few miles' distance from the Portarlington Station is an establishment well worthy of a little thoughtful attention. One of the new fillips to industry which is now engaging inquiry in Ireland, is the manufacture of beet-root sugar. It is one to which all must heartily wish success, but concerning which any expression of opinion requires great caution, on account of the numerous circumstances that may disturb the calculations of the speculators. A company, formed for this purpose, opened a fine establishment in 1852 at Mount-Mellick, near Portarlington, at a cost of L.10,000. It comprises steam-engines, boilers, vacuum-pans, centrifugal pumps, juice-pans, defecators, evaporators, and all the apparatus for conducting the sugar-manufacture in a scientific manner. The appliances of the establishment are adequate to the treatment of 300 tons of beet-root per week; but whether the farmers within any reasonable distance can supply this quantity at a price that will pay themselves, and yet be cheap to the company; and whether the sugar, when made, will maintain, single-handed and unprotected, a competition with slave-grown cane-sugar, are questions which nothing less than long and careful experiment can determine. Very enthusiastic estimates and reports on this subject have been made public; and we can in all sincerity express a hope that they may eventually turn out to be correct. In the meantime, it ought not to be uninteresting to English tourists in Ireland to know, that Irishmen are manfully trying their strength in this matter.

Our railway ride is a very level one, and it must in candour be owned that it is not very picturesque. The centre of Ireland is perhaps the least beautiful part of the country: it has few fine mountains or river scenes; and it is wanting in the smiling villages and highly-cultivated farms, which form such characteristic features in England. It is an 'emerald' isle, certainly, in so far as the frequent rains give verdant freshness to the grass; but there are unmistakable evidences here and there of the black boggy land which is part and parcel of Ireland. Mile after mile of railway exhibits few villages, few farms, few people. Emigration and death have carried off many who used to inhabit this flat region; but there is another circumstance which an Englishman does not at first readily appreciate. The Irish cotters and cultivators have been accustomed to have very small holdings or potato-grounds; each man fences off his bit of ground from his neighbour's, often by a bulky wall of loose stones; and he has his house, cottage, hut, or hovel—whichever it may deserve to be called—in the midst. The consequence is, that, instead of large villages intervening between large and well-cultivated farms, we find the land cut up into little patches, and the houses scattered and straggling. Whenever the undulations of level allow us to see the slope of a rising-ground in the

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distance, it appears cut up into infinitesimally small and numerous patches, good for spade-labour, but fatal to all agriculture on a large scale.

A tourist may perhaps have no particular love for bog, peat, turf, marsh, moss, and may attach to them such connection with the miseries of Ireland as to gladly avoid rather than gladly seek them; yet he should think about them, whether he visits them or not. The eastern portion of the two railways to Galway and Cork, and the country lying between them, will shew him something of the great Bog of Allen—that vague designation which includes many separate bogs. On and near this bog, trials are now being made whether boggy land can be so cleared as to become agriculturally valuable; and whether the peat taken therefrom can be valuably applied in other ways. Now, as there are nearly 3,000,000 acres of bog in Ireland—about one-seventh of the whole area of the island—all such experiments become of great importance. We all know what a stir was made three or four years ago concerning the extraordinary value of the chemicals derivable from peat, and of the store of wealth which Ireland possessed therein: like many other theories relating to Ireland, it was a little too enthusiastic; but it may be a good theory in the end, for aught we yet know. The poor Irish cotter knows peat only as a something which will serve as a smothering, smouldering substitute for coal; but the chemist knows it as a substance whence can be obtained sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, naphtha, paraffine—a sort of vegetable spermaceti—and two or three kinds of oil. Now, all these are useful substances, having a definite commercial value in the market; and the question arises: can they be extracted from peat so cheaply as to yield a profit? Mr Reece has devised a very ingenious system for developing all these substances by distilling the peat; and he has formed a rough estimate that a ton of peat, after 7s. had been spent upon it, would yield 14s. worth of produce. We will not simply say, that if this be true, but that if it makes even an approximation to the truth, the manufacture of peat chemicals may become an important affair for Ireland. Sir Robert Kane, a great authority on all that concerns the resources of the country, has since found that the produce from a ton of peat is really very little less than Mr Reece had estimated it; but the money question—the ratio between the shillings spent and the shillings receivable—he leaves for capitalists to determine.

But chemicals are not the only useful things obtainable from peat: peat-charcoal, which has many valuable properties, must be added to the list. A patent method, introduced by Messrs Gwynne and Hays, is now applied for producing such charcoal. The peat is taken wet from the bog; it is thrown wet into a centrifugal machine; it is whirled about until it becomes dry; it is heated, and then pressed; and thus, in about half an hour, it is transformed from a wet spongy mass to a hard, smooth, brownish

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cake. The cakes thus made constitute peat-fuel, which has a very good reputation given to it by many engineers. But this is not peat-charcoal. For producing the latter, the bog-slices or turfs are partly dried in the open air, then fully dried in a furnace, then ignited in a close chamber, so as to drive off the gases, and then is peat-charcoal left behind. It may be used as fuel, and also as an extraordinarily useful antiseptic, an aëriform scavenger, absorbing and neutralising odours and miasmata, which would else be very troublesome and unhealthy.—Is it to be wondered at, then, that men who have the prosperity of Ireland at heart should yearn to know what can be done with the 3,000,000 acres of Irish bog? And will not the tourist try to look a little kindly at the black bog, as a possible source of Irish wealth hereafter?

After passing near Maryborough, and another town or two in Queen's County, our railway ride brings us into the county of Tipperary—famous in past times for fights and riots, and rebellions and murders, but now as peaceful as other parts of Ireland. There is Tipperary itself; and Thurles, with its Roman Catholic college, brought into notoriety by a recent synod; and Cashel, with the most wonderful group of ecclesiastical ruins, perhaps, in any part of the British dominions; and Clonmel, where the first Irish stage-car began to run; and the town of 'nate Clogheen,' where the exploits of Paddy Carey are lyrically placed. It is a fact which cannot escape the eye of any ordinary observer, that Ireland is literally bestrewed with ruined castles; they present their window apertures and rugged outlines to view on all sides of us, and seem to speak of feudal days fully as warlike as any which England has experienced. A tone of sadness and desolation pervades them; they speak of a time when absent proprietorships were not known, and of another and more recent time, when the great lord went to live in England, and his castle went to ruins. Many of the castles were destroyed by Cromwell, many by rival chieftains in earlier times; but much of the real desolation of Ireland is unquestionably due to the absentee system, which has deprived the peasants of that sort of kindly patriarchalism which tends to accompany and surround a resident landlord. We find ourselves, however, on the brink of the stormy sea of politics, and will therefore hasten away as fast as possible, simply remarking that the castles of the O'Moores, the Fitzpatricks, the Fogarties, the Butlers, and other ancient Irish families, are to be seen in ruins in the part of Ireland to which the railway has just now brought us. As for Kilmallock, near the point where the railway enters County Cork, it is such a perfect maze or mass of ruins as to have obtained the designation of the Baalbec of Ireland.

As we approach the district where the counties of Tipperary, Limerick, and Cork join, there is an evident and decided improvement in the appearance of the country. There are more trees and better cultivated fields; and the eye rests on fine elevated outlines formed by the Galtee Mountains on the east, and the Doon

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Mountains on the west, or rather north-west of the railway. Near Tipperary we meet the cross-line which connects Limerick with Waterford; and near the river Blackwater, we throw off the branch-railway which has lately been opened from Mallow to Killarney, and which seems to have been constructed almost wholly to accommodate the pleasure-traffic to the far-famed lakes, for a more poorly-inhabited district we need hardly wish to meet with than intervenes between Mallow and Killarney.

Down we plunge at length, southward, into the good city of Cork, stretching out on both sides of the river Lee. Shortly before entering it, we catch a glimpse of Blarney Castle—the castle containing a celebrated stone, the kissing of which gives the gift of the blarney to the kisser. Whether every Cork man has this gift we do not know; but we experienced a rich bit of the blarney before being in the city an hour. We applied for lemonade at a shop which professed to keep that beverage; the contents of the green glass bottle possessed an odd taste, not at all like that which lemonade is commonly supposed to possess. On applying to the dispenser thereof for his opinion, he owned that he had mistaken a soda-water bottle for a lemonade one; but he instantly added: 'Niver mind, sir: soda-water is much better dhrink than lemonade.'

'Maybe so; but what if a customer prefers lemonade?'

'Ah, but thin, sir, I shall lose by it if you don't dhrink it!'

This was a fine specimen of the *non-sequitur*, as every logician will admit; and blarney and *non-sequitur* are frequently convertible into each other. We will not, however, rush to the conclusion, that Cork shopkeepers generally make their lemonade out of blarney and soda-water; but we felt bound to give an instance of blarney while speaking of Blarney Castle.

Cork is certainly an interesting city. Dirty streets, wretched hovels, and ragged people it certainly has, but there are fine wide streets in the best parts of the town, and there is a remarkably large extent of river-shore. The river forms an island in the heart of the city; there are bridges to connect this island with the north and the south banks; and there is, in this respect, a considerable resemblance to Paris, the oldest and most central portion of which constitutes an island. Here, as at Dublin, there is a remarkable extent of fine quay built of masonry; and the fact impresses itself forcibly on the mind, that Cork has capabilities for an immense amount of trade beyond any that it has yet enjoyed. Indeed, this is observable in every part of Ireland. The noble bay of Dublin, with the Liffey in the centre, the Kingstown Harbour in the south, and Howth Harbour at or near its northern extremity—what fleets of merchant-ships might it not accommodate! Cork, however, it is only just to state, is a busy place, transacting a considerable amount of trade annually, and having many wealthy merchants living in the suburbs. Cork possesses a hotel which is considered to be the finest in the country—the 'Clarendon of Ireland;'

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and it possesses a county prison and a city prison, and a lunatic asylum and barracks; and, still more worthy of notice, it possesses one of the three Queen's Colleges, of which the other two are at Galway and Belfast; it possesses, too, an unfinished—Ireland has many unfinished buildings—testimonial tower to Father Mathew: a man who certainly deserves public honour for the good he has effected. Here let us remark, that mischief has been produced by zealous maintainers of two opposite opinions respecting the temperance question—one, that the Irish people have become thoroughly and permanently reformed through its agency; the other, that they have broken their pledges, and have returned to whisky and shillelahs. The truth seems to lie midway between these extremes: that whisky-drinking has increased since the power of Father Mathew was at its height, the Excise-duty shews; but it is impossible to mix among or converse with the inhabitants without seeing that they are deeply conscious of the advantage of temperance, and that many a man is at this moment heroically abstaining from an indulgence which used to impoverish him and his family. This we can at least say, that during a pretty active ramble through four large cities, and several small towns and villages, in the present summer, we have not met with one drunken man in the streets of Ireland: this of course is not conclusive, but it is an item which may be added to the evidence producible by others, *pro* and *con*.

The glorious harbour of Cork! If any tourist visits Cork without steaming down to the harbour, he will have something to regret. The city lies some miles from the sea; but the river Lee expands to a great width a little below the city, and at length forms a fine sheet of water resembling Plymouth Sound. One large island, and several of smaller size, lie in this haven, and, rising to a bold and commanding height, they impart much beauty to the view as seen from different points. On the larger island there used to be a small fishing-village called Cove, fronting the whole breadth of the harbour; but like as the visit of George IV. has converted Dunleary into Kingstown, so has that of Victoria converted Cove into Queenstown; and Queenstown is now a very flourishing place. All along the banks of the Lee, on both sides, the Cork gentry and merchants have delightful villas and mansions. Blackrock, Passage, and Monkstown, are stations or piers at which the steamers stop, and a large population has sprung up at each spot. Not only is there ample trade for steamers from Cork to Queenstown, but there is a paying railway from Cork to Passage, whence penny or twopenny steamers ply across to Queenstown. As to the place called Passage, there seem to be many convivial and joyous associations connected with it, and many a song about the 'Fair Maid of Passage, as plump as a sassage.' On climbing to the heights of Great Island, behind Queenstown, a full view of the noble harbour and its formidable defences is obtained; two of the islands, Spike and Haulbowline, are bristling with cannon and ramparts

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and bastions to the very edge; and the former of these has become somewhat noted for the prisoners who are or have been confined within it. The largest fleet of war-ships, or the largest convoy of merchant-ships, might safely take up its berth in the deep water of this fine harbour; but although there are several vessels to be seen, they form a mere sprinkling compared with that which one could wish to see in such a place.

It will of course not be supposed that, because we pass over in silence the whole of the south-east of Ireland, those portions are destitute of beauty or interest. We are, in truth, imagining that we have by our side the holder of a tourist's ticket, and are sharing with him the pleasures and surprises and useful lessons which he derives during his trip. But if he has time and inclination and money to trace the river Barrow from Athy to Carlow, and to the fine estuary at Waterford; or the river Nore through Kilkenny to its junction with the Barrow; or the river Slaney, from its rise in the Wicklow Mountains to its estuary at Wexford; or the Suir in its long course through Thurles, Cahir, Clonmel, and Carrick, to Waterford; or the beautiful Blackwater, from Mallow to Lismore and Youghal; or the Galtee Mountains, Knockmeledown Mountains, Commeragh Mountains, or Blackstairs Mountains: if he can do any or all of these, he will be repaid for his trouble.

But we must on. We and our imaginary companion have supplementary excursion-tickets, which frank us, by a remarkable and interesting route, the whole distance from Cork to Galway; and we must be either blind or stupid, if this route does not give us much knowledge of Ireland and the Irish. The first twenty miles of our run is by the Cork and Bandon Railway, presenting a little difficult engineering near Cork, but becoming more level as we proceed. From Bandon there may some day be a railway to Bantry; but we here quit the locomotive and take horses; and now we have to do justice to a remarkable man.

We do not know whether Ireland has put up a statue to Mr Bianconi; but if she has not, the sooner it is done the better. That a man should have made his own fortune by an enterprise, is no reason against honorary distinctions being awarded to him, because the greatest benefactors to a country often comprise those who, by a commercial spirit, enrich themselves in enriching others. Down to the year 1815, Ireland had a few good roads, on which mail-coaches travelled; but other vehicles were so scarce, that the poor, and even the middle classes, had to trudge on foot, or to keep horses at a serious expense. Among the residents in Clonmel at that time was Mr Bianconi, a native of Italy. He saw that there was a great want; and he determined to try whether a private individual, with very limited resources, could supply the gap. He built, or bought, or hired a car, and ran it to and fro between Clonmel and Cahir. Sometimes he had not a single passenger for several journeys in succession; but, nothing daunted, he determined to persevere until he had *made* a traffic. He then

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extended his route, so as to include Tipperary and Limerick. Next he established a route from Clonmel to Cashel and Thurles, and another from Clonmel to Carrick and Waterford. By this time, he began to feel his own strength; he treated his horses well, he confided in his drivers, and the public confided in him. Step by step, he enlarged the scope of his operations, until, by the year 1843, he had cars on most of the great roads in Ireland—to Ballina and Belmullet in the north-west, to Galway and Clifden in the west, to Tralee and Cahirciveen in the south-west; and so on. In this last-named year, Mr Bianconi had 110 vehicles, coaches and cars together, capable of carrying from four to twenty passengers each, and journeying 3800 miles every day; the fares averaged about 1¼d. per passenger per mile; the stations for changing horses were 140; and the consumption by his stud was 3000 to 4000 tons of hay, and 30,000 to 40,000 barrels of oats annually. It would be impossible to estimate adequately the advantage of such a system in districts which before had few or no regular conveyances: if time is money, then did Mr Bianconi virtually give money, and a great deal of it, to all classes of travellers in Ireland. We have only to read any modern tourist's gossip concerning France, Spain, or Germany, to see how those countries would welcome a system of well-appointed vehicles running daily on most of the roads, at five farthings per mile, and at a speed of eight or nine miles an hour. Nay, would not England and Scotland be the better for a Bianconi, notwithstanding the railways?

We mention Mr Bianconi's cars here, not that the tourist necessarily uses them from Bandon onwards—for there are coaches as well as cars, and other proprietors besides Mr Bianconi—but because they are the characteristic feature of road-travelling in Ireland, and because they place us in very close neighbourhood to those most Irish of all Irish productions—beggars. The foot-board is so near the ground, and the sitting has so much the cosiness of sitting on a chair, or rather cushioned bench, that the beggars can come up quite familiarly to your knee, and run along with you to the full stretch of their legs and their inclination. This stretch is a wide one indeed! To get rid of a beggar in Ireland is a feat which requires more genius than an Englishman seems to possess.—However, let us postpone our chat about the beggars till we reach Killarney.

From Bandon to Bantry is a westward coach-ride or car-ride of about forty miles; and here, if not before, the tourist comes in sight of those saddening heaps of desolation—the unroofed cottages of evicted tenants. A railway in Ireland is a good means of getting quickly from one spot to another; but it is not a good medium through which the Irish and their social position can be judged: the road is the thing after all. Political economists may be right about the evils of squatters and cotter-holdings, and small mismanaged potato-farms, and about the superior national

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advantages of farming on a large scale; but it is impossible to travel along this road from Bandon to Bantry without something like a heartache at witnessing the wreck which presents itself from time to time. The houses in view along the whole distance are not very numerous; and yet among them are many, sometimes a whole row, with roofs off and all empty and desolate. It is bad enough to see this in respect even to the house itself, for there is nothing of the ivied picturesqueness of an old ruin in these violently-dismantled humble abodes; but it is very sad when we think that the inmates were often turned out in bleak November, and left on the hedge-side while their poor roof was being demolished. We must not blame the landlord, until we fully take into account all the arguments concerning poor-law unions, unpaid rents, emigration, &c.; and we will, therefore, only mention this scene of ruined cottages as one of the symptoms of the woes of poor Ireland—woes which cannot and ought not to be ignored by any one who passes a little time in that country.

We have not yet mentioned a remarkable body of men who meet the eye in every part of Ireland—when we land, when we traverse the interior, and when we depart. These are the Irish constabulary. It is scarcely possible to say too much of this admirable corps; they challenge our approval wherever we go. An Irish constable is not a soldier, not a policeman, but he combines the best qualities of both, and is something of a sapper and miner in some of his duties. The dress is green, tight-fitting, neat, and smart; there is a cap or shako on the head, like a military officer's undress-cap; there is a shining black leather belt, a sword, and a truncheon. All the men are swordsmen, but the sword is not worn in ordinary town-duties. They are picked men, tall, well-formed, and drilled to a high pitch of discipline. In number they are about 16,000, distributed over the whole island in small companies, varying from four to twelve men each. Each company has a barrack, which is maintained under strict military regulations. The men are shifted from station to station, without any reference to where their individual homes may be—and there is some objection to admit married men into the corps. The whole are paid by the government, and not by a rate on the inhabitants. As to their duties, they are most multifarious; for whenever there seems to be a doubt as to who shall perform a particular duty in Ireland, the constabulary are very likely to be called upon to perform it. They perambulate the town streets and the country roads; they attend elections, fairs, and public meetings; they apprehend offenders; they superintend ejectments and evictions; they conduct the census enumeration, and all sorts of statistical inquiries and surveys; they constitute the ramifications of a high organism in the midst of a somewhat disjointed and turbulent state of society. As to their military bearing, those who have witnessed the review of the constabulary in Phœnix Park on the Queen's birthday, say that a

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finer show of high discipline and gallant demeanour can rarely be met with; and as to their conduct in general, high praise is no more than their desert. They are courteous and attentive; and a stranger cannot do a wiser thing, than apply to these excellent fellows whenever a little information is required about roads, vehicles, population, crops, buildings, schools, bogs, ruins, or other matters of travel interest. Some of the men are Catholics, some Protestants; but all are equally obedient to the rules by which they are governed, and all work harmoniously together.

It is a curious sight at such towns or villages as Dunmanway, Inniskean, and Drimoleague, on the road from Bandon to Bantry, to watch the group which collects round the coach or car during the process of changing horses. There are, perhaps, three or four of the smart, scrupulously-clean, martial-looking constables, in the midst of a horde whose dress defies all description, and whose dirt had better not be described at all: they look like a superior order of beings, and yet many of them were of very poor origin.

It matters very little where the tourist begins his study of Irish rags. He may do it in big Dublin, or in little Inniskean; and in any case he will find that the most refined specimen of English rags is beaten hollow. It is a perfect marvel how an Irishman gets into his rags, or how he maintains a position when once in them. The men and the women are noticeable enough, but the boys and the girls are a richer study; for whether a boy be clothed in his father's coat or breeches, or in his mother's gown, it is all one in the end; the whole is such a fringed, vandyked, scalloped net-work of shreds, that the original shape is wholly lost, and the sex of the wearer is almost equally a subject for speculation. Of course, this description does not apply to any but the humblest class of the inhabitants; but this class is so numerous, that the rags are forced upon the observer's attention wherever he goes, whether he will or not. Whether poor Irishwomen cannot or will not use the needle, it is a national shame that common decency does not impel them to patch up a little the fragmentary garments of themselves, their husbands, and their children. The women, in the midst of their poverty and privations, bear a high moral character; and this character would certainly not be lessened by the needle and thread and the wash-bowl.

Our journey from Bandon to Bantry may thus, if we please, tell us much about evictions and unroofed cottages, and constables and rags. And if we look abroad into the fields, we may see in how indolent a way Pat does his work when not well looked after: some of the men at field-labour actually lie down quite flat, weeding or cutting, or whatever they may be doing; and both men and women all squatting down at work which English labourers would perform in a standing position. Everything in and about Ireland indicates that an Irishman will work hard and work well

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when under good discipline, but has an inexpressible fondness for lolling about whenever he is not stirred up to exertion.

We come to Bantry; and now, for a distance of fifty miles, the tourist has such glorious natural scenes before him, as to make him forget all about the troubles and oddities of Irishmen. Anything more lovely than the ride from Bantry, through Glengariff to Killarney, does not exist, perhaps, in any part of the Queen's dominions. No wonder that Fraser and Thackeray, and Inglis and Head and Hall, and the tour-writers generally, speak in such glowing terms of this district: it deserves all the praise they give it. If the reader will refer to a map of this part of Ireland, he will see that the south-west coast is jagged in an extraordinary manner. Westward of Cork, along the southern coast, there are the comparatively small but still excellent bays and harbours and inlets of Kinsale, Courtmacsherry, Clonakilty, Glandore, Castle-Haven, Baltimore, Roaring Water, Crookhaven, and Dunmanus, most of them presenting tolerably deep water and bold cliffs; but when we bend round towards the western coast, the size, beauty, depth, and boldness of the bays become much greater. There are Bantry Bay, Kenmare Bay, Ballinskellig Bay, Valentia Harbour, Dingle Bay, Tralee Bay, and the magnificent mouth of the Shannon: why, any one of these would be a treasure on the eastern coast of England, where deep-water bays are so much desired and so little to be had. Ireland has deep water near almost the whole of her coast-line; and it would appear as if all the ships of the empire might ride in any one of these bays. Yet the eye may glance over the wide expanse of water, and scarcely detect a sail in any part. The undeveloped water-power of Ireland, both to bear ships and to move water-wheels, is something extraordinary.

The extremes of this wild south-western coast have not yet been brought within the range of ticket-tourists. There is Cape Clear, the first point of Ireland which catches the eye of the navigator on arriving from the Atlantic; there is Crookhaven, which many persons think would make a good transatlantic packet-station; there is Bearhaven, and its safe and commodious harbour, at the mouth of Bantry Bay; there is Derrynane, known in England as the residence of O'Connell—and Cahirciveen, known as the place of his birth; there is Valentia, the fitness of which for a packet-station has been strenuously argued; and there are wild mountain and coast scenes intervening between all; but at present the holiday-keeper bends northward from Bantry towards Killarney and the Shannon, skirting the heads of some of the bays, but not commanding them in their whole length. And in truth there is quite enough to feast upon along this route. At the head of Bantry Bay is the town of Bantry, and on the opposite side of the bay, also near the head, is the small harbour of Glengariff. Now, it is the coach-road, close round the head of the bay, from Bantry to Glengariff, which constitutes the first portion of the beautiful

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trip of which we have spoken; the coast is bold and winding, the mountains around Glengariff are lofty, and every few yards of the ride throw open to us a new scene of beauty, a new aspect of green mountains and blue water. There are resident landlords in this part of the country, and evidences of wretchedness and poverty are not so marked as in some of the districts we have passed through; we can therefore enjoy the noble scenery with more unalloyed pleasure.

Glengariff affords a curious example of the creation of trade by mere pleasure-traffic. There is no town at Glengariff, not even a village, only a few scattered houses; yet are there two good hotels, wholly supported by a few months of summer and autumn touring. These hotels are close to the water; and one of the pleasures of a sojourn here consists in boating among and between the numberless beautiful little islands which speckle the bay.

Until a comparatively recent period, the only means of travelling from Glengariff to Kenmare, on the way towards Killarney, was by a fearful road over the Glanerought Mountains, which were crossed at a pass called—in connection with some legend or story—the Priest's Leap. We have heard of a case of sixty men being employed to help a carriage up to the summit of this pass, and of leaving the owner in the lurch just when half-way, until he acceded to an inordinate increase in the fee to be paid to them. Such a road is obviously unfit for carriages; and on this account Mr Nimmo, the late skilful engineer, was employed by the Board of Works to construct a new road from Glengariff to Kenmare. A wonderful road it is—sometimes running in a groove cut in the side of a mountain, sometimes running on an embankment overhanging a precipice, sometimes gracefully curving round the shoulder of a mountain, and at length piercing the crest of the mountain-ridge by a tunnel—one of the few coach-roads in our country which have a tunnel in their course. By most skilful curves and gradients, the southern slope of the Glanerought Mountains is ascended; and when at the top, we enter the tunnel in Cork County, and emerge from it in Kerry County, the ridge dividing the two. We have then a steady descent to Kenmare; and it is a striking proof of the skill with which the road is constructed, that the same horses are able to run the whole distance of twenty-one miles, from Glengariff to Kenmare, up the mountains and down again, there being no conveniences for change of horses in the intervening distance. It need hardly be said that, both in the ascent and descent, a glance around will richly repay the visitor.

And now begins the second portion of this fine route—from Kenmare to Killarney. Kenmare itself is a small place, with a pretty suspension-bridge; but no one wishes to wait long here. Onward we go to the famous lakes. Another rugged mountain region has to be ascended before we reach the basin in which Killarney and its lakes lie; and here Mr Nimmo's skill is again

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exhibited. There are plenty of eager eyes on the coach or car; Jehu points out to us Torc and Mangerton, and Purple Mountain and Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and other elevations which surround the lakes; and then the extraordinary rent called the Gap of Dunloe; and at length we all cry: 'Here's the Upper Lake!' Upper it may be; but it is an amazing depth below us, for all that, for it comes in sight while we are yet high up the mountain-side. Mr Nimmo's beautiful road winds along the Upper Lake, and then Torc or Turk Lake, and then skirts the east side of the Lower Lake, and at length deposits us safely at far-famed Killarney.

Here, as everywhere else in Ireland, there are some odd and unexpected things. The town of Killarney is dirty, noisy, ill-built, comfortless. There are three or four taverns or second-class hotels, and a few shops, where ornaments are sold, made of Killarney arbutus-wood, or of Irish bog-oak. We see also a huge half-built and unused cathedral, a poor-house, a lunatic asylum, and a railway station. But there is nothing in the town to indicate the vicinity of the glorious lakes. Not a glimpse of any one of the lakes can be obtained from any of the streets. The tourists, for the most part, make their temporary sojourn out of the town; and for their accommodation four hotels have been built near the lakes, distant from each other, and each of them nearly isolated from all other houses: these are named the Victoria, the Lake, the Torc, and the Muckross Hotels. The owners of the hotels are accustomed to make all arrangements about cars, ponies, boats, guides, and so forth; and the guests fall into a pretty uniform mode of exploring the beauties of Killarney. A cheap holiday it certainly is not; but it is never difficult to make up a party of three or four, during the season, and the expense then becomes bearable.

One of the trips at Killarney is through the Gap of Dunloe—a wild ravine near the Lower Lake; and it is customary to return to the hotels by a boat along two if not all three of the lakes. In the Gap itself, and in one particular part of the boat-course, are those wonderful and beautiful echoes which are so often talked about, and to awaken which the guide has generally a bugle with him. The delicious little island of Innisfallen, with the ruins of the old abbey, is another attraction; the peninsula of Ross, with its old castle and fine demesne, is another; and Muckross, with its ivy-grown old abbey, its fine modern mansion, and its noble park, is another. A somewhat wilder exploration is that to Mangerton. This is a mountain about 2600 feet high, capable of being ascended on ponies to within 500 feet of the summit, and thence easy climbing. Near the top is a profoundly deep lake of intensely cold water; and the steep sloping margin of this oval lake affords extraordinary echoes to the sounds of a bugle. From the summit of Mangerton, the lakes seem spread out beneath the eye; while the blue or white line of the Atlantic is visible towards the west. Bolder spirits are not content with

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Mangerton; they climb Macgillicuddy's Reeks, 3400 feet high, and much more craggy and rugged.

It is while traversing the Gap, or ascending Mangerton, that we must perforce become inured to the importunity of the Killarney folks. It is not of the slightest use to lose one's temper, or to scold, or to entreat, or to refuse: they will approach, they will accompany you, and they will wheedle you out of copper, or silver if it be possible. It would not be quite just to speak of these applicants as beggars, and beggars only; for they are traders, if you will trade with them. One barefooted lass offers you whisky, another goats' milk; a boy has an arbutus walking-stick to sell you, another will hold your pony, another will pick up anything which you may drop, another will pretend to open a gate that you may pass through, another will stand aside from a gate that you may pass through, another will get between you and the guide to point out scenes and places to you—anything or nothing, they will serve you or not; but there is no hope of their leaving you until they have seen the colour of your money. In our own case, we were attended by a retinue of just a dozen persons—young women, boys, and girls—nearly the whole of whom trudged barefoot over sharp stones to a height of two thousand feet up Mangerton, and two thousand feet down again. What kind of skin the naked feet are covered with, is a puzzling problem. One cannot but be conscious that these people must be really very poor, to undergo so much physical labour for so small a chance of remuneration; but perhaps the least pleasant part of the affair is, that when one wishes to attend to the grand scenery around, there are worrying appeals for money from these satellites. The strangeness of the scene is however such, that an Englishman ought to encounter it once in his life; and if he can take with him a kindly feeling towards these quick-eyed and quick-tongued and quick-witted youngsters, so much the better. With all their drawbacks and privations, they are spoken of favourably in respect to moral character by those who know them best.

The Irish tourists' tickets, as we explained in an early paragraph, take the English or Scotch visitor to Cork and Killarney and back; but, as was also explained, there is a supplementary ticket, which commands the Glengariff route, and a trip from Killarney onward to Galway. Let us imagine that we have such a ticket, and make use of it to watch other phases of Irish land and Irish character.

From Killarney to Tarbert, the nearest point of the Shannon, is about fifty miles in a northern direction. We pass through Tralee and Listowel, and several small villages; but this part of Kerry is much less attractive and beautiful than the Killarney portion; and, in fact, what beauty there is, is killed by the recollection of the scenes just passed through. The car rattles along at a good pace; we catch glimpses of the sea at Tralee Bay; and we get a few bits of good scenery when bounded by the Stack Mountains

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on the right, and the Slievh Mish Mountains on the west. Every one knows that the ceremony of changing horses is an attractive one in a country town; but few in England have ever seen what we encountered at Listowel. Struck by the double range of spectators lolling in close rank against the houses on both sides of the street, we thought it worth while to count them: there were just ninety of them—old men and women, young men and women, boys and girls, whose sole business at that moment was to look at the car and the horses and the passengers: five-sixths of them were in unmistakable rags and indubitable dirt. Alas, for a needle and thread, and a tub of water!

At Tarbert we catch the steamer which navigates the Lower Shannon, from Kilrush to Limerick. At Kilkee, on the Atlantic coast, is a rising watering-place of great beauty and even magnificence of scenery. Kilrush is a seven-mile car ride from Kilkee, and becomes thus an intermediate stage by which the Limerick folks reach their summer holiday-place at Kilkee. Already is an enterprising hotel-keeper endeavouring to organise, for a future year, a tourist-route from Kilkee along the west coast of Clare County to Galway Bay, said to comprise some of the grandest coast-scenery in Ireland. To all such attempts we heartily wish success: they will do good to Ireland. As to the Lower Shannon, what can we say of it? It is truly a noble river, almost wide enough for a bay; but it presents little more shipping to the eye than the other noble estuaries of this extraordinary country. On the Shannon steamer, we encountered a party of emigrants, going to take ship for Canada at Limerick. The movements of emigrants can now be seen in almost every part of Ireland; and peculiar and touching scenes they sometimes present. They are speeding, however, to a land where there is plenty of room for them; and we will wish them a good voyage from Limerick—at which fine old city we now suppose our tourist to have arrived.

If an Englishman were asked, for what kind of productive industry Limerick is famous, he might perchance say, 'fishhooks, gloves, and lace;' he has heard of these, and very likely nothing else. An odd group, certainly. As to Limerick fishhooks, no less an authority than Sir Humphry Davy sounds their praise. Halieus and Poietes, two of the characters in *Salmonia*, are discussing the probable reason why a fine fish was lost after having been fairly hooked. Poietes, the unsuccessful angler, exclaims: 'What a fool I was ever to use one of these London or Birmingham-made hooks!' To which Halieus responds: 'I now never use any hooks for salmon-fishing except those which I am sure have been made by O'Shaughnessy of Limerick; for even those made at Dublin, though they seldom break, yet they now and then bend. Here is a fly nearly of the same colour as that which is destroyed, and I can tell you that I saw it made at Limerick by O'Shaughnessy himself, and tied on one of his own hooks. If you should catch with it a fish even of thirty pounds, I will answer

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for its strength and temper: it will neither break nor bend.' Such praise from such a man is surely as good as a fortune to a fishhook-maker. In one of the streets of Limerick, we espied the name of O'Shaughnessy, fishhook-maker; but we do not know whether the true blood of the O'Shaughnessies runs there, or whether it furnishes an analogue to Day and Martin, with no Day and no Martin left. As anglers are the only folks likely to know or care much about Limerick fishhooks, so are ladies the only true judges of Limerick gloves, which have a reputation for almost immeasurable smallness and imponderable lightness. But if the writer—neither an angler nor a lady—may presume on an opinion, he would say that Limerick lace is more important than the fishhooks or the gloves from the same region. A curious history is this of Limerick lace. A kind and thoughtful lady in Limerick County, wishing to see her poor female neighbours earning something in the intervals of field-labour, established a lace-school in one of the lodges of her own park. The object was, to manufacture an imitation of point-lace, by sewing or embroidering on muslin or net, and then cutting out. The girls could work at home, or out in the open air when the weather was fine, and could fill up profitably the odd half-hours of time which might intervene between their other labours, whatever these might be. A humble beginning this, a lace-school of thirty girls; but it was a beginning whence much good has sprung. There is now, among others of a similar kind, a fine establishment, that of Messrs Lambert and Bury, where 800 young girls are employed in embroidering lace, or making plain net into ornamental lace: the rooms are lofty, well ventilated, and scrupulously clean; the girls are all neatly dressed; the organisation, under the conductress, Mrs O'Halloran, is strict but kind; and the establishment altogether is one of the most complete we have seen. It is a great thing for poor and ragged children to have such an opening presented to them, even though the wages earned may be small. This Limerick lace has a high reputation both at home and abroad.

When the tourist has seen the notabilities of Limerick—and there are many features of interest about this fine old 'city of the violated treaty'—he resumes his northward course. He soon finds—what merchants and ship-owners would lament, if lamenting were of any use—that the navigation of the Shannon is interrupted by rapids and shoals just above Limerick. The Shannon commissioners, during a long course of years, have been employed in deepening the Shannon, and making short canals, to avoid the shallow parts. The result is, that large steamers can navigate the Lower Shannon to Limerick, that canal-boats can run from Limerick to Killaloe, and that small steamers can ascend from Killaloe sixty miles to Athlone. These small steamers, it is interesting to note, use peat for fuel instead of coal. It is sold in quantities technically called boxes, each box containing twenty-one cubic feet. At the places where it is dug and dried, the peat is sold so

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cheaply as threepence per box, but it is delivered to the Steam-boat Company at Limerick at sixpence. The voyage of sixty miles, from Limerick to Athlone, consumes about sixty boxes, costing thirty shillings. It would require about three and a half tons of coal to render the same service; and this coal being procured from England, becomes necessarily much more expensive than the peat. The engineers would prefer coal, other things being equal; but there is a decided saving in using peat. This is not prepared peat-fuel; it is simply dry peat.

The trip along the Upper Shannon is a beautiful ride: the Shannon expands above Killaloe into the fine Lough Derg, which is in some parts many miles in width, and which exhibits much interesting scenery on its shores. Yet fine as it is, and navigable, it has few ships and little trade; capabilities are undeveloped here as elsewhere in Ireland. At one part of our river-trip, we come to a point where three counties meet—Tipperary, Galway, and King's County, and where three provinces meet—Munster, Connaught, and Leinster. Along the whole line of route, we are seldom if ever out of sight of ruined castles, abbeys, churches, or round towers. There is an extraordinary group at Clonmacnoise, on the east bank of the Shannon, near Athlone. In a green field, with scarcely a house or a human being in sight, are two round towers and several ecclesiastical buildings, all vast and ruinous, and impressing the mind very forcibly; for it is impossible to avoid thinking of the times when these buildings were whole, and the vicinity flourishing, and of the strange mutations which must since have occurred. The round towers of Ireland are in themselves a study, as most intelligent readers now know.

At Athlone, we are as nearly as possible in the centre of Ireland. On our right is a railway to Dublin; on our left is a railway to Galway; while onward the Shannon still continues through Lough Rea and Lough Allen, and lies in the route to Tyrone, Donegal, and Londonderry. The Shannon is navigable for steamers of small size even higher than Athlone; and the commissioners do not intend to stop until they have seen steam-power ascend to Lough Allen. This will then far exceed in length any other line of river-steaming in the United Kingdom. The water-power of Ireland is indeed remarkable. Looking again—as we hope the reader has more than once done while reading this sheet—at the map, we find that Lough Corrib, Lough Mask, Lough Conn, Lough Rea, Lough Allen, Lough Erne, Lough Foyle, and Lough Neagh, are spread over the northern half of Ireland in a way to open great facilities of communication from one county to another, by the improving of a few rivers and the making of a few canals. Something has been done in this way already; but there has, take it altogether, been more talk than work.

Our tour-projectors have not yet taken the northern half of Ireland under their ken except on the Belfast Railway for a trip to the Giant's Causeway: this is more owing to the paucity of

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railways than to the absence of beautiful scenery; but all this will come by and by. The railway from Dublin to Galway takes us to the margin of the strange Connemara district: this is one of the routes which tourists are invited to take; and as it comes within the scope of our supplementary ticket, the reader may accompany us thither.

Galway is certainly a curious old town. Some folks say that the Galwegians have a good deal of Spanish blood in their veins; and it is quite certain that the features are characterised by a something unlike what is seen in other parts of Ireland. We were especially struck with a boy, a sort of helper to a car or coach, who, in complexion, features, and dress, might have been the original for one of Murillo's Spanish boys. One suburb of Galway, called the Claddagh, might be in Arabia, or Mesopotamia, or Syria, so far as any resemblance to England or the English is concerned. It is perhaps one of the most remarkable spots in the Queen's dominions. It consists of a group of several hundred houses or hovels, disposed in almost inextricable confusion, and wholly inhabited by fishermen and their families. These Claddagh folks form a distinct body from the Galwegians proper; they marry among each other; they settle all disputes among themselves without lawyers; and they would resent, in a body, any insult or injury offered to any one of them. The constabulary give them a good character for peaceful conduct. Red frieze-petticoats are generally observable among the women; and quite as prevalent are dark complexions, dirty skin, pendent rags, and naked ankles. We have a vivid recollection of one group, lolling against and squatting before the door of a rude and rickety hovel; they were such as Burckhardt, or Layard, or Ida Pfeiffer might have met with, but not such as we should have looked for within twenty hours' distance from London. When a hundred of these Claddagh women are assembled on a kind of strand near the harbour, and are selling to dealers the fish which their husbands have caught, the sights and the sounds, and the 'fish-like smell,' all have a strangely-intensified character.

Galway, as the newspapers have often told us within the last few years, has tried hard to be made a packet-station. There is a good railway from Dublin; there is a railway hotel, so vast as to accommodate ten times as much trade as seems likely to come to it; there is a noble bay, and there is a good quayed harbour. Yet not a single steamer plies upon the bay; like the other bays of Ireland, its trade is *in posse*, and not *in esse*. A very short distance intervenes between the bay at Galway and the noble Lough Corrib, and another short distance between this and Lough Mask; canals are being formed to connect all three; and just about the time when we are now writing, a little steamer is making its first trip from Galway through the canal to Corrib—an event which may be the forerunner of much good to the west of Ireland, for these two lakes will open the Galway market to a wide extent of inland country,

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Galway is the head-quarters whence the trip to Connemara commences. A car-ride of fifty miles brings the tourist near the Atlantic, at the little town of Clifden; and in this distance he passes through the strange country of Connemara—a region of which Dick Martin, as he was familiarly called, was in bygone years little less than a king. He was known in the House of Commons for his bill against Cruelty to Animals; he was known in Ireland for his vast estates and for certain eccentricities; but the landlord embarrassments and the Encumbered Estates Commission have made strange changes here. Connemara is a kind of little Sweden, full of small lakes bounded by mountains. It has very little beauty, but much that is strange and wild. The knot or nucleus of the whole is Binabola or Twelve Pins, a cluster of singular and boldly-marked mountains; and northward of these is Joyce's Country, a still wilder region, concerning which, and big Jack Joyce and his wives, the traveller can hear stories enough to his heart's content. We may here express an opinion, that, so far as scenery is concerned, it is a mistake to see Killarney before Connemara; the primitive strangeness of the latter ought to be seen before the loveliness of the former. This, however, is a matter which a quick-travelling holiday-seeker need not trouble himself about; he will have quite enough to feast upon, let him roam which way he will.

It excites regret to see the fine blocks of Connemara marble strewed along the roadside, and the rich specimens of copper-ore which the children bring to the car-travellers, and to think how little has yet been done to find a market for these commodities. The good time is coming, however. The two most flourishing patches now to be seen in Connemara have been purchased—the one by a Dublin alderman, and the other by a London oyster-dealer: both farms or estates look green, neat, comfortable, flourishing; and if capital and intelligence thus come into the district from other quarters, Connemara will make a market for itself by and by, although the process may be a slow one. The car-traveller finds a good road, plenty of lakes and mountains, few houses, few people, few cattle or sheep, ragged girls running after the car with worsted socks for sale, ragged boys with bits of spar and ore—such is Connemara. If the tourist happens, as we did, to pass through Oughterard on fair-day, he will see that the women, when they *are* dressed, come out in showy colours. Surely no soldier at Chobham had a coat more brilliantly scarlet than the petticoat of one woman who had a refreshment-booth in the middle of the street.

There is much strange and grand scenery north of Connemara —the Killeries, Clew Bay, Achill, the Mullet, with cliffs five times as high as St Paul's; and through Sligo, to the bleak and remote Donegal; but these are extensive districts, requiring more time and money than any but a determined traveller can spare. It is a noticeable circumstance, that more books have been

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published, relating to tours in Ireland in 1852, than in any former year; and we shall in future years be able to trace the opening of new cheap routes in Ireland by the writing of books and sketches, and articles relating to districts hitherto little known; for the two things are very closely connected. Railways, roads, canals, cars, coaches, locomotives, steamers—let Ireland obtain as many of them as she can; let her, with all fair words, invite over tourists with pleasure-money, and capitalists with business-money, and these will be the best agitators for the rights, and redressers of the wrongs of Ireland.

On the railway-run back from Galway to Dublin, we meet with a few indications of flax-culture; a culture, however, more prevalent a little further north. A great subject this is for Ireland if it were taken up in a commercial spirit. Among the many things which Paddy has to learn, is to learn to *unlearn* his old-fashioned method of steeping flax. Discoveries of great importance in this art have been made lately; but the societies and chemists and capitalists who are now at work on this subject in Ireland, find great difficulty in moving the flax-farmers to make any change in their method of working. This is vexing; but steadiness and kindness will gradually conquer here as elsewhere; and there seems no reason why flax should not be one of the regenerators of Erin. The flax-culture and the linen-manufacture have been known in the country for a longer time than any of its antiquaries can trace, and are mentioned by many of its early writers. Ever since the English government have taken a part in developing the industrial resources of Ireland, there has been no want of statutes and premiums, societies and associations, lectures and tracts, relating to flax. The Royal Dublin Society, the Royal Flax-improvement Society, the Society for the Promotion of Flax-cultivation in the South and West of Ireland, all have done much and given much; yet, although the growth is steadily increasing, Ireland grows only one-fourth of the quantity which she requires for weaving into linen. It is not in this as in so many other cases, that protection is forcing a culture unsuited to the soil and climate, or unprofitable in itself; capital is wanted, and old habits have to be modified: nature will do her part if man will do his.

The mention of flax and linen naturally draws attention to Belfast, the capital of the north of Ireland, and perhaps the most English, so to speak, of all Irish cities. There is much textile industry of various kinds developed here and hereabouts. The sewed-muslin manufacture is an interesting and important feature in the productive labour of the north of Ireland. It is to the great Glasgow houses that this is due—the muslin being spun and woven in Scotland, and then sent over to Ulster to be embroidered. Nearly fifty years ago, the first attempt was made; but it was not till about 1820 that real progress began to be visible. A pattern is printed on the muslin, to guide the embroiderers; and this pattern used to be engraved on a wood-block; but lithographic

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stones are now used, with a great economy of money and time. The very large number of a quarter of a million women and girls are engaged in this work, chiefly the wives and daughters of peasants. From the humblest efforts of the tiniest workers, at sixpence per week, there are all gradations of skill and payment, up to ten shillings per week. Some of the landed proprietors have established Schools of Industry, in which the embroidery art is taught; and the trade is obtaining a firm hold in the north-east of Ireland. Although Glasgow began it, Irish firms are now conducting the trade on their own account. Our lady-readers will, of course, understand that the sewed muslin here referred to comprises such articles as collars, sleeves, trimmings, and other items in feminine adornment. France began this work, but Scotland and Ireland have now nearly driven the French from the British and the American markets for this commodity. Who knows but that sewed muslin, soft pretty stuff as it is, may be one of the regenerators of Ireland? It is worth while to glance at an article in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* (1852, No. 425), to see how complete are the Glasgow arrangements in connection with this trade.

This sewed muslin, however, is, after all, only women's work; the men of Belfast are employed in making those linens which have obtained such wide celebrity; and not only in Belfast, but in Coleraine and numerous other towns in the north-east of Ireland. Those whose time enables them to make lengthened observations, can see a marked contrast between the people of Ulster and the other provinces of Ireland; this appears to be due, among other causes, to the establishment of a large manufacturing system, more expansive and enterprising and civilising than the trifling isolated individual hand-work of the southerners and westerners. There is also a source of improvement in the circumstance that Belfast is easy of access, both for Scotland and for England; and thus the characteristics of the three nations—the Englishman, the Scot, and the Hibernian—are brought familiarly together; and the qualities of each are tempered by those of the other two; or, at anyrate, the institutions and industry of each become known to the others.

Belfast is, as we have said, one of the places to which cheap facilities of access are afforded in connection with the tourist-system. If we stop short of Belfast itself, or linger on the way, there is Drogheda to look at, with one of the finest railway viaducts ever constructed; and Dundalk, with its rising commerce; and the fine bay of Carlingford; and Armagh, with its archiepiscopal cathedral; and Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the British islands. Or, if we extend our run beyond Belfast, there is the wonderful road along the cliffs of Antrim to the Giant's Causeway; there are the wonders of the Causeway itself; there are the railway and embanking works across Lough Foyle; there is the fine and interesting old city of Derry, called Londonderry because the London Companies hold large possessions there; and there is abundance else to reward those who will go and see it. As surely

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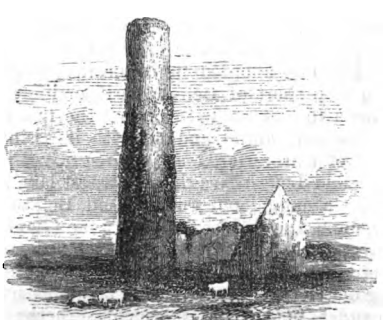
as new facilities are opened for reaching from place to place quickly and cheaply, so surely will Englishmen go over and roam about the wild and picturesque regions of Antrim and Donegal. Let our Irish friends look to it, therefore: *they* are glad to see us—*we* are glad to go. Let the car-owners and the hotel-keepers lay their heads together, and devise good plans, to be carried out in an honourable spirit; let them (we may say *en passant*) do their best to diminish the pernicious system of fees. On the other hand, tourists are bound in honour to leave their prejudices behind them, and to take a cheerful spirit of fair-play with them when they go to the Emerald Isle.

Another of these singular tourist-projects relates to the beautiful county of Wicklow, lying a little south of Dublin, and isolated from the other routes which have been mentioned. There are no railways yet in this county, and the ticket, therefore, franks the tourist by road-conveyances. He does not go right through from end to end, but he is carried round from one beautiful spot to another, just as they happen to lie, two or three days in succession. He is taken to the rich and ornate demesnes which abound here; to the wild but beautiful Glen of the Dargle; to the Powerscourt Waterfall; to the Sugar-loaf Mountain; to the Glen of the Downs (somewhat spoiled by civilisation); to the stern and wild Devil's Glen; to the savage Glenmalure; to the sweet Vale of Avoca, and to the Meeting of the Waters, rendered so famous by Moore's song; to Glendalough, with its ravine, lakes, rocks, St Kevin's Bed, round towers, and ruined churches. At least, if the coaches and cars do not take him to all these places, they place him in positions to see them all by a little walking.

But we must close. Without professing to give either a description of the Dublin Exhibition, or a description of Ireland, we have attempted to interest the reader in many peculiar and novel features connected with 'Irish Tours and Tourists in 1853.'



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THE TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

DAVID HUME, in his narrative of the trial of Charles I., observes: 'The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of human kind;' and he describes the spectacle presented as that of 'the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust.' The actual manner of the proceedings, however, is but indifferently reflected in Hume's History; and, indeed, the same remark applies to all the popular histories in the language. They necessarily represent the transaction in a summary and condensed form, stating only the general terms of the impeachment, the bearing and defence of the accused, and the sentence finally pronounced

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by the High Court of Justice. To obtain anything like a clear and distinct notion of the court itself, and of the manner in which its memorable business was conducted, it is needful to consult the representations of contemporary writers. Various historical memorials might be referred to, as containing a more or less authentic account of the solemnity; but there is one in particular, entitled *England's Black Tribunal*, which professes to give a formal and express report of it, with all its attendant circumstances. The substance of this report it is intended to reproduce in the present paper, abstracting and compressing only such portions as are unimportant, and so rendering the form and spirit of the whole as to present a complete description and relation of this striking and renowned proceeding.

We shall assume that the reader is acquainted with the general history of the Civil Wars, and start with the fact, sufficiently well-known, that Charles, being conquered by his parliament, was eventually brought to trial before an appointed national tribunal, called the High Court of Justice. The court consisted of upwards of 130 persons, specially nominated by the House of Commons; though, according to some statements, there were not more than seventy that actually sat upon the trial. Among these were the chief officers of the army, including Cromwell, Harrison, and Ireton, some of the leading men of the House of Commons, and a number of London citizens. The president selected was John Bradshaw, a barrister, whom Milton describes as a man of such native dignity of character, that he appeared 'like a consul, from whom the fasces are not to depart with the year; so that not on the tribunal only, but throughout his life, you would regard him as sitting in judgment upon kings.' The other officers of the court were Mr Isaac Dorislaus and Mr Aske, the counsellors who drew up the charge and assisted in sustaining it; Mr Cook, or Coke, the solicitor-general for the Commonwealth; Mr Broughton and Mr Phelps, clerks of the court; Mr Dandy, serjeant-at-arms, as mace-bearer; Colonel Humphreys, sword-bearer; and a suitable number of tip-staffs and messengers.

The proceedings opened on Saturday the 20th day of January 1648-9, in the great hall at Westminster. The Lord President Bradshaw, with about seventy members of the court, preceded by Colonel Fox and sixteen other gentlemen with 'partizans,' Colonel Humphreys, bearing the sword of state, Serjeant Dandy with the mace, and a variety of other officers, went in order to the place prepared for the sitting, at the west end of the hall; where the president took his seat in a crimson velvet chair prepared for him, having a desk with a crimson velvet cushion fixed before him; the rest of the members taking their places on each side of the chair, on benches prepared and hung with scarlet for the purpose; and the partisans dividing themselves on the two sides of the court before them.

The court being seated, and silence ordered, the great gate of

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the hall was opened, to admit all persons without exception who might be desirous to see and hear; and in a short time the whole space allotted for the purpose was filled up to the entrance. Silence being again ordered, Colonel Tomlinson, who had charge of the king as prisoner, was commanded to bring him into court; and, accordingly, within a quarter of an hour, his majesty was brought in, under the escort of about twenty officers, with partisans marching before him, and Colonel Hacker and other gentlemen following in the rear.

Being thus brought within the court, the serjeant-at-arms advanced with his mace, and conducted his majesty to the bar, where a crimson velvet chair was set for him. 'After a stern looking upon the court, and the people in the galleries on each side of him,' the royal prisoner took his seat, 'not at all moving his hat, or otherwise shewing the least respect to the court;' but presently rising up again, he turned about, looking downwards upon the guards placed on the left side, and on the multitude of spectators on the right side of the hall. The crier of the court meanwhile once more commanded silence, and this being immediately obtained, the act of parliament 'for the trying of Charles Stuart, king of England,' was ordered to be read. This done, the several names of the commissioners were called over, every one who was present rising up and answering to the call. The *Black Tribunal* contains no record of the circumstance, but it is elsewhere related, that when the name of Fairfax was called over, a voice among the spectators exclaimed: 'He has more wit than to be here;' and it was afterwards discovered, that the bold expression proceeded from no less a personage than Lady Fairfax, who, though she had long seconded her husband's zeal against the royal cause, was now filled with indignation and abhorrence at the unexpected consequences of the contest in which she had been so earnestly engaged.

All preliminaries having been gone through in proper form and order, the Lord President, in the name of the court, addressed himself to the prisoner, acquainting him to the effect: that the Commons of England, assembled in parliament, being duly sensible of the calamities that had been brought upon the nation, and regarding him, the said Charles Stuart, as the principal author of them all, had 'resolved to make inquisition for blood;' and according to that debt and duty which they owed 'to justice, to God, the kingdom, and themselves,' and according, likewise, to the fundamental power that rested in them as the representatives of the nation, they had resolved to bring him, Charles Stuart, to trial and judgment; and for that express purpose they had constituted the present High Court of Justice, before which he had been brought, to hear the charge which was then and there to be preferred against him, and upon which the court would proceed to act according to the principles of justice.

Thereupon the solicitor-general for the Commonwealth—'stand-

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ing within a bar on the right hand of the king'—prepared himself to speak, but was interrupted by his majesty, who, having a staff in his hand, held it up, and laid it two or three times on Mr Cook's shoulder, bidding him to hold. 'Nevertheless, the Lord President ordering him to go on, Mr Cook did, by order of the court to him directed, in the name and on the behalf of the people of England, exhibit a charge of high treason and other crimes, and did therewith accuse the said Charles Stuart, king of England, praying it might be read; which the king interrupting, the court notwithstanding commanded the clerk to read it, acquainting the prisoner that if he had anything to say after, the court would hear him.'

The accusation read was entitled, 'A Charge of High Treason, and other High Crimes, exhibited to the High Court of Justice, by John Cook, Esq., appointed by the said Court, for and on behalf of the People of England, against Charles Stuart, King of England.' It stated and set forth: 'That he, the said Charles Stuart, being admitted king of England, and therein trusted with a limited power to govern by and according to the laws of the land, and not otherwise; and by his trust, oath, and office, being obliged [that is, under obligation] to use the power committed to him for the good and benefit of the people, and for the preservation of their rights and liberties; yet, nevertheless, out of a wicked design to erect and uphold in himself an unlimited and tyrannical power, to rule according to his will, and to overthrow the rights and liberties of the people; yea, to take away and make void the foundations thereof, and of all redress and remedy of misgovernment, which, by the fundamental constitutions of this kingdom, were reserved on the people's behalf, in the right and power of frequent and successive parliaments, or national meetings in council; he, the said Charles Stuart, for accomplishment of such his designs, and for the protecting of himself and his adherents, in his and their wicked practices, to the same end, hath traitorously and maliciously levied war against the Parliament and the people therein represented.'

Then follows a long enumeration of the specific acts of war and injury for which the said Charles Stuart was held accountable, and whereby he had 'caused and procured many thousands of the free people of the nation to be slain;' and that from time to time, both within the land and by invasion from foreign parts, he had renewed and maintained the war against the Parliament and people, notwithstanding solemn treaties and engagements to terminate hostilities; and that, as a consequence, 'many families had been undone, the public treasury wasted and exhausted, trade obstructed and miserably decayed, vast expense and damage to the land incurred, and many parts of the land spoiled, some of them even to desolation. . . . . All which wicked designs, wars, and evil practices of him, the said Charles Stuart, have been, and are carried on, for the advancing and upholding of a personal interest of will and power, and pretended prerogative to himself and his family, against the public interest, common right, liberty, justice,

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and peace of the people of this nation, by and for whom he was intrusted.' The charge concludes by pronouncing the said Charles Stuart to be 'the occasioner, author, and contriver of the said unnatural, cruel, and bloody wars,' and declaring him to be 'therein guilty of all the treasons, murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolations, damage, and mischiefs,' in the said wars acted or committed; and it accordingly impeached 'the said Charles Stuart as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public and implacable enemy to the Commonwealth of England;' and prayed that he might 'be put to answer all and every the premises,' that such proceedings, examinations, and judgment might be thereupon had and taken, as should be 'agreeable to justice.'

His majesty, with his wonted patience, says our authority, 'heard all these slanders and reproaches, sitting in his chair, and looking sometimes on the pretended court, sometimes up to the galleries, and rising again, turned about to behold the guards and spectators; then he sat down with a majestic and unmoved countenance, and sometimes smiling, especially at the words "tyrant," "traitor," and the like.' At this point, the silver head of his staff happened to fall off, occasioning his majesty some surprise; and as no one was near him to take it up, he stooped to do so for himself.

The charge being read, President Bradshaw addressed the prisoner in these terms 'Sir, you have now heard your charge read, containing such matters as appear in it. You find that, in the close of it, it is prayed to the court, in behalf of the Commons of England, that you answer to your charge: the court expects your answer.'

To this his majesty replied: 'I would know by what power I am called hither. I was, not long ago, in the Isle of Wight: how I came there, is a longer story than I think is fit at this time for me to speak of; but there I entered into a treaty with both Houses of Parliament, with as much public faith as 'tis possible to be had of any people in the world. I treated there with a number of honourable lords and gentlemen, and treated honestly and uprightly. I cannot say but they did very nobly with me. We were upon a conclusion of the treaty [about to bring it to a close]. Now, I would know by what authority (I mean lawful: there are many unlawful authorities in the world—thieves and robbers by the highways; but I would know by what authority) I was brought from thence, and carried from place to place, and I know not what; and when I know by what lawful authority, I shall answer. Remember I am your king, your lawful king, and what sins you bring upon your heads, and the judgment of God upon this land. Think well upon it, I say—think well upon it, before you go further from one sin to a greater. Therefore let me know by what authority I am seated here, and I shall not be unwilling to answer. In the meantime, I shall not betray my trust. I have a trust committed to me by God, by old and lawful descent:

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I will not betray it to answer to a new unlawful authority; therefore resolve me that, and you shall hear more of me.'

Bradshaw. If you had been pleased to have observed what was hinted to you by the court at your first coming hither, you would have known by what authority; which authority requires you, in the name of the people of England, of which you are elected king, to answer.

King. No, sir; I deny that [that England was an elective kingdom].

B. If you acknowledge not the authority of the court, they must proceed.

K. I do tell them so. England was never an elective kingdom, but an hereditary kingdom for near these thousand years; therefore let me know by what authority I am called hither. I do stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges; and therefore let me know by what lawful authority I am seated here, and I will answer it; otherwise I will not answer it.

B. Sir, how you have really managed your trust is known. Your way of answer is to interrogate the court, which beseems not you in this condition. You have been told of it twice or thrice.

K. Here is a gentleman [pointing to Lieutenant-colonel Cobbet]; ask him if he did not bring me from the Isle of Wight by force. I do not come here as submitting to the court. I will stand as much for the privilege of the House of Commons, rightly understood, as any man here whatsoever. I see no House of Lords here that may constitute a parliament, and the king, too, should have been. Is this the bringing the king to his parliament? Is this the bringing an end to the treaty in the public faith of the world? Let me see a legal authority warranted by the Word of God, the Scripture, or warranted by the constitution of the kingdom, and I will answer.

The Lord President here observed, that inasmuch as the king declined to answer, the court would consider how to proceed, and that, in the meantime, his majesty was to be taken back in charge of those who had guard over him. 'The court desires to know,' said he, 'whether this be all the answer you will give or no?'

K. Sir, I desire you would give me, and all the world, satisfaction in this. Let me tell you, it is not a slight thing you are about. I am sworn to keep the peace, by that duty I owe to God and my country, and I will do it to the last breath of my body; and therefore you shall do well to satisfy, first God, and then the country, by what authority you do it. If you do it by an usurped authority, that will not last long; there is a God in heaven that will call you, and all that give you power, to account. Satisfy me in that, and I will answer; otherwise I betray my trust, and the liberties of the people; and therefore think of that, and then I shall be willing. For I do avow, that it is as great a sin to

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withstand lawful authority, as it is to submit to a tyrannical or any other unlawful authority; and therefore satisfy God and me, and all the world, in that, and you shall receive my answer: I am not afraid of the bill.

Thus, it will be seen his majesty takes his stand upon the letter of legality; not having, apparently, any notion of the abstract and essential rights and laws of government, anterior to use and wont. The Lord President explains to him, that the court expects a final answer; but that, as he chooses to refuse one, it is their purpose to adjourn till Monday next; adding, that they are perfectly satisfied in regard to the 'authority' which the king denies; that 'it is upon God's authority and the kingdom's;' and that as to the 'peace' about which his majesty expresses so much concern, they think it will best 'be kept in the doing of justice;' 'and *that*,' said his lordship, 'is our present work.' So, after a little further altercation between his majesty and the president, the guard was commanded to take the prisoner away; and thus the proceedings of the first day terminated. At his going down, his majesty pointed with his staff to the charge as it lay upon the table, and said he did not fear it; and as he went down the stairs, the people in the hall, or some of them, cried: 'God save the king!' 'notwithstanding,' says our royalist informant, 'some were set there by the faction to head the clamour for justice.'

The next day being Sunday, Bradshaw, Cromwell, and the rest of the Commissioners, kept a solemn fast at Whitehall, and heard successively three sermons from approved and popular Puritan divines. First came Mr Sprigge, with his gloomy text: 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed:' pretty significantly intimating what the saints intended to do with Charles. Next followed Mr Foxley, with a milder verse, and one which might serve as much for one party as the other: 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.' And last came Mr Hugh Peters, with a text particularly acceptable to a puritanic congregation, and of pointed application to the work in hand: 'I will bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in fetters of iron.' One hopes the Commissioners were edified; but, as Carlyle observes, the reading faculty of the nineteenth century is quite incapable of appreciating the charm of such discourses.

On Monday the 22d of January, the court sat again at Westminster. Silence being commanded upon pain of imprisonment, and the captain of the guard enjoined to apprehend all such as should make disturbance, the king was brought up to the bar, and the solicitor-general for the Commonwealth rose up to address the court.

'My Lord President,' said he, 'I did at the last sitting of the court, in the behalf of the Commons of England, exhibit and give in a charge of high treason, and other crimes, against the prisoner at the bar, whereof I do accuse him in the name of the people of England. The charge was read to him, and his answer required;

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but instead of answering, he did there dispute the authority of this court. My humble motion to this high court, in behalf of the people of England, is, that the prisoner may be directed to make a positive answer, either by way of confession or negation; which if he shall refuse to do, that then the matter of charge may be taken *pro confesso*, and the court proceed according to justice.'

Thereupon the Lord President, in compliance with the motion, thus addressed the king: 'Sir, you may remember at the last court you were told the occasion of your being brought hither, and you heard a charge against you, containing a charge of high treason, and other high crimes, against this realm of England. You heard, likewise, that it was prayed in behalf of the people that you should give an answer to that charge, that thereupon such proceedings might be had as should be agreeable to justice. You were then pleased to make some scruples concerning the authority of this court, and knew not by what authority you were brought hither. You did divers times propound your questions, and you were as often answered, that it was by authority of the Commons of England, assembled in parliament, that did think fit to call you to account for those high and capital misdemeanours wherewith you were then charged. Since that, the court hath taken into consideration what you then said. They are fully satisfied with their own authority, and they hold it fit you should stand satisfied with it too; and they do require it, that you do give a positive and particular answer to this charge that is exhibited against you. They do expect you should either confess or deny it: if you deny, it is offered, in the behalf of the nation, to be made good against you. Their authority they do avow to the whole world: *that* the whole kingdom are to rest satisfied in, and you are to rest satisfied with it; and therefore you are to lose no more time, but to give a positive answer thereunto.'

K. When I was here last, 'tis true, I made that question; and truly, if it were only my own particular case, I should have satisfied myself with the protestation I made the last time I was here against the legality of this court, and that a king cannot be tried by any superior jurisdiction on earth; but it is not my case alone —it is the freedom and liberty of the people of England; and do you pretend what you will, I stand more for their liberties. For if power without law may make laws, may alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life, or anything that he calls his own; therefore, when that I came here, I did expect particular reasons, to know by what law, what authority, you did proceed against me here; and therefore I am a little to seek what to say to you in this particular, because the affirmative is to be proved—the negative often is very hard to do; but since I cannot persuade you to do it, I shall tell you my reasons as short as I can. My reasons why, in conscience, and the duty I owe to God first, and my

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people next, for the preservation of their lives, liberties, and estates, I conceive I cannot answer this till I be satisfied of the legality of it. All proceedings against any man whatsoever——

Here the Lord President interrupted his majesty, stating that he would rather not have done so, but that the course the king was taking was 'not agreeable to the proceedings of any court of justice.' What the court required was—not any further disputing of its authority, but a direct answer from the prisoner, whether he would answer to the charge or not, and what his answer was. His majesty objects to answer, and goes on again as follows:

K. Sir, by your favour, though I do not know the forms of law, I do know law and reason; though I am no lawyer professed, yet I know as much law as any gentleman in England; and therefore (under favour) I do plead for the liberties of the people of England more than you do; and therefore if I should impose a belief upon any man without reason given for it, it were unreasonable; but I must tell you, that [using] that reason which I have, as thus informed, I cannot yield unto it.

B. Sir, I must interrupt you. You speak of law and reason: it is fit there should be law and reason, and there is both against you. Sir, the vote of the Commons of England assembled in parliament, *it* is the reason of the kingdom; and they are these, too, that have given that law according to which you should have ruled and reigned. Sir, you are not to dispute our authority: you are told it again by the court. It will be taken notice of, that you stand in contempt of the court, and your contempt will be recorded accordingly.

K. All men, let me tell you, may put in demurrers against any proceedings as legal; and I do demand that, and demand to be heard with my reasons: if you deny that, you deny reason.

B. Sir, neither you nor any man are permitted to dispute that point. . . . . You may not demur the jurisdiction of the court. If you do, I must let you know that they overrule your demurrer. They sit here by the authority of the Commons of England; and all your predecessors and you are responsible to them——

K. I deny that; shew me one precedent.

B. Sir, you ought not to interrupt while the court is speaking to you. This point is not to be debated by you; neither will the court permit you to do it. If you offer it by way of demurrer to the jurisdiction of the court [you are to be answered that], they have considered of their jurisdiction—they do affirm their own jurisdiction.

K. I say, sir, by your favour, that the Commons of England was never a court of judicature. I would know how they came to be so.

B. You are not to be permitted to go on in that speech and these discourses.

The clerk of the court then formally read the charge, and demanded of the king his answer. His majesty replied by saying:

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'I will answer the same as soon as I know by what authority you do this.'

B. If this be all that you will say, then, gentlemen, you that brought the prisoner hither, take charge of him back again.

K. I do require that I may give in my reasons why I don't answer; and that you give me time for that.

B. Sir, 'tis not for prisoners to require.

K. Prisoners, sir! I am not an ordinary prisoner.

B. The court hath considered of their jurisdiction, and they have already affirmed their jurisdiction: if you will not answer, we shall give order to record your default.

K. You never heard my reasons yet.

B. Sir, your reasons are not to be heard against the highest jurisdiction.

K. Shew me that jurisdiction where reason is not to be heard.

B. Sir, we shew it you here*—the Commons of England; and the next time you are brought, you will know more of the pleasure of the court, and, it may be, their final determination.

K. Shew me wherever the House of Commons was a court of judicature of that kind.

B. Serjeant, take the prisoner away.

K. Well, sir, remember that the king is not suffered to give his reasons for the liberty and freedom of his subjects.

B. Sir, you are not to have liberty to use this language. How great a friend you have been to the laws and liberties of the people, let all England and the world judge.

K. Sir, under favour, it was the liberty, freedom, and laws of the subject that ever I took—defended myself with arms: I never took up arms against the people but for the laws.

B. The command of the court must be obeyed. No answer will be given to the charge.

K. Well, sir.

The Lord President ordered the default to be recorded, and the contempt of the court, and that no answer would be given to the charge; and the king being guarded forth to the house of Sir Robert Cotton, the court rose, and adjourned until Tuesday at twelve o'clock.

The 'reasons' which his majesty was so anxious to deliver against the jurisdiction of the court are reported to have been left by him in writing, for the 'more impartial judgment of posterity.' As they supply us with such defence and vindication as he may be supposed to have deemed sufficient, and as, under that view, they form an important element in the trial, it will be proper to insert them here. Whether his majesty actually wrote them, we cannot pretend to say, but there is little doubt that they express

* This was an unhappy expression of Bradshaw's, which has since subjected him to no little abuse and ridicule. He seems to say, that the Commons of England *would not hear reason*; but it is plain enough he meant only that their authority was supreme in the nation, and did not admit of any logical disputing.

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his sentiments. They run, in the report from which we copy them, as follows:—

'Having made my protestations, not only against the illegality of this pretended court, but also *that no earthly power can justly call me* (who am your king) *in question as a delinquent;* I would not any more open my mouth upon this occasion, more than to refer myself to what I have spoken, were I in this case alone concerned. But the duty I owe to God, in the preservation of the liberty of my people, will not suffer me at this time to be silent. For how can any freeborn subject of England call life, or anything he possesseth, his own, if power without right daily make new, and abrogate the old fundamental law of the land? which I now take to be the present case. Wherefore, when I came hither, I expected that you would have endeavoured to have satisfied me concerning these grounds, which hinder me to answer to your pretended impeachment; but since I see that nothing I can say will move you to it (though *negatives* are not so naturally proved as *affirmatives*), yet I will shew you the reason why I am confident you cannot judge me, nor indeed the meanest man in England; for I will not (like you), without shewing a reason, seek to impose a belief upon my subjects.

'There is no proceeding just against any man* but what is warranted either by God's laws, or the municipal laws of the country where he lives. Now I am most confident this day's proceeding cannot be warranted by God's law; for, on the contrary, the authority and obedience unto kings is clearly warranted and strictly commanded both in the Old and New Testament; which, if denied, I am ready instantly to prove.

'And for the question now in hand, there it is said: That *where the word of a king is, there is power; and who may say unto him, What doest thou?* (Eccl. viii. 4). Then for the law of this land, I am no less confident that no learned lawyer will affirm, that *an impeachment can lie against the king, they all going in his name.* And one of their maxims is, That *the king can do no wrong.* Besides, the law upon which you ground your proceedings must either be old or new: if old, shew it; if new, tell what authority, warranted by the fundamental laws of the land, hath made it, and when. But how the House of Commons can erect a Court of Judicature, which was never one itself (as is well known to all lawyers), I leave to God and the world to judge. And it were full as strange that they should pretend to make laws without king or Lords' House, to any that have heard speak of the laws of England.

'And admitting, but not granting, that the people of England's commission could grant your *pretended power*, I see nothing you can shew for that, for certainly you never asked the question of the *tenth man* in the kingdom; and in this way you manifestly wrong

* 'Hereabout,' says his majesty in a note, 'I was stopped, and not suffered to speak any more concerning *reason*.'

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even the *poorest ploughman*, if you demand not his free consent. Nor can you pretend any colour for this your *pretended commission*, without the consent at least of the *major part* of every man in England, of whatsoever quality or condition; which I am sure you never went about to seek, so far are you from having it. Thus you see that I speak not for my own right alone, as I am your king, but also for the true liberty of *my subjects;* which consists not in the *power of government*, but in *living under such laws, such a government*, as may give themselves the best assurance of their *lives*, and *property* of their *goods*. Nor in this must or do I forget the *privileges of both Houses of Parliament*, which this day's proceedings do not only *violate*, but likewise *occasion*, the greatest breach of their *public faith* that (I believe) ever was heard of, with which [however] I am far from charging the *two Houses*. For all the pretended crimes laid against me bear date long before this late treaty at Newport, in which I having concluded, as much as in me lay, and hopefully expecting the Houses' agreement thereunto, I was suddenly surprised, and hurried from thence as a prisoner, upon which account I am, against my will, brought hither; where, since I am come, I cannot but, to my power, defend the ancient laws and liberties of this kingdom, together with my own just right. Then, for anything I can see, the *higher House* is totally excluded; and for the *House of Commons*, it is too well known that the major part of them are detained or deterred from sitting,* so as, if I had no other, this were sufficient for me to protest against the lawfulness of your *pretended court*. Besides all this, the peace of the kingdom is not the least of my thoughts; and what hope of settlement is there, so long as power reigns without rule or law, changing the whole frame of that government under which this kingdom hath flourished for many hundred years? (Nor will I say what will fall out, in case this lawless, unjust proceeding against me do go on.) And, believe it, the Commons of England will not thank you for this change, for they will remember how happy they have been of late years under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the king my father, and myself, until the beginning of these unhappy troubles, and will have cause to doubt that they shall never be so happy under any new. And by this time it will be too sensibly evident, that the arms I took up were only to defend the fundamental laws of this kingdom against those who have supposed my power hath totally changed the ancient government.

'Thus having shewed you briefly the reasons why I cannot submit to your *pretended authority*, without violating the trust which I have from God for the welfare and liberty of my people, I expect from you either clear reasons to convince my judgment, shewing me that I am in an error (and then truly I will answer), or that you will withdraw your proceedings.

* Referring of course to Colonel Pride's *Purge*.

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'This,' says his majesty, 'I intended to speak in Westminster Hall, on Monday, January 22, but, against reason, was hindered to shew my reasons.' It will be seen that his majesty, like all Royalists, and most of their apologists, conceives the civil wars to have originated in sheer delusion—in fanatical opposition to a just and equitable administration; and that he has no idea of a latent power in the people superior to the kingly one, nor any sense of the responsibility which attaches to misgovernment. He stands solely on prerogative, and seems to regard the kingdom as a personal inheritance, of which he has been unjustly and violently dispossessed. His Puritan impeachers profess to stand upon the inherent rights of man, to which the rights of kings and rulers are quite secondary and subordinate; he and they have no one principle or standard of obligation and morality in common; and, accordingly, between them there can be neither understanding nor agreement.

Let us, however, pass on to the third day's proceedings. At the sitting of the court on Tuesday, the 23d January, there were seventy-three members present. The king, as before, comes in with his guard, 'looks with an austere countenance upon the court, and sits down.'

The Solicitor-general then rises and observes, that it is now the third time that the prisoner has been brought to the bar without any issue being as yet joined in the cause. 'My lord,' says he, 'I did at the first court exhibit a charge against him, containing the highest treason that ever was wrought upon the theatre of England; that a king of England, trusted to keep the law, that had taken an oath so to do, that had a tribute paid him for that end, should be guilty of a wicked design to subvert and destroy our laws, and introduce an arbitrary and tyrannical government; in the defiance of the parliament and their authority, set up his standard for war against his parliament and people; and I did humbly pray, in the behalf of the people of England, that he might speedily be required to make an answer to the charge.' He goes on to say, that instead of answering, the prisoner did on that occasion dispute the authority of the court; that delay, in consequence, had been given him to consider and put in his answer; and that, on being required at the last sitting to give a direct and positive answer, either by denial or confession, he had demurred to the jurisdiction of the court; which demurrer the court had overruled, and thereupon commanded the prisoner to give a direct answer. 'I shall now,' said he, 'humbly move your lordship for speedy judgment against him.' He might press the motion on the ground that the prisoner stands as 'contumacious in contempt,' not having put in an issuable plea, guilty or not guilty; but he rests it rather on the fact, that the House of Commons, the supreme authority and jurisdiction of the kingdom, have declared, '*that it is notorious that the matter of the charge is true.*' 'My lord,' says he, 'it is, in truth, as clear as crystal, and as the

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sun that shines at noonday; which, if your lordship and the court be not satisfied in, I have, on behalf of the people of England, several witnesses to produce.' The cry of the innocent blood that has been shed, he adds, is very great for justice; 'and, therefore,' he concludes, 'I do humbly pray that speedy judgment be pronounced against the prisoner at the bar.'

The Lord President Bradshaw, upon this, addressed the king as follows:—

'Sir, you have heard what is moved by the counsel in behalf of the kingdom against you. You may well remember—and if you do not, the court cannot forget—what dilatory dealing the court hath found at your hands. You were pleased to propound some questions; you have had our resolutions upon them. You were told over and over again, that the court did affirm their own jurisdiction; that it was not for you, nor any other man, to dispute the jurisdiction of the supreme and highest authority of England, from which there is no appeal, and touching which there must be no dispute; yet you did persist in such carriage, as you gave no manner of obedience, nor did you acknowledge any authority in them, nor the high court that constituted this court of justice. Sir, I must let you know from the court, that they are very sensible of these delays of yours, and that they ought not, being thus authorised by the Supreme Court of England, to be thus trifled withal; and that they might in justice, if they pleased, and according to the rules of justice, take advantage of these delays, and proceed to pronounce judgment against you; yet, nevertheless, they are pleased to give direction, and on their behalfs I do require you, that you make a positive answer unto this charge that is against you. Sir, in plain terms—for justice knows no respect of persons—you are to give your positive and final answer in *plain English*, whether you be guilty or not guilty of these treasons laid to your charge.'

The king, after a little pause, said: 'When I was here yesterday, I did desire to speak for the liberties of the people of England; I was interrupted: I desire to know yet whether I may speak freely or not.'

B. Sir, you have had the resolution of the court upon the like question the last day; and you were told, that having such a charge of so high a nature against you, your work was, that you ought to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court, and to answer to your charge. Sir, if you answer to your charge—which the court gives you leave now to do, though they might have taken the advantage of your contempt—yet if you be able to answer to your charge, when you have once answered, you shall be heard at large—make the best defence you can. But, sir, I must let you know from the court, as their commands, that you are not to be permitted to issue out into any other discourses, till such time as you have given a positive answer concerning the matter that is charged upon you.

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K. For the charge, I value it not a rush; it is the liberty of the people of England that I stand for. For me to acknowledge a new court that I never heard of before—I that am your king, that should be an example to all the people of England, to uphold justice, to maintain the old laws—indeed, I do not know how to do it. You spoke very well the first day that I came here (on Saturday) of the obligations that I had laid upon me by God, to the maintenance of the liberties of my people. The same obligation you spake of, I do acknowledge to God that I owe to Him and to my people, to defend, as much as in me lies, the ancient laws of the kingdom; therefore, until I may know that this is not against the fundamental laws of the kingdom, by your favour, I can put in no particular answer. If you will give me time, I will then shew you my reasons why I cannot do it; and this——

Here, being interrupted, he said:

'By your favour, you ought not to interrupt me. How I came here I know not; there's no law to make your king your prisoner. I was lately in a treaty upon the public faith of the kingdom; that was, the known—the two Houses of Parliament, that was the representative of the kingdom; and when I had almost made an end of the treaty, then I was hurried away and brought hither; and therefore'——

B. Sir, you must know the pleasure of the court.

K. By your favour, sir——

B. Nay, sir, by your favour, you may not be permitted to fall into these discourses: you appear as a delinquent; you have not acknowledged the authority of the court: the court craves it not of you; and, once more, they command you to give your positive answer. Clerk, do your duty.

K. Duty, sir!

The clerk accordingly reads: 'Charles Stuart, king of England, you are accused in the behalf of the Commons of England of divers high crimes and treasons; which charge hath been read unto you. The court now requires you to give your positive and final answer, by way of confession or denial of the charge.'

K. Sir, I say again unto you, so that I might give satisfaction to the people of England of the clearness of my proceedings—not by way of answer, not in this way—but to satisfy them that I have done nothing against that trust that hath been committed to me, I would do it; but to acknowledge a new court against their privileges—to alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, sir—you must excuse me.

B. Sir, this is the third time that you have publicly disowned the court, and put an affront upon it. How far you have preserved the privileges of the people, your actions have spoken; but truly, sir, men's intentions ought to be known by their actions; you have written your meaning in bloody characters throughout the whole kingdom. But, sir, you understand the pleasure of the

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court. Clerk, record the default. And, gentlemen, you that took charge of the prisoner, take him back again.

K. I will only say this one word to you—if it were only my own particular, I would not say any more, nor interrupt you.

B. Sir, you have heard the pleasure of the court; and you are (notwithstanding you will not understand it) to find that you are before a court of justice.

The king then went forth under guard, and proclamation was made, that all persons present who had further to do with the court, might depart into the Painted Chamber; whither the court forthwith adjourned, intending to meet again in Westminster Hall at ten o'clock next morning.

Accordingly, on Wednesday, January 24, it was expected that the court would sit, as on the day before proclaimed; but at the time appointed an usher appeared, and gave notice to the people assembled, that the court—then sitting in the Painted Chamber—was engaged in taking into consideration how the witnesses should be examined, in relation to present affairs, and therefore they could not yet resume their sittings in the hall, but that all persons appointed to be there were to appear upon further summons. It would appear that the whole of Wednesday was occupied in the private examination of witnesses; some thirty-three of whom deposed on oath, that they had severally 'seen his majesty at the head of his army, with his sword drawn, and actually in several battles; and that he levied forces and gave commissions;' and so forth, as stated in the charge against him. Most of these witnesses were soldiers, and had borne arms on the side of the Parliament. They were brought up from several different counties; some of them being described as belonging to the class of tradesmen, a few as labourers, and the rest as 'gentlemen.' On Thursday they were sworn in open court, in the Painted Chamber, and their depositions taken upon the whole matter. The court then passed the following resolutions:—

'That this court will proceed to *sentence of condemnation* against Charles Stuart, king of England.

'That the condemnation of the king shall be for a *tyrant*, *traytor*, and *murtherer*.

'That the condemnation of the king shall be likewise for being a *public enemy* to the Commonwealth of England.

'That this condemnation shall extend to *death*.'

On Friday, January 26, the court, still sitting in the Painted Chamber, was engaged in considering the draught of a sentence against the king; and after several readings, debates, and amendments, it was resolved:—

'That this court do agree to the sentence now read.

'That the said sentence shall be engrossed.

'That the king be brought to Westminster Hall to-morrow to receive his sentence.'

We come now to the culmination of proceedings. On Saturday

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the 27th, the High Court sat for the fourth time in Westminster Hall, there being present sixty-seven members, whose names are all preserved in the *Black Tribunal*, but need not be here repeated. The Lord President Bradshaw took the chair in his scarlet robes—a colour which our anonymous reporter thinks was particularly suitable to the day's work. 'As the king came into the court, in his usual posture with his hat on, a cry was made in the hall by some of the soldiers for *justice! justice!* and *execution.*' When silence had been commanded, his majesty began:—

K. I desire a word to be heard a little, and I hope I shall give no occasion of interruption——

B. You may answer in your time: hear the court first.

K. If it please you, sir, I desire to be heard, and I shall not give any occasion of interruption; and it is only a word: a sudden judgment——

B. Sir, you shall be heard in due time; but you are to hear the court first.

K. Sir, I desire it; it will be in order to what I believe the court will say; and therefore, sir, a hasty judgment is not so soon recalled——

B. Sir, you shall be heard before the judgment be given, and in the meantime you may forbear.

K. Well, sir, shall I be heard before the judgment be given?

B. [*Addressing the court and the people present.*] Gentlemen, it is well known to all or most of you here present, that the prisoner at the bar hath been several times convented and brought before the court, to make answer to a charge of treason and other high crimes, exhibited against him, in the name of the people of England—— [Here an honourable lady interrupted the court, saying: 'Not half the people,' or, as some report: 'Not a tenth part of them;' and it is said that, on investigation being made as to who was the disturber, the speaker was discovered, as on the former day, to be the Lady Fairfax. She was instantly silenced, however, and the president went on:]—To which charge, continued he, being required to answer, he hath been so far from obeying the commands of the court, by submitting to their justice, as he began to take upon him to offer reasoning and debate upon the authority of the court, and of the highest court that constituted them to try and judge him; but being overruled in that, and required to make his answer, he was still pleased to continue contumacious, and to refuse to submit or answer. Hereupon the court, that they may not be wanting to themselves, nor the trust reposed in them, nor that any man's wilfulness prevent justice, they have thought fit to take the matter into consideration; they have consulted of the charge; they have considered of the contumacy, and of that confession which in law doth arise upon that contumacy; they have likewise considered of the notoriety of the fact charged upon the prisoner; and upon the whole matter, they are resolved, and have agreed upon a sentence to be now

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pronounced against this prisoner; but in respect he doth desire to be heard before the sentence be read and pronounced, the court hath resolved that they will hear him. Yet, sir [*turning to the prisoner*], thus much I must tell you beforehand, which you must have been minded of at other courts, that if that you have to say be to offer any debate concerning jurisdiction, you are not to be heard in it. You have offered it formerly, and you have indeed struck at the root—that is, the power and supreme authority of the Commons of England, which this court will not admit a debate of, and which, indeed, is an irrational thing in them to do, being a court that acts upon authority derived from them. But, sir, if you have anything to say in defence of yourself concerning the matters charged, the court hath given me command to let you know they will hear you.

K. Since I see that you will not hear anything of debate concerning that which I confess I thought most material for the peace of the kingdom, and for the liberty of the subject, I shall waive it; I shall speak nothing to it; but only I must tell you, that this many a day all things have been taken away from me, but that which I call more dear to me than my life—which is *my conscience and my honour;* and if I had respect to my *life*, more than the *peace of the kingdom*, and the *liberty of the subject*, certainly I should have made a particular defence for myself; for by that at leastwise I might have delayed an ugly sentence which I believe will pass upon me. Therefore certainly, sir, as a man that hath some understanding, some knowledge of the world, if that my true zeal to my country had not overborne the care that I have of my own preservation, I should have gone another way to work than that I have done. Now, sir, I conceive that a hasty sentence once past, may be sooner repented than recalled; and truly the selfsame desire that I have for the peace of the kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, more than my own particular ends, makes me now at last desire, that I have something to say that concerns both, before sentence be given, that I may be heard in the Painted Chamber before the Lords and Commons. This delay cannot be prejudicial to you, whatsoever I say. If that I say no reason, those that hear me must be judges. If it be reason, and really for the welfare of the kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, I am sure on it, it is very well worth the hearing: therefore I do conjure you, as you love that you pretend—I hope it is real—the liberty of the subject, the peace of the kingdom; that you will grant me the hearing before any sentence be passed. I only desire this, that you will take this into your consideration—it may be you have not heard of it beforehand. If you will, I'll retire, and you may think of it: but if I cannot get this liberty, I do here protest, that these fair shows of liberty and peace are pure shows, and that you will not hear your KING.

B. Sir, you have now spoken.

K. Yes, sir.

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B. And this that you have said is a further declining of the jurisdiction of this court, which was the thing wherein you were limited before——

K. Pray excuse me, sir, for my interruption, because you mistake me. It is not a declining of it: you do judge me before you hear me speak.

B. Sir, this is not altogether new that you have moved to us, though the first time in person you have offered it to the court. You say you do not decline the jurisdiction of the court?

K. Not in this that I have said.

B. I understand you well, sir; but, nevertheless, that which you have offered seems to be contrary to that saying of yours; for the court are ready to give a sentence. It is not as you say: *that they will not hear their king;* for they have been ready to hear you—they have patiently waited your pleasure for three courts together, to hear what you would say to the people's charge against you; to which you have not vouchsafed to give any answer at all. Sir, this tends to a further delay. Truly, sir, such delays as these neither may the kingdom nor justice well bear: you have had three several days to have offered in this kind what you would have pleased. This court is founded upon the authority of the *Commons of England*, in whom rests the supreme jurisdiction: that which you now tender is to have another jurisdiction, and a *co-ordinate jurisdiction*. I know very well you express yourself that, notwithstanding what you would offer to the Lords and Commons in the Painted Chamber, you would, nevertheless, proceed on here. I did hear you say so; but, sir, that [which] you would offer there, whatever it is, must needs be in delay of justice here; so as if this court be resolved and prepared for the sentence, this that you offer they are not bound in justice to grant; but, sir, according to what you seem to desire, and because you shall know the further pleasure of the court upon that which you have moved, the court will withdraw for a time.

The court withdraws, accordingly, for half an hour into the Court of Wards, and shortly sends commands to the serjeant-at-arms to have the prisoner withdrawn until they order his return. When the members of the court come back, the prisoner is recalled, and the Lord President thus proceeds: 'Sir, you were pleased to make a motion here to the court, to offer a desire of yours touching the propounding of somewhat to the Lords in the Painted Chamber for the peace of the kingdom. Sir, you did in effect receive an answer before the court adjourned. Truly, sir, their withdrawing and adjournment was *pro formâ tantum* [for form's sake only], for it did not seem to them that there was any difficulty in the thing. They have [however] considered of what you have moved, and have considered of their own authority, which is founded, as hath been often said, upon the supreme authority of the Commons of England assembled in parliament. The court acts according to their commission, sir. The return I have to you

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from the court is this: that they have been too much delayed by you already; and this that you now offer hath occasioned some little further delay; and they are judges appointed by the highest authority; and judges are no more to delay than they are to deny justice.' On all which considerations, he concludes by saying, the court are 'resolved to proceed to sentence and judgment,' and that such is their unanimous resolution.

'Sir,' returned the king, 'I know it is in vain for me to dispute. I am no sceptic to deny the power that you have; I know that you have power enough. But, sir, I think it would have been for the kingdom's peace, if you would have taken the pains to have shewn the lawfulness of your power. For this delay that I have desired, I confess it is a delay very important for the peace of the kingdom; for it is not my person that I look on alone—it is the kingdom's welfare and the kingdom's peace. It is an old sentence, *that we should think on long before we have resolved of great matters suddenly;* therefore, sir, I do put at your doors all the inconveniency of a hasty sentence. I confess I have been here now, I think, this week—this day eight days was the day I came here first; but a little delay of a day or two further may give peace; whereas a hasty judgment may bring on that trouble and perpetual inconveniency to the kingdom, that the child that is unborn may repent it; and therefore, again, out of the duty I owe to God and to my country, do desire that I may be heard by the Lords and Commons in the Painted Chamber, or any other chamber that you will appoint me.'

B. You have been already answered to what you have even now moved, being the same you moved before, since the resolution and the judgment of the court in it; and the court now requires to know, whether you have any more to say for yourself than you have said, before they proceed to sentence.

K. I say this, sir, that if you hear me—if you will give me but this delay—I doubt not but I shall give some satisfaction to you all here, and to my people after that; and therefore I do require you, as you will answer it at the dreadful day of judgment, that you will consider it once again.*

To this entreaty the president replied, that he had received instructions from the court to proceed to sentence. He then went on, says our reporter, in a long harangue, endeavouring to justify the court's proceedings, 'misapplying law and history, and raking up and wresting whatsoever he thought fit for his purpose, alleging the examples of former treasons and rebellions, both at home and abroad, as authentic proofs; and concluding that the king was a *tyrant, traytor, murtherer,* and *public enemy* to the Commonwealth of England.' In other words, the Lord

* Hume and others have supposed that the king, had he been admitted to the desired interview with the Lords and Commons, intended formally to abdicate the crown in favour of his son; but there appears to be no reliable authority for the supposition.

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President did exactly what it is the habit of judges to do in other criminal cases: he went over the evidence brought before him, commented upon it according to his own impressions, and pronounced such a decision in regard to it as seemed accordant with his sense of right and justice. Whether the proceedings of the regicides are to be approved or condemned, there seems to be no reason for believing that they acted otherwise than under the sternest convictions that they were acting justly. It would naturally appear to them, that if a rebel against kingly authority could, under any circumstances, be rightly put to death, it was equally right, and not the less expedient, that a rebel and declared enemy of the Commonwealth—such as they esteemed the king to be—should be judged by the like process, and disposed of by infliction of the like penalty.

As sentence was about to be delivered, his majesty expressed a wish to say a word or two concerning the heavy imputations on which the president had rather earnestly insisted; but the latter, reminding him that he had disavowed the court, declared that it was then too late to hear anything of the kind proposed. 'Sir,' said he, 'we have given you too much liberty already, and admitted of too much delay, and we may not admit of any further. Were it proper for us to do [so], we should hear you freely, and we should not have declined to have heard you at large what you could have said or proved on your behalf, whether for totally excusing, or for in part excusing those great and heinous charges that, in whole or in part, are laid upon you. But, sir, I shall trouble you no longer: your sins are of so large a dimension, that if you do but seriously think of them, they will drive you to a sad consideration—they may improve in you a sad and serious repentance; and that the court doth heartily wish that you may be so penitent for what you have done amiss, that God may have mercy, at leastwise, upon your better part. Truly, sir, for the other, it is our parts and duties to do that which the law prescribes. . . . . What sentence the law affirms to a traitor, tyrant, murderer, and public enemy to the country, that sentence you are now to hear read to you, and that is the sentence of the court.'

Silence was then formally commanded while the sentence should be read; and this being obtained, the clerk, Mr Broughton, read from an engrossed parchment to this effect:—

That the Commons of England in Parliament had appointed the present High Court of Justice for the trying of Charles Stuart, king of England; that the said Charles Stuart had accordingly been 'three times convented,' and at the first time a charge of high treason, and other crimes and misdemeanours, was read in behalf of the kingdom; that on the reading of such charge the said Charles Stuart was required to give his answer, but had refused to do so; that, nevertheless, the treasons and crimes aforesaid being notoriously undeniable, 'this court doth adjudge that the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traytor, murtherer, and a

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public enemy, shall be put to death, by the severing of his head from his body.'

This, therefore, was the sentence, which being read, Bradshaw added: 'The sentence now read and published is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court.' And here the court stood up, and assented to what the president affirmed.

K. Will you hear me a word, sir?

B. Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.

K. No, sir!

B. No, sir; by your favour, sir. Guard, withdraw your prisoner.

K. I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, sir; I may speak after the sentence ever. By your favour hold; the sentence, sir—— I say, sir, I do—— I am not suffered to speak—expect what justice the people will have!

Here the voice of the crier rose, proclaiming: 'Oyez! All manner of persons that have anything else to do are to depart at this time, and to give their attendance in the Painted Chamber, to which place this court doth forthwith adjourn itself. God bless the kingdom of England!'

On being seated in the Painted Chamber, the court appointed a committee, consisting of Sir Hardress Waller, Colonel Harrison, Commander General Ireton, Colonel Dean, and Colonel Okey, to consider of the time and place for the execution of the king, according to his sentence; and this done, the court adjourned itself till Monday morning at eight o'clock.

Meanwhile, his majesty being taken away by the guards, was subjected to some ill-treatment. 'As he passed down the stairs,' says the *Tribunal*, 'the insolent soldiers scoffed at him, casting the smoke of their tobacco (a thing very distasteful unto him) in his face; he, however, according to his wonted heroic patience, took no more notice of so strange and barbarous an indignity than to wipe it off with his handkerchief.' As he passed along, some of the soldiers raised a cry of 'Justice! justice!' 'Poor souls,' said he, 'for a piece of money they would do the same to their commanders.' Being brought to Sir Robert Cotton's, and thence to Whitehall, the soldiery still continued their inhuman carriage towards him, and even abused all that seemed to shew any respect or pity to him; 'not suffering him to rest in his chamber, but thrusting in, and smoking their tobacco, and disturbing his privacy.' However, such indignities as were inflicted on him, we are informed, he bore 'with such a calm and even temper, that he let fall nothing unbeseeming his former majesty and magnanimity.' There is no question that, in his humiliation, the king's bearing was every way composed and dignified.

In the evening of Saturday, his majesty expressed a desire, communicated by a member of the army to the committee, that he might see his children, and that Dr Juxon, the bishop of London, might be admitted to assist him in his devotions, and to administer to him the sacrament. Both requests were granted. On Sunday

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he was attended by his guard to St James's, where the bishop preached before him. The only members of his family who remained in England were the Princess Elizabeth and his youngest son, the Duke of Gloucester. The boy was a mere child, and the princess still of tender years. When they were brought to see him, he expressed himself very glad that they had come; and drawing the princess near to him, he bade her remember to tell her brother James, whenever she should see him, that it was his father's last desire, that he should no more look upon Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient unto him as his sovereign; and that they should love one another, and forgive their father's enemies. But, as if doubting whether she would remember what he told her, he said: 'Sweetheart, you'll forget this?' 'No,' said she, 'I shall never forget it whilst I live.' And, with many tears, she promised to write down the particulars. The king wished her not to grieve and torment herself on his account, as, he said, the death he was about to die would be a glorious one, it being 'for the laws and liberties of the land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion.' He recommended her to read the sermons of Bishop Andrews, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher, which, said he, would ground her against Popery. Lastly, he bade her tell her mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the very last. So, bidding her send his blessing to the rest of her brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends, he gave her also his final blessing, and she took her leave. But while she still remained, he took the Duke of Gloucester on his knee, saying: 'Sweetheart, they are going to cut off thy father's head;' upon which words the child, as if much surprised, 'looked very steadfastly on him.' 'Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say—you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head, too, at last; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' The child, with a great sigh, replied: 'I will be torn to pieces first.' And so prompt and apt an answer falling so unexpectedly from one so young, made the king rejoice exceedingly.

Every night after his condemnation, his majesty is reported to have slept as sound as usual. On the 29th, the court met again in the Painted Chamber, to consider the resolution of the committee, which was: 'That the open street before Whitehall is a fit place,' and 'that the king be there executed on the morrow.' Of this the king had already received notice, and the court approved thereof, ordering a warrant to be drawn accordingly. The warrant runs as follows:—

'Whereas Charles Stuart, King of England, is, and standeth convicted, attainted, and condemned of High Treason, and other high crimes, and sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced

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against him by this Court, to be put to death by the severing of his head from his body; of which sentence execution yet remains to be done: These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the 30th day of this instant month of January, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon of the same day, with full effect: And for so doing this shall be your warrant. And these are to require all officers and soldiers, and other the good people of this nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.'

The document is addressed, 'to Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Hunks, and Lieutenant-colonel Phray,' and is sealed and subscribed by 'J. Bradshaw,' 'O. Cromwell,' and fifty-seven other gentlemen. There only remained now to send an order to the 'officers of the Ordnance within the Tower of London,' for the 'bright execution-axe for the executing of malefactors;' and this being, with all submission, delivered to the serjeant-at-arms, 'or his deputy or deputies,' everything was prepared and in readiness for the great tragedy.

The morning of Tuesday the 30th of January dawns like other winter mornings; and, quite early, the commissioners are met together in the Painted Chamber, to consider and do what in the last hours seems to them required. They do nothing in particular, except order 'four or five of their ministers' to attend upon the king at St James's with the offer of their spiritual services; 'but his majesty, well knowing what miserable comforters they were like to prove, refused to have any conference with them.' That morning the king, having slept soundly for about four hours, awoke near two hours before daylight; and calling to Mr Herbert, one of his attendants, who lay by his bedside, requested him to rise. 'For,' said the king, 'I will get up, having a great work to do this day. Herbert,' he continued, 'this is my second marriage-day; I will be as trim to-day as may be; for, before night, I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus.' He then appointed what clothes he would wear. 'And,' said he, 'let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason that the season is so sharp, as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation; I fear not death: death is not terrible to me; I bless my God I am prepared.' Soon after the king was dressed, the bishop of London, Dr Juxon arrived, precisely at the time his majesty had before appointed. The bishop and the king spent an hour together in private; then calling Mr Herbert, his lordship prayed in the prayers of the church, reading the 27th chapter of St Matthew, which relates the passion of our Saviour. After service, the king thanked the bishop for making choice of that chapter, it being, as he observed, so applicable to his present condition. The bishop replied: 'May it please your gracious majesty, it is the proper lesson for the day, as appears by the calendar;' at which the king

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was much affected, and 'thought it a providential preparation for his death.'

About ten o'clock, Colonel Hacker knocked gently at the chamber door; and knocking louder a second time, the king commanded Herbert to go and open it. On being admitted, 'Hacker came in trembling,' and told his majesty it was time to go to Whitehall, where he might have further time to rest. The king answered: 'Well, go forth; I will come presently.' Soon after he arose, and, taking the bishop by the hand, said: 'Come, let us go;' and turning to Mr Herbert, he said: 'Open the door; Hacker has given us a second warning.' They passed through the garden * into the park, where several companies of infantry were drawn up, and formed a guard on each side of the pathway—the bishop walking on the king's right hand, and Colonel Tomlinson on his left, both bareheaded. The king walked very fast; and calling on them to walk faster, told them: 'He now went before them, to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than he had often encouraged his soldiers to fight for an earthly diadem.' At the end of the park, the king was conducted up the stairs leading to the Long Gallery, and so into the Cabinet Chamber, where, 'after several prayers and pious discourses, about twelve he ate a bit of bread, and drank a glass of claret.' Soon after, Colonel Hacker came to the chamber door, and gave his last signal. The bishop and Mr Herbert, weeping, fell upon their knees, and the king gave them his hand to kiss; and, helping up the aged bishop, said: 'Open the door;' and he then directed Hacker to go on, saying: 'I will follow.' He was then conducted through the banqueting-house, by a passage made through a window, to the scaffold; on reaching which, he found so many companies of foot and troops of horse placed to keep off the spectators, that he perceived it would be impossible for him to address the people, so as to be heard by them, as he intended. What he wished to say, therefore, he addressed to the few persons who were immediately about him, and particularly to Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had latterly been committed. His speech, as reported in the *Black Tribunal*, was as follows:—

'"I shall be very little heard of anybody; I shall therefore speak a word unto you here. Indeed I could hold my peace very well, if I did not think that holding my peace would make some men think that I did submit to the guilt, as well as to the punishment; but I think it is my duty to God first, and to my country, to clear myself, both as an honest man, a good king, and a good Christian.

"I shall begin first with my *innocence*. In troth, I think it not very needful for me to insist long upon this, for all the world knows that I never did begin a war with the two Houses of Parliament; and I call God to witness—to whom I must shortly

* The garden of St James's Palace, where the king since his trial had been kept.

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make an account—that I never did intend to encroach upon their privileges: they began upon me; it was the militia they began upon; they confessed that the militia was mine, but they thought it fit to have it from me. And, to be short, anybody who will look to the dates of commissions, of their commissions and mine, and likewise to the declarations, will see clearly that they began these unhappy troubles—not I: so that the guilt of these enormous crimes, that are laid against me, I hope in God that God will clear me of it. I will not (I am in charity), God forbid that I should, lay it upon the two Houses of Parliament; there is no necessity of either—I hope they are free of this guilt: for I do believe that ill instruments between them and me have been the chief cause of all this bloodshed. So that, by way of speaking, as I find myself clear of this, I hope (and pray God) that they may [be clear] too; yet, for all this, God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are just upon me. Many times he does pay justice by unjust sentence: that is ordinary. I will only say this: that an unjust sentence,* which I suffered to take effect, is punished now by an unjust sentence upon me. That is, so far as I have said [or, what I have so far advanced is], to shew you that I am an innocent man.

"Now, to shew you that I am a *good Christian*. I hope there is [here] a good man (pointing to Dr Juxon) that will bear me witness, that I have forgiven all the world, and even those in particular that have been the chief causers of my death; who they are, God knows; I do not desire to know: I pray God forgive them. But this is not all—my charity must go further; I wish that they may repent, for indeed they have committed a great sin in that particular. I pray God, with St Stephen, that this be not laid to their charge; nay, not only so, but that they may take the right way to the peace of the kingdom; for my charity commands me, not only to forgive particular men, but to endeavour to the last gasp [to promote] the peace of the kingdom. So, sirs, I do with all my soul (and I hope there is some here will carry it further) that they may endeavour [after] the peace of the kingdom.

"Now, sirs, I must shew you, both how you are out of the way, and will put you in the way. *First*, you are out of the way; for certainly all the way you ever have had yet, as I could find by anything, is in the way of conquest. Certainly, this is an ill way; for conquest, sir, in my opinion, is never just, except there be a good cause, either for matter of wrong or just title; and then, if you go beyond it, the first quarrel that you have [in regard] to it, makes that unjust at the end which was just at first. But if it be only matter of conquest, then it is a great robbery; as a pirate said to Alexander that he [the emperor] was a great robber, and he was but a petty robber. And so, sir, I do think the way that you are in, is much out of the way.

* The sentence against Strafford.

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"Now, sir, to put you in the way. Believe it, you will never do right, nor will God ever prosper you, until you give God his due, the king his due (that is, my successors), and the people their due. I am as much for them as any of you. You must give God his due by regulating rightly his Church (according to his Scriptures), which is now out of order.* To set you in a way particularly now I cannot, but only this: A National Synod freely called, freely debating among themselves, must settle this—when that every opinion is freely and clearly heard. For the king, indeed I will not"—— (Here, turning to a gentleman who happened to touch the axe, he said: "Hurt not the axe that may hurt me.") "For the king," he continued, "the laws of the land will clearly instruct you for that; therefore, because it concerns my own particular, I only give you a touch of it. For the people: And truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whosoever; but I must tell you, that their liberty and freedom consists in having, for government, those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. It is not for having share in government, sir—that is nothing pertaining to them: a subject and a sovereign are clean different things; and, therefore, until they do that—I mean that you do put the people in [the way of] that liberty, as I say—certainly they will never enjoy themselves.

"Sirs, it was for this that now I am come here. If I would have given way to an arbitrary way, to have all laws changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come here; and therefore I tell you (and I pray God it be not laid to your charge) that I am the MARTYR of the people. In troth, sirs, I shall not hold you much longer, for I will only say this to you: that in truth I could have desired some little time longer, because I would have put this that I have said in a little more order, and [would have] a little better digested [it] than I have done; and therefore I hope you will excuse me. I have delivered my conscience; I pray God that you do take those courses that are best for the good of the kingdom, and your own salvation."

'The king seemed here as though he had concluded, but the bishop, addressing him, observed: "Though it be very well known what your majesty's affections are to the Protestant religion, yet it may be expected that you should say somewhat for the world's satisfaction in that particular."

"I thank you heartily, my lord," returned the king; "I had almost forgotten it. In troth, sirs, my conscience in religion, I think, is very well known to all the world; and, therefore, I do declare before you all, that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father; and this honest man (pointing to Juxon) I think will witness it." Then turning to the officers, he said: "Sirs, excuse

* His majesty of course means, that you must restore Prelacy, and maintain the Church according to the notions and discipline of Archbishop Laud.

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me for this; I have a good cause, and I have a gracious God; I will say no more." To Colonel Hacker he said: "Take care they do not put me to pain;" and to a gentleman coming near the axe again, he exclaimed: "Take heed of the axe, sir—pray take heed of the axe." Next, speaking to the executioner, he said: "I shall say but short prayers; and when I thrust out my hands—then!"

'He now called to Dr Juxon for his night-cap, and put it on; and being desired by the executioner to put his hair under the cap, he did so accordingly, with the help of the executioner and the bishop. Then turning to Juxon, he said (perhaps, as if half in doubt), "I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side." The bishop answered: "There is but one stage more—this stage is turbulent and troublesome, but it is a short one; you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way—it will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you shall find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort." "I go," rejoined the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where there can be no disturbance." "You are exchanged," added the bishop, "from a temporal to an eternal crown: a truly good exchange." Then the king, asking the executioner: "Is my hair well?" took off his cloak and his George, and giving the latter to Dr Juxon, said impressively: "*Remember!*" Looking at the block, he bade the executioner to make it fast; and on being assured that it was fast, he said: "When I put my hands out this way"—stretching them out to shew—"then"—— After that, having uttered a few words to himself, as he stood with hands and eyes uplifted, he stooped down and laid his neck upon the block. As the executioner again adjusted his hair under his cap, the king, thinking he was going to strike at once, called to him: "Stay for the sign." After a short pause, his majesty stretched forth his hands, and thereupon the executioner (who was all the while in a mask) at one blow severed the head from his body; and an assistant taking it up, held it streaming with blood before the spectators, crying: "This is the head of a traitor!"'

We stay not to imagine the sensations of horror, or other feelings, that took possession of the people. Let it suffice here to relate that, after the execution, the head and body were 'put into a coffin covered with black velvet,' and carried into the king's lodging-chamber in Whitehall. Application was made to the men in power for leave to bury the remains in King Henry VII.'s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey; but the request was denied, on the grounds that the spectacle might attract great numbers of the people to the place—a circumstance which, it was thought, would be unsafe and inconvenient. Leave, however, was given, upon a second address, for the interment to take place in St George's Chapel, Windsor. The body was embalmed, and placed in a lead coffin, 'to be seen for some days by the people;' and at length, on the 7th of February, it was carried from St James's in a hearse drawn by six horses, with four coaches following, and so brought

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to Windsor Castle. Here the order for interment was shewn to the governor, Colonel Whichcott. The arrangements for the burial were committed to the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, and the Bishop of London; the government allowing L.500 for the expenses. Their lordships agreed on placing the king's body in a vault about the middle of the choir, 'over against the eleventh stall upon the sovereign's side,' where the bodies of Henry VIII. and Lady Jane Seymour had been formerly interred. When the coffin was brought to the vault, the bishop of London stood ready with the service-book in his hands, intending to have performed that last duty by reading the public form of burial; but the rude Puritan governor would not suffer it to be done. 'And though the lords earnestly desired it, and insisted on the Parliament's leave for it, yet he still denied, and said: "It was improbable the Parliament would permit the use of what they had so solemnly abolished, and therein destroy their own act." So the body was silently deposited, with this circumscription in capital letters upon lead:

KING CHARLES.

1648.'*

No monument was erected to his memory, either at that time or after the Restoration, when it might very readily have been done with the sanction of the Parliament and country, which would doubtless have granted a liberal sum of money for the purpose. This circumstance has given occasion to conjectures, and even doubts, whether the royal body had been actually deposited in St George's Chapel, or whether it might not have been afterwards removed by the regicides. Lord Clarendon, in his *History of the Great Rebellion*, seems to intimate that though the king was known to have been interred there, the body could not be found when searched for some years afterwards. An attempt was made, at a comparatively early date, to remove all uncertainties about the matter; the compiler or author of our *Black Tribunal* having obtained direct from 'Mr John Sewel, a Register at Windsor Castle,' the following certificate or memorandum: 'Anno 1696, Sept. 21.—The same vault in which King Charles I. was burried, was opened, to lay in a still-born child of the then Princess of Denmark, our late gracious queen.' We read further in the *Tribunal*: 'On the king's coffin, the velvet pall was strong and sound, and there was about the coffin a leaden band, with this inscription cut through it, "KING CHARLES, 1648."' As a further memorandum relating to King Charles's interment, he says: 'That when the body of King Charles I. lay in state in the Dean's

* The real date of the death of Charles is 1649. At that time, however, and for a long time afterwards, the year was not held as terminating till the 25th of March. All dates, accordingly, between 1st January and 25th March, were usually expressed as belonging to what we would now call the preceding year.

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Hall, the Duke of Richmond had the coffin opened, and was satisfied *that it was the king's body*. This several people have declared they knew to be true, who were alive and then present, as Mr Randolph of New Windsor, and others.' So that he thinks the Lord Clarendon was misled in that matter, and that King Charles II. never sent to inquire after the body, 'since it was well known both to the inhabitants of the castle and town, that it *was* in that vault.'

In some such state of hearsay and half uncertainty the matter rested down to our own times. Indeed, it is questionable whether so much evidence as the above was, to any considerable extent, known to be in existence. It seems to have been commonly understood, that the king had been buried somewhere in or about St George's Chapel, but the actual place of sepulture remained a mystery. An accident at length elucidated what had been so long enveloped in obscurity. In the year 1813, certain repairs and alterations were made in the royal burial-place at Windsor, when it was found necessary to form a passage to what is called the Tomb-house from under the chapel choir. 'In constructing this passage, an aperture was made accidentally in one of the walls of the vault of Henry VIII., through which the workmen were enabled to see, not only the two coffins which were supposed to contain the bodies of Henry and Queen Jane Seymour, but a third also, covered with a black velvet pall, which was presumed to hold the remains of Charles I. On representing the circumstance to the Prince-regent, he perceived at once that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by opening this long-concealed vault; and, accordingly, an examination was ordered. This was done on the 1st of April 1813, the day after the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, in the presence of his royal highness himself and other distinguished personages.

'The vault being opened, the first thing done was the removal of the pall, whereupon there was discovered a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing the inscription "KING CHARLES, 1648," in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were, an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body carefully wrapped up in cerecloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and from the tenacity of the cerecloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cerecloth was easy; and when it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The

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complexion of the skin of it was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone, but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire.

'It was difficult at this moment to withhold a declaration, that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially to the pictures of King Charles I. by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression; and it will not be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead, an eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

'When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish-red tinge to paper and to linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance, the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture; and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark-brown colour; that of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death,* in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

'On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even—an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I.

'After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation; the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed.'

* This latter the more likely, as it will be seen, from the foregoing account of the execution, that the hair was tucked up under the cap; and there is no mention at all of its having been cut off.

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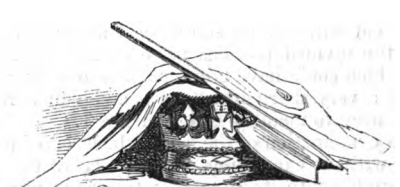
An authentic account of this discovery, and of the circumstances attending it, was substantiated by the signature of the Prince-regent, and deposited in the British Museum. The present statement is derived from a paper on the subject contained in a volume of pamphlets, entitled *Essays and Orations*, published by Mr Murray in 1831, and is quoted from an abridged account given in an early number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

We do not enter into the moral question involved in the beheading of King Charles, as that is a subject involving more considerations than could be adequately dealt with at the end of the present paper. It has been our aim simply to supply the reader with the particulars of a celebrated trial, which is not usually represented otherwise than in meagre and imperfect outline in the current histories. It has been rendered by most historians pretty much according to their personal prepossessions, and has very rarely been set forth with anything approaching to unprejudiced impartiality. The present representation, drawn as it is from the reports and memorandums of a professed contemporary Royalist, may be concluded to give as unfavourable a view of the proceedings as could readily be given in the shape of a report, though we see no reason to believe that anything has been consciously or intentionally perverted; and we apprehend that the effect of it will be to shew, that the court before which the king was brought to trial had no defect of judicial dignity, and that the prisoner had every courtesy and consideration paid to him which was consistent with his position as an arraigned criminal before a popular tribunal. While we pity the fate of Charles, we must in fairness respect the motives and intense sincerity of his judges; and if we acknowledge that it would have been right in him to crush his opponents in the civil wars, had he been successful in the contest, it is not easy to see how it was wrong in them to give to him the very measure which he would have meted out to others.



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MAUD THE SORCERESS:

A ROMANCE OF YOUTH.

I.

OAKENDEN was the ideal of an English village. The old church, with its square tower covered with ivy, and its avenue of limes up to the west porch; the village-green, where bowls and cricket went on in the summer evenings, as Maypole revels and contra-dances used in our forefathers' times; the national school, with its rustic porch hidden in jessamine and clematis, as befitteth an orthodox English village-school; the low, one-storied parsonage, buried in the white petals of the Ayrshire rose, till it looked like a mass of snow in the green summer days; the trim cottages, with gardens full of flowers and aromatic herbs; the stately Hall, with its grand old park stretching round for miles, till it met the property of young Mr Rollestone, the squire of Oakenden West; even the village ale-house, whose sign (a large red-nosed gentleman in a pigtail and cocked-hat, purporting to be the

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Duke of Marlborough) hung from the huge oak-tree in front—the huge oak-tree, beneath which stood a shining bench carved with initials and names from end to end, and which was in fact a kind of lovers' register of Oakenden; were all so many typical features of an English village of the midland counties, the like of which no other land upon earth contains.

The moral elements of Oakenden were no less characteristic than its physical; its society was as national as its architecture. First in dignity, in popularity, and in wealth, was Squire Gray of the Hall, his wife, his son, and daughter; then came the vicar, Dr Mathison, a fellow of Magdalene, and an old bachelor; then in the large white house, without garden or field, at the entrance of the village, with urns and statues on its one small terrace, and elaborate iron gates opening into its narrow gravel-walk, was the Hon. Mr Domville and his handsome London wife; then quiet, gentle, lady-like Mrs Fortescue, and her four daughters in waning womanhood, in the pretty cottage on the road to Oakenden West, with a conservatory and a shrubbery and a large meadow all attached; then, at the east end of Oakenden, Mr Hudson the lawyer, who, for the last ten years and more, had been paying marked attention to Rosa Fortescue, but who had never proposed yet, though the poor girl had got pale and thin on the uncertainty; then Dr Fairfield and his noisy family, side by side with Captain Moorland, the retired half-pay navy captain, in the middle of the village, just opposite the pump and the linen-draper's; and last of all, young Paul Desprez, the artist, who had been in Oakenden for about six months now, and who was popularly believed to be the greatest painter of the day, and whose health used to be drunk at the little supper-parties after loo and commerce, as the 'talented young stranger whose sojourn amongst them was to make Oakenden famous.' Dr Fairfield was the first to concoct that toast, and no one ever used anything else afterwards. But the Hon. Mrs Domville, who, by virtue of her metropolitan experience, was the Oakenden critic *par excellence*, found fault with Paul's drawings, and said that his 'middle distances were bad,' and his 'high lights dirty.' Some of her intimate friends said so too—Mr Hudson for one. He always pooh-poohed the lad, and found great fault with his flesh-tints and shadows. But it was not very certain that Mr Hudson knew a Cuyp from a Rubens; and Mrs Domville drew more like a distracted spider than an intelligent woman: so their criticisms did not do the young man any harm; in fact, they rather created a sentiment in his favour, according to the natural contradiction of human nature.

But thoroughly English as Oakenden was, and small, conventional, sifted, and precise as was its society, it held one most unusual, most unconventional, most unEnglish inhabitant—the gipsy-girl living in the little cottage down the sandy lane, Maud of the Hollow, as she was called. Maud was no vulgar

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gipsy—no wandering fortune-teller, obnoxious to the stocks; but merely a solitary young woman, with some kind of small independence for her support. Her manner was good—even lady-like; and perhaps she would have passed without much question, but for the oddity she betrayed in her choice of an abode, and her uncivilised mode of living. An ill-omened cottage enough was Maud's abode! Once the home of a murderer, whose victim mouldered away beneath the floor where he sat and walked daily; then the grave of a suicide, driven to madness, said the neighbours, by the haunting spirit of the murdered maid—for suspicions got abroad at last, and the law entered when too late for all but the discovery of bones and hair and bruised flesh; and now the lair of a lonely gipsy-girl—coming none knew from whence, living none knew how, and bearing the character of a supernatural power and supernatural knowledge, which terrified the dreams of more than one timid heart in Oakenden. Her ways and habits were so strange, no wonder she was made an object of suspicion and of dread. She used to spend days and nights together in the depths of woods, and out in the meadows by moonlight, on heaths and by morasses, ponds and rivers, plucking herbs and chasing insects, and learning many a secret hidden from the rest of the world. Wherever there was solitude and nature, there was Maud of the Hollow; and there her heart—contracted by the littleness and prejudice and unkindness of man—learned peace in the greatness of creation, and in the love of the Creator. But this mode of life was so unusual that, added to her peculiar appearance and unknown history, it made her name become in time a name of dread to the peasant, and she herself a person of doubtful fame to the educated of Oakenden. The common people thought, to be sure, she was a witch; and picked up horseshoes, laid straws, and said their prayers with equal diligence; and the gentry shook their heads, and though they did not affirm, yet they were afraid there was no good in her. Her ways of living were far too suspicious to be passed over in silence, or to be easily explained away. For as for a young girl being such an enthusiastic lover of natural history, as to pass days, and nights too, in woods and fields by herself, why the thing was simply absurd, and not to be believed under any conditions! She was after no good, whatever it was that took her away from her own cottage at those unseemly times! Coiners were not very well known at Oakenden; but who knows whether she was not at the head of a gang of these wretches? And political plots, too, were often hatched in the most out-of-the-way places, and by the most apparently ordinary instruments. Bless us all, if Maud of the Hollow should be an embryo regicide, or a socialist, or republican! And the squire and Dr Mathison waxed very eloquent and very angry at the bare supposition. However, be she what she might—coiner, plotter, witch, anything most evil—it was certain that Oakenden morality held its eyes wide open on her, and that Maud made not a single

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step which was not watched, commented on, and, alas! condemned. So by degrees she had become a lonely, strange, suspected woman, without a friend to bear her company through this long wilderness of life, without a smile between her and despair. Even kind Mrs Fortescue, who still continued her cottage visitings and charities, as in the days of her legal pastorship, would not visit Maud of the Hollow—'she had daughters,' she said; and Paul himself had become so far infected with the popular superstition, stranger and artist as he was, as to overlook all the rare mental beauty in the girl, blinded by the cruel shadow the world threw over her. It was said that once when she was ill, Dr Fairfield refused to attend her; but as that worthy individual always positively denied the charge, one may believe it was only a report after all. Horace Gray never met her but to miscall her, and Eva—the tall, beautiful, queenly Eva—joined her brother in his sarcasms; and added to them too. So that of all the human hearts beating beneath the blue sky of Oakenden, none beat kindly for the poor gipsy Maud. And when Maud's soul was dark, as she thought of the heavy sorrows so ruthlessly wrought her by superstition and prejudice, she used to go out into the broad home of nature, and forget them there; doing her best, too, to love those who hated her, to forgive, pity, and to pray for them; for underneath all her wild exterior lay as true a woman's nature as ever received sorrow and gave out blessing; and if it was a nature misunderstood and slandered, it was so only because of its superiority to those around her; being stronger in its feelings and deeper in its thoughts than others. And without being vain or self-deceptive, Maud could not help acknowledging this to herself; and so she blessed with one breath the gift whose consequences she deplored with the other.

II.

One afternoon the clatter of horses' hoofs startled her from under the bushes where she had been hidden almost the whole day, watching her favourite insect world in some of its mysterious economy, and spying out a secret of transformation she had long wished to know. It was a secret by which she hoped to get the clue to a wide range of entomological arcana which had long baffled her. Amongst other things, it would give her a peculiar power of colouring, quite as bright and intense as the cochineal. Curiosity, at all times a prominent feature in Maud's character, roused her up to see who it was that ventured down her lane; and running through the shrubbery-path down to the privet-hedge below, her small dark face, with raven hair and glittering eyes, shewed itself to Horace and Eva Gray galloping in the sunlight.

'The children of the Hall,' thought she—'what can bring them down the haunted lane of the Hollow, the lane which not the

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strongest man in Oakenden would pass through after nightfall, and which the gentry never venture down at any time?' Something which was not love, still less was hatred, glowed over all her face as she watched them, such a rare sight as they made in her solitary world.

Those bright young heads turned as they passed the thick privet-hedge of Maud's garden; and Eva, laughing like a merry bird trilling in the sky, when she saw the dusky face peering out like a Greek faun's from among the shining leaves, checked her bay-mare, and asked 'how all her relations had been behaving lately?' 'For you know, Maud,' she added, 'that you are something more or less than human, and that all the goblins and imps, and witches and bad spirits, which are so plentiful in the Hollow, come there at your bidding. The place has had a worse character than ever since you lived in it, yet no one hears of anything but bad spirits, and these are not half so innocent as thieves and murderers. You call about you things worse, Maud, even than crime!'

'Then how dare you, Miss Eva, come here?' asked Maud: 'you are not very famous for courage, nor your brother there, great and strong as you both are; so I cannot believe you would come out of bravado or indifference. Is it not that you are more rash than wise, and less true than both, Miss Eva?'

'We are protected, Maud, by our own innocence,' said Horace roughly. 'Witches have no power over Christians, so that is why we defy you, Maud, and laugh you to scorn;' and he shook his whip at the elfin face among the leaves, more boyishly than brutally, though brutality was not wanting either—at no time wanting, for it made up the very fundamental element of Horace Gray's character.

'Well done, Master Horace!' retorted Maud contemptuously. 'You boast that you are a true Saxon; and so you are, in more things than your fair hair and rosy cheeks. You are a Saxon in all your coarseness and stupidity, which I believe you call manliness and dignity. It is a fine amusement for you to insult Maud of the Hollow; a manly pastime for a great boy of nineteen to annoy a weak girl. If I had a brother as big as you, Master Horace, I wonder if you would call me bad names then!' And Maud's large black eyes rained out contempt and anger like fire from beneath their lids; for though she tried hard to subdue her natural impetuosity, and her keenness to take offence, it was not always possible to hold such check and string over herself as to make her patient and forgiving all at once; and there was something in the tone of Horace's insults which roused her blood more than anything else.

'Come away, Horace,' whispered Eva; 'Maud is angry, and I am afraid of her when she is angry. She looks so dreadful, I am sure she will do us some harm if we tease her any longer.' And

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the two young creatures started off without another word—Horace vainly endeavouring to look heroic and indifferent, and Eva shewing more terror than might have been expected from anything so grand and queenly.

Maud stood by the hedge, listening to their voices for a long time; and when they had died away, and the last echo of the horses' tread had died away also, she crept back to her lair among the laurels, feeling very sad and lonely. 'They call me dwarf, witch, elf, imp,' said Maud; 'they laugh at me for my swarthy skin—and it is swarthy by the side of theirs, fair as flowers, and bright as morning clouds; they ridicule me for being small and deformed; and Horace threatens to crush me with one blow of his great hand; and Eva pretends not to see me when she passes me like a queen, and looks down on the ground, as if looking for a grasshopper, when she hears my voice; and other impertinences they are always offering me, with even more malice and cruelty in them. And I sometimes get angry, though often it is only a pretence. But I should not be angry with these two foolish prating children: they have been warped by the fatal education of prejudice—so far warped, as to forget the claims of a common humanity, because of a shade more or less of brown on the cheek, or an inch more or less of height to the figure. No, I do not blame them! They repeat, parrot-like, what they have been taught, and the responsibility of this sin of theirs rests with older heads. And it is a sin to pour unmerited sorrow into the cup of any human life! No, I do not blame them! A curse is laid on me, which I must bear, and of which they work out one small portion: the form and features of a gnome, with the feelings of a passionate humanity; the blinding strength of love, the warm idolatry of beauty, with the impossibility to be loved, and the consciousness of deformity! I, who could love those two young things in all their glorious youth and beauty, must feel myself shut out from them, as from all others, because of this fearful curse of outward unloveliness!' And then she turned her face to the ground, and her tears fell like heavy rain among the dry leaves of the fallen evergreens. 'And yet it is not a fault that I am dark and small,' she said, drying her tears; 'born no one knows where, of an outcast mother, whose gipsy-home was of all countries, whom no nation claimed, and no kinsman owned. It is not a sin that I am not fair and queenly, like Eva; nor like Horace, strong and beautiful. But it is made a fault, and I suffer the penalties of a sin all the same. And yet I am not altogether hideous. My hands are smaller than Eva's; but ah, hers are long and white, like those graceful shells on the Mediterranean shores; while mine are like withered leaves, they are so brown and crisp and fragile. Her hair shines in the sun like gold, and is a crown of glory above her pure fair brow; mine is black as jet, and is a veil of mourning over my tearful eyes. She is like a princess—she is so grand and noble in her beauty; while I creep along the earth,

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like a forgotten reptile at the foot of the golden throne whereon she sits a queen. But yet, with all these differences, I would not change my stunted form and swarthy skin for Eva's glorious beauty, if I must take Eva's mindless brain as well. I can feel; I can love; while Eva—the bright morning-star in the sky knows as little of human sympathies as she! I can learn—I have learned, and have fathomed many a depth of nature, which others have shrunk from; and Eva knows as little of truth and life as the flaxen doll she nursed not two years ago. She is a child, a toy, a doll herself; yet, oh, she is so beautiful, that one forgives all her sins and shortcomings, and almost could love her solely for the sake of that beauty! And Horace, too, rough, rude, uncultivated as he is; for beauty is so divine a gift from God, that we must needs worship it; and ah!' added Maud with a sigh, 'we always prize so much the good we have not.' And Maud thrust herself into the sunlight, pleasing herself with a sad pleasure, by exaggerating in the slanting rays the slight deformity indicated rather than developed in her person.

III.

While standing thus, her deformity hidden now in the long black hair which she often allowed to fall loose from a scarlet cincture round her head, she heard again the tramp of hoofs careering boisterously down the hill; and a moment after, a furious plunge, a woman's shrill scream, and Horace's voice calling loudly for help, woke up the still evening, like the cry of death round the bed of a sleeping child.

One bound, like the spring of a gazelle, cleared the hedge, and Maud, her long hair streaming behind her, ran breathless to where Eva lay fainting on the ground, Horace vainly endeavouring to arouse her by a clumsy succession of boyish restoratives. Paul Desprez, pale and agitated, was holding the horses; Eva's kicking and plunging violently, bathed in foam and trembling, while the heavy chestnut ridden by Horace fed tranquilly by the wayside.

'O Maud, perhaps you may be of some use,' said Horace, in his off-hand, lordly way. 'Eva has been thrown by this cursed brute, you see. Just as we passed the Hollow Lane, it took to kicking like a mad thing; and look at her now—one would think she was bewitched.' The word struck his own ear. He cast a sudden glance on Maud, and turned very pale. 'Who knows?' he thought to himself. 'We vexed Maud this morning; perhaps she has bewitched the bay-mare out of revenge.' He placed himself between the gipsy-girl and his sister. 'On second thoughts, Maud,' he said, 'you cannot be of any use here in the middle of the road: you may go home. I desire you to go home,

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Maud. Paul, give me Eva's horse to hold; and do you ride off to the Hall for help; I will wait here for you. Eva may have come to herself before you return; go. And you, Maud, pray don't stay here. I must insist on your not staying with me—and Eva.'

'Don't be a baby, Horace,' retorted Maud sharply; 'and don't go to the Hall, Mr Paul, till I tell you to do so. Help me to take your sister into my cottage, Horace—Master Horace, I mean—and don't carry her home like a corpse, when nothing is really the matter with her. Your mother need not be frightened into a fit because of a dusty habit and a swoon from fear. Come! do as you are bid, and don't stand there like a frightened school-boy. Carry her in your arms, and I will soon make her well again.'

'I carry my sister into your cottage, Maud!' cried Horace, petrified with amazement.

'Yes, into my cottage, Master Horace.'

'That I certainly will not do,' he cried, tossing his beautiful bright head, and looking very wilful and very handsome.

'I always knew you were a coward, Horace, in spite of your six feet,' cried Maud disdainfully. 'A great boy-baby, and nothing more. But your cowardice must not be allowed to harm your sister. You may think me a witch if you like, but I must shew her that I am a nurse and a sister.'

'Maud—sister—impertinent—house—witch—Eva!' stammered Horace, fairly aghast at the tone of command assumed by Maud, and at her assertion of equality.

Maud turned her back on him, and gave a peculiar cry: it was more like the call of a bird than the voice of a girl, and made even Paul shiver at its unnatural sound. A wild-looking foreign lad, known far and near as the Hobgoblin, rushed out of the shrubbery as suddenly as a stage-imp. Maud said a few words in a strange language, and Lemuel caught up poor Eva in his long sinewy ape-like arms, and bounded off with her like a leopard with his prey. The whole passed so quickly, that neither Horace nor Paul could interfere. Paul flung the reins of the bay-mare to Horace, and rushed after the lad, calling to him loudly to stop, and using many injurious expressions and hard adjurations, mild and temperate as he was in general.

'What! is Paul Desprez so far infected with Oakenden folly, as to prefer perhaps the death of a girl he loves, to her life from the hands of Maud the gipsy?' said the girl quietly, speaking with an unruffled voice, though running by the young man's side. He was all out of breath, and panting; yet Paul Desprez prided himself on his power of running; but the gipsy-girl beat him, and Lemuel was swifter than them both.

'It is not you, Maud,' cried Paul, his words coming in a series of convulsive gasps, 'but that vagabond boy. O Maud, if you have a woman's heart in you, rescue her from his arms! He will

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love her if he sees her face, and bewitch her to love him if he breathes on her. O Maud, Maud, give her to me!'

'Nonsense, Paul. What madness you are talking! Lemuel is not a god; he is nothing miraculous. Let him carry her; you are not strong enough.'

'No, no,' sobbed Paul, throwing up his hands.

At this moment Lemuel stopped to open the little wicket-gate leading through Maud's garden.

'Here, Lemuel, let the young gentleman take Miss Eva,' said Maud quietly.

The lad looked astonished, but, without speaking, placed his burden in Paul's arms; a wondering, half-malicious, half-innocent look in his glittering eyes, and then a glance of inquiry to Maud.

A fainting woman of Eva's height and development is no light burden; besides, Paul, never very strong at any time, at this moment was overpowered with emotion, and exhausted with his rapid pursuit: he staggered beneath Eva's weight, could not move a step, and finally would have fallen, if Horace had not come up at that moment—and, both together, they carried her into Maud's cottage. Lemuel took the bay-mare, stroked it, talked to it, and whispered in its ear; and the beast, trembling yet, stood perfectly still, awed and subdued.

Horace shuddered as they crossed the threshold. The evening had come, and the last rays of the sun made a kind of mournful glory round the outer world, while all within Maud's house looked dark and gloomy as the grave. 'Witches have no power to force a Christian into their houses,' said Horace below his breath; and the big drops stood on his forehead and upper lip. 'They must go of their own freewill, as you and I, Paul, or be carried over the threshold by Christian hands, like Eva. It was not out of good-nature only, Paul, that Maud put Eva into your arms at the gate: she knew how far her power went, and where it stopped, believe me!'

'Never mind that old book in your father's library, Horace, where you have got all your knowledge of witches and witchcraft,' said Maud in his ear: 'you have done the deed now, and you must take the consequences.'

Her voice sounded harsh and hissing, and froze the blood in that stony Saxon boy's heart. He did not know that she could have heard him whisper to Paul, for he spoke very low, and it seemed only another instance of supernaturalism that she could read his thoughts and answer them. Besides, how did she know of that old book in the Hall library? Was it possible that chance could shoot so true a shaft?

Maud smiled. She read all that passed in the boy's heart as if it was a leaf turned back; and it was a pleasurable feeling to the poor despised dwarf to see that she could awe by a word, a look, a gesture, one of the strongest and the most ruthless of her

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tormentors. It seemed to indemnify her somewhat for the many sorrowful hours which the superstition she now made her footstool and her scourge forced her to spend.

'There!' said Maud majestically, pointing to a deep couch covered with a tiger's skin. The young men obeyed her gesture, and laid Eva on the couch. Horace looked undignifiedly frightened; and Paul, divided between his artist's appreciation of the arrangements of that cottage-room, and his lover's agony at Eva's prolonged faint, was distressed, excited, and bewildered; while Maud was mysterious and important, doing her best to convince Horace of her supernatural powers, and to make him believe her a witch—or worse.

Yet with all her fantastic apings of sorcery, Paul noticed that she was prompt and careful about Eva, and that the most matter-of-fact nurse in an hospital could not have been more quick and clever than this strange-looking dwarf of the Hollow. She loosened the ribbon round the girl's throat, and felt the blue veins carefully; she passed her hand rapidly through the golden flood of hair falling on the tiger's skin, to see if there was any wound on the head; and then she took a small bottle of some powerful essence, and shook a few drops over the fainting face. Eva sighed, opened her eyes, moved restlessly, smiled softly, and a few gentle pencillings of colour came into her cheeks like the first small rays of morning. Maud stood by her, her clasping fingers of dusky brown holding that long pearl-coloured hand, and her falling hair of jet dropping on the golden tresses spread all abroad. Her eyes were fixed intently on Eva, who seemed, as if under a spell, constrained to become gentle and loving against her nature. 'Your hand is sprained,' then said Maud caressingly, chafing that delicate member carefully.

'O Maud!' cried Eva with a reproachful glance, as if it had been Maud who had done her that injury.

'Well,' cried the gipsy, answering her look, 'why do you blame me?'

'You bewitched the horse!' exclaimed Eva, and then she turned her face away and burst into tears.

'Don't cry, Eva,' said Horace coming to her, and patting her head. 'Be a good girl—that's a dear! You will soon get well, for Dr Fairfield shall be sent for, and you know he will do more than all this absurd quackery could, even if Maud understood what she was about.'

'Eva—Miss Gray!' almost sobbed poor Paul, 'for our sakes, control yourself. You do not know what anguish you are causing us.'

A blush of gratified vanity came on Eva's cheek; but she did not stop her tears for all that; indeed her sobs became more hysterical, as Maud was keen enough to notice, though her head was turned from the group. She was searching among a collection of queer vases and bottles, stuffed birds, quaint boxes, charms,

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amulets, and a heap of jewels flung carelessly together; and now she held in her hand a strip of linen, curiously marked along and across with foreign characters, in purple and blue and scarlet; and she held also a case, of no manufacture of this time or country, shining with various hues curiously blended; like an opal, but coarser. She looked back, raising her eyes to the agitated face of the artist, and as she looked, a mingled expression of contempt and pity came into her eyes, and then a look of sorrow, and then a look of love.

'A sprain is not dangerous, Paul Desprez,' she said coldly. 'A woman of my race would laugh at such a trifle as has caused Miss Eva those bitter tears, and you such bitter anguish. A child of my race would make a play of a hurt no worse than this, and not even the most devoted heart among our men—— Well, the black blood of the gipsy must needs be something different to your fair bloods, and I am well content it should be so.' This was said in a low tone, more as if she was speaking to herself than to an audience. 'Come, Miss Eva,' she then added authoritatively, 'dry your eyes. You are making them red and ugly.'

'Insolent!' muttered Horace.

'Unfeeling!' said Eva half aloud.

'What blindness and what coldness!' thought Paul.

Maud did not speak. Something stole up into her face—an undefinable expression of intensest feeling. Her great eyes looked moist and loving, but oh, so sad! and once she raised them heavily to Paul's face, and then she dropped them on the ground musingly, as one measuring a sister's wealth by her own poverty.

IV.

Eva dried her eyes with a frightened glance, fascinated and subdued; while Maud folded back the dainty cuff of snowy linen, and bathed that tender wrist in a white creamy substance, which dropped in large masses, soft and sweet, from the curious old opaline bottle. She then bound up the wrist and hand in her strip of linen, and fastened all together with golden thread. 'Now, you may all go home,' she said quietly. 'The ointment and the linen are both magic, Eva, and you will be well to-morrow. By the time the thrushes begin to sing in the evening, you may ride the bay-mare right into the heart of the Hollow. Lemuel has tamed your horse, and I have cured your hand. So you see, Master Horace, witches may be of use sometimes; and if I bewitched the bay-mare, as you both think, out of revenge for your impertinence this morning, I have healed the hurt I caused at very little trouble or cost; and perhaps given you both a useful lesson,' she added with a low laugh.

'Thank you, Maud,' said Eva, tossing her head. 'But I would

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rather be without your lessons, if they are to come in the shape of falls, fainting-fits, and sprains.'

'Oh!' said Maud coldly, 'you are such a feather-head, it is necessary to give you a severe experience, if one gives you any at all.'

Eva was very angry. She flung herself off the couch with the gesture of a petted child, red and pouting. As she raised her head, all her hair fell blinding into her blue eyes; at this moment, she looked lovely. Her crimson cheeks; her red and pouting lips, a trifle thick and full; her golden hair in long waving masses over her shoulders, and veiling her broad white forehead and her large blue eyes; her graceful figure, supple and well developed: all formed a lovely picture, which none could help admiring.

'Your hair is in your way,' said Maud; 'wait a moment, I will comb it for you with a mermaid's comb. It was my mother's,' she added indifferently; 'but I never knew how she obtained it. It was in Hungary, and by a river's side; but I know nothing more.'—A look passed among the young people, and Eva shrank back.—'Don't be afraid,' said Maud carelessly: 'my mother made a vow on the comb when the strange woman—I believe it was a mermaid—gave it to her; and the vow destroyed its witchcraft.'

She laughed when she spoke; and placing Eva in the light, took out a comb of mother-of-pearl, set with rubies and emeralds in the handle, like an eastern thing for wealth and workmanship. The jewels flashed among the girl's yellow hair, as Maud gathered up the lagging tresses daintily, lovingly, and passed them like scented flowers through her fingers.

Paul sketched the two girls, standing within the shadow of a heavy crimson curtain that hung at the upper end of the chamber; but in his sketch Maud was a mere blackened spot, while Eva was transformed into more than angelic beauty. And then they all left the cottage—Eva mingling sarcasms with her thanks; Horace lordly and insolent; and Paul taking about as much thought of Maud as of the cricket chirping on her floor; but his indifference, at least, had nothing brutal and wounding in it, and Maud was grateful for even that small measure of human recognition—so far had injustice and injury tamed a proud and impatient spirit.

'She must be a witch or something worse,' pouted Eva, breathing deeply when they had left the cottage.

'She is a stupid little dwarf,' said Horace, tossing his head; 'and pretends to a vast deal of power and knowledge she does not possess. She is only a mountebank after all!'

Paul said nothing. Maud was only a name to him now. He was walking by the side of Eva's horse, and had no world beyond. The sun was setting, and long lines of crimson threaded the sky, like veins on a blushing brow; a soft warm air crept along the

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earth like a stealing spirit from the home of night, and the whole voice of nature was one sweet hymn of peace and beauty. Paul saw the sunset mirrored in Eva's eyes, when she stooped her head to speak to him pleasantly; and all of nature, of heaven, and of humanity was gathered in those eyes for him. He saw nothing else, knew nothing else, lived in nothing else. He was by Eva's side; and life gave him the full measure of a poet's ecstasy. Boy-poet that he was! he saw an angel and heard a muse in the woman he adored.

But Maud wandered in the meadow and the wood until the moon had risen and set; and the dews of morning glittered in the sun before the lonely gipsy-girl pushed aside the curtain over her cottage door. Tears were on her cheek and a strange light lay in her eyes when she entered; and then she knelt down, and a prayer burst from her quivering lips: 'God give me to be loved also.'

V.

It had long been a custom with Paul Desprez to keep a journal. Since he had lived in Oakenden, this journal, in the beginning a mere pleasure, had now become a necessity: it was his only friend, his only confidant. To it he confided all his highest thoughts and purest aspirations, his secret sorrows, and the grief of genius unsatisfied with itself; and from it he drew consolation, as if from the living words of a friend. He had also a fancy connected with this journal, which made it doubly precious to him. He had created an Ideal for himself, which he called his Egeria, and with which he used to hold long conversations, he said, in the mornings when the stars were fading out of the sky, and when all nature was fresh with youth and strength. All that he had of good in him came from this Egeria; all his best thoughts and highest endeavours were from that hidden voice; those sweet low whispers heard by the soul alone, which seemed to teach and guide him, and by which he struggled with the evil of his nature up to greater good and purity. He devoutly believed in this spirit, thinking it a foreshadowing of what life would give him in the future, and regarding it more as a prophecy than a fancy. And as all men are mad more or less on one point, if not on more, in their lives, this Egeria may be considered as the stationary madness of Paul Desprez.

This preface was necessary for the right understanding of the following extracts from the journal:—

'*July* 5.—This summer-life of mine is sadly enervating. I look back on the severe discipline of my student-life as on another existence. It seems as if a Spartan, fed on the blackest of black broth, was suddenly converted into an Epicurean, crowned with roses and living on grapes. I am too happy in this idleness;

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though I cannot entirely get rid of certain stings of conscience, which tell me I am highly reprehensible for neglecting my work in the lethargy of pleasure. I came here originally for leisure; thinking that I could work better out in the free country than if pent up in a town; but a spell, nameless and irresistible, has fallen on me, which has destroyed all my intentions and shipwrecked my resolution. Nature herself has conspired against me. In such glorious weather, what can one do but live—dream out one's days on the grass under the lime-trees, and pass one's nights in prayer beneath the stars? There is a truth in the dreaminess of life as there is in its labour; a truth as sacred if not so stern, as necessary in due proportion, if not so necessary as the ruling principle of action. This is a utilitarian and a grand age; but we must not forget the poetry of life from which the mighty prose takes double power; we must not refuse the flower because it is not the fruit as well. These reasonings may be sophistical, and I may but deceive myself all this time, and endeavour to make my theories accord with my practice. But I think I am sincere. I know that I wish to be sincere. I have lately felt very vividly the influence of my guardian angel, Egeria. I was lying in the shade of the beech-trees by the river, when a hand of light seemed to sketch a glorious portrait on my canvas. I swear it was but a copy that I made. I followed those gleaming lines like a school-boy; and lo! there came out, all unknown to myself, the exact portrait of Eva Gray! I heard a low voice at my side whisper "Egeria," and then I think I must have fainted, for the evening had begun when I roused myself up from my stupor. My Egeria, my attendant spirit, shall it indeed be that I shall ever see thee embodied in human form? Shall I ever sit at the feet of the being who, as woman, will receive my love; as angel, my adoration? With what ecstasy shall I see bodily before me the features I have dreamed of so long? Those features, what will they be like? Long masses of golden hair falling in a heavy curtain over a calm smooth brow; eyes blue as summer skies, like Eva's; hands long, white, and slender; a figure made up of grace and dignity together; manners arch and playful, serene and thoughtful by turns; a voice soft, not powerful, and exquisitely true—such as Eva's when she sang the Sicilian Mariner's Hymn on the terrace last night, and I felt as if she was the embodied spirit of poetry and prayer. Yes, my Egeria will be like Eva, as beautiful—for she could not be more beautiful—and as good!'

'*July* 19. Another fortnight; but an age in my soul—a generation in my life. Still nothing is done, but all is felt and understood. Eva knows that I love her, and Eva loves me. I see it in her blush when I speak to her, in her upturned eye so suddenly downcast with that sweet look of modesty which fits her so well. I see it in her pretended surprise at seeing me, when I have known that she has been watching for me on the terrace hours long, for I can see the terrace of the Hall across the fields from Oakenden;

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I see it in her playful smile, malicious with a child's maliciousness, as she half hints at her affection for me, and pouts out her belief that I find her uninteresting and tiresome; I see it in her favourite flowers, which are always those that I prefer, or that I have gathered; and in her favourite airs, which are those that I have praised: in every manner by which a girl's feelings can be expressed unconsciously to herself, have I fathomed the truth of her affection for me; and I have never known such intensity of joy as I have felt since I believed that Eva Gray loved me. Yet I dread to break the sweet spell of silent acknowledgment now between us: I dread to reduce to words the vague bliss on which I am living. It seems as if speech, while it will consolidate, yet will also roughen; as if the delicate hues of this rainbow love will be tarnished by the material breath of words. And yet I must speak, else Eva, not knowing what depth of tenderness and poetic appreciation would keep me silent, may perhaps misunderstand me, and think me frivolous and ungrateful. How foolish I am! to hesitate thus before my happiness, and fastidiously shrink from the fulfilment of a dream, lest in that fulfilment I should chance to regret the dream. Yet, ah! these material realisations are ever removed far from the spiritual imagining. Will Eva prove the real embodiment of my Egeria? Will the impersonation equal the ideal? In a few days, I shall be able to answer these questions, when I shall have probed her mind to its depths, and unrolled her character like a rare golden fabric before me. I shall then know in Eva the attributes I have dreamed of in Egeria, and shall be loving, trustful, and happy.'

'*July* 20. This has been a day of sorrow and evil to me. I walked over to the Hall, intending to tell Eva all that I had in my heart for her, when I met her coming from the shrubbery with young Mr Rollestone, the squire of Oakenden West. He remained close to us the whole of my stay, and I could not find one solitary moment wherein to speak to Eva alone. I wonder how Eva can like that young man! He could never love her as well as he loves his dogs and horses. Yet if she does not like him, why does she suffer him to be so much with her? Perhaps her parents would like to bring about a marriage between them. Her mother, I remember, did once hint to me something about the two properties of Oakenden Vale becoming one. That was when I first came, and did not understand what she meant. But of course I feel quite at ease on that head. Eva loves me; she almost said so yesterday; and of course she could not commit such a crime as to trifle with my heart, leave and break it. Yet how confused she looked to-day when I met her leaving the shrubbery; perhaps he had been forcing his pretensions on her, and she had been rejecting them out of greater love for me. She would naturally look confused if she met me then. Yesterday she pressed my hand when I put that white moss-rose into hers: I felt the press distinctly; besides, she blushed as she did so. And

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how she looked up full into my face when she sang that song: "My Heart is thine!" There *may* be presumption and an excited fancy in these interpretations of mine, but I don't think there is. She has more than once said: "I love you;" unless looks and gestures and smiles deceive me more than the mirage of the desert.'

'*July* 22. I saw Maud to-day. She started up like an elf from the fern in the park, and whispered in my ear: "Boy, boy! when will you find that your star of heaven is only a marsh-light guiding you to sorrow, perhaps to death?" What did she mean? She disappeared before I could ask her. How or where she disappeared to, I don't know; but she was gone like a shadow. Her words have troubled me much. She could not allude to Eva. It is an insult to her pure heart to couple it with the idea of deception. I am unworthy of her love, if I can doubt it. But I am in a painful state of suspense altogether, and feel doubly the strange kind of lets and hinderances and impalpable barriers that have suddenly risen up between Eva and me. The unrestrained intercourse in which I took such heavenly pleasure, and which was worth all the fixed and definite love in the world, has been abruptly interrupted, and now I never see Eva unless in company with her brother, or that young Mr Rollestone, or very often Mrs Gray, like an eagle watching us. I feel a kind of nervous irritation creeping on me, which cannot last very long. It must end in some way. Either Eva must be my affianced bride, or I must learn from her own lips that she does not love me, and that I must leave her to another.'

'*July* 31. I have not seen Eva alone, and I am thinking of writing to her, unless I can snatch some opportunity from the net of precautions in which we are both enveloped. Yet I am so satisfied that she loves me, that I am comparatively happy even under all this wearisome restraint. What a strange creature is that elfin Maud! What a wonderful influence—irresistible and almost terrifying—she has over every one she meets with! Yesternight I met her again, her lap laden with roots and herbs and weeds, and worlds of unsightly insects crawling over them in the light of the full moon. She has no idea of anything loathsome in nature. She says that we are atheists and impious if we reject any of God's creatures, for that there is only beauty and love and fitness in all things. Hers is a grand creed; but I feel myself incapable of adhering to it, for I am more impressed by the outwardly beautiful than by the worthy in life. Maud says that I am too Sybaritic for her faith; and I acknowledge it. Yet she is not indifferent to beauty. Last night she murmured, clasping her hands together: "And I, too, Paul, could die for love of loveliness!" Does she love? I think so. But whom? Not Horace—vain, brutal, and selfish as he is, though so beautiful, and so like Eva. Yet there is love in her eyes and love in her voice, and she bears its impress on all she does; and there are not many

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in Oakenden on whom she could expend the treasures of her rich heart; for it is rich. Despised though she may be, her heart is a mine of wealth, which no one in Oakenden either understands or equals; and for knowledge—she makes me, artist, student, man, feel "shrimped," as my old nurse used to say. I am so far below her even in such matters as by my profession I should be superior. How wonderfully fascinating she is! Hours on hours she can keep me entranced, though I know that the broken spell will throw me at Eva's feet. A mysterious kind of awe steals over me when I listen to her, with her low voice and gleaming eyes, pouring forth such deep thoughts and exquisite feelings. She seems like a revelation from the unseen world; and I never feel so holy or so good as when I return from one of our long, long conversations in the woods, or by the river-side. She seems to strengthen all the manly part of my mind; while Eva, dear, womanly, lovely Eva, fascinates me to Armidan indolence. What a difference between those two beings! The one, all poetry; the other, all intellect: the one, Life; the other, Thought! A strange contrast; but very beautiful too. For I confess that I, too, was like the rest, and at one time despised Maud of the Hollow with the unruffled equanimity of superiority. I have learned my mistake, and now acknowledge Maud's rare artistic powers, her grand soul, her powerful brain, and am proud to name myself her champion and friend. How angry my sweet Eva looked to-day when I called myself Maud's friend! I was forced to forgive the petulant feeling for sake of the beauty it brought out. She looked like an angry queen, or northern sibyl. Yet I was thankful, O so thankful! to think that my regard was so dear to her as to make her feel hurt and annoyed if given too indiscriminately to others. The truest sign of a girl's love is when she is jealous; so they say at least; and though I have not had any experience in that wonderful mystery, a woman's love—for Eva is the first whom I have loved—yet I can well imagine that this is true. I was much distressed last night at Mr Rollestone's marked behaviour to Eva, and could not help seeing that he was not treated by the family as before. There was a more familiar tone and manner, something of an understanding which I had never seen. Eva was shy to me also, and shrank visibly before my look. She lost self-command, certainly, on my praising Maud, and this comforted me much. But it shall end soon. In one way or the other, this horrible condition of suspense must cease.'

VI.

Paul and Eva sat beneath the beech-tree by the river. It was full noonday, and the birds were silent in the woods: not a sparrow chirped or a chaffinch called its mate in that burning

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seething sun. Only the bees flew among the flowers with a sleepy hum, and dragon-flies darted on the surface of the river, and moths and butterflies hovered by, the true germs of animated nature. It was a day like one taken out of the list of Heaven's years, when even sorrow itself is laid to sleep, and crime lies crushed like a wounded snake. Who could be anything but happy in such a day as this? who, much more, could be anything but innocent?

Eva sat on the mossy bank, and at her feet lay Paul. Horace and the young squire of Oakenden West had gone for a day's excursion, and Paul had seized the opportunity, so long looked for, by which he hoped to secure his worldly happiness for life; for he was persuaded that Eva loved him. She had, as he had written in his journal, shewn him this love in every way possible to her, and he was therefore convinced that all which was wanting to him was the moment and the word. A handful of wild-flowers was in Eva's hand, more lay strewn on her lap, a water-lily bud glistened among her golden hair, and a scarlet poppy glowed beside it. Paul had placed them there, and the three colours, the white, the scarlet, and the brownish-gold, shewed how well he understood the harmony of contrasts. A deep blush burned Eva's cheek, a look of inquietude troubled her eye, a smile of embarrassment determined to be frivolous, and of hardness overlaying uneasiness, was about her mouth; for Eva felt that the hour had come when the mask must fall. She had worn it long, and had hidden the true face underneath carefully; but it must drop now, and expose the deformity it had not only covered, but transformed.

The youth's face, upturned, was the reflection of the day—all love, serenity, purity, and trust. He smiled, and fixed his deep eyes full of a love such as angels might feel, on the burning, guilty face above him. But he saw no guilt in that fevered flush, he read no shame in that downcast eye, the hollow smile betrayed no falsehood dragging itself to light, false and hardened still; he read only maiden modesty, and the pure happiness of a girl's first love, where a keener eye and a colder heart would have spelt out every letter of the black truth.

'Eva,' said Paul, 'few words are necessary between us now. Our hearts have spoken, though our lips have been mute; and our spirits have met and understood each other, while yet the stirred air had not echoed one word of the wakened breath. I love you, Eva. Why do you cover your face and shake your head? You have known it long—you have seen it: yes, Eva, fostered and returned it. You are too good and pure to have played me false; and by every sign that woman could give, you have told me that you loved me. And, Eva, it was so dear, so precious to me to watch it stealing out, like a listening angel, in the unguarded look and the unbridled word—it was so sweet to catch it, like an echo, in the faltering voice, and seize it like a light retreating in the timid eye—it was so sweet to

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be the sole keeper of its secret life, that I have not dared to break this sacred spell, fearful lest in breathing over it I should dissolve it.'

Eva made an impatient movement. 'What nonsense!' she exclaimed almost pettishly.

'You think so!' cried Paul delighted. He mistook her expression for one of annoyance at the long term of silence which his timid poetry had imposed on them. He kissed her hand, and she left it in his, smiling. This further tended to deceive him. 'Listen, Eva,' he continued: 'I have lived for years in a dream of most exquisite beauty. Ever near me was a spirit of grace and truth—a spirit of poetry, of love and loveliness, which I sometimes used to hope might be realised in life, and more often used to fear might lure me away from all realities of happiness for love of this mocking fancy of a heated brain. But I have seen you, and now I know that my dream was more a prophecy than a vision. I have foreshadowed you in my guardian angel. From henceforth let the shadow fade, and the substance come forth into the sunlight! Eva, Eva, I love you! Oh, tell me with your voice, as you have told me with your eyes, that you love me!' He waited for a reply, but the girl was silent. He could not yet read that false fair face, nor decipher the crimson letters of crime.

'You have shocked me, Paul,' she then said very slowly, and her words fell like ice on the boy's bounding heart; 'and pained me, too. You have deceived yourself, and wronged me. You say I shewed you love! No; I shewed you only friendship. I cannot love you, for I am not fit to do so. Silly boy!' she added with her musical laugh, laying her hand on his head, and bending down till her young lips almost touched his forehead; 'silly child! did you not know that I was to be married next month?'

The words had hardly left her lips when she would have given much to have recalled them; for, without a cry, a groan, a sigh, with nothing but a wild look in his eyes, and a sudden starting to his feet, poor Paul fell back on the mossy bank, stiff and rigid as one dead. At that moment, Eva heard the voices of her lover and brother borne down the river; and rushing through the wood, and over the cowslip meadow, she gained the Hall before they returned, Paul still lying more than half-dead by the water's edge.

That evening, Eva was so gay and graceful, so prettily saucy to her betrothed, so flushed with youth and beauty, that young Mr Rollestone congratulated himself again on his return home, on possessing the best-bred hunter, and the prettiest wife—to come—in the whole county, and swore he was a lucky fellow; but as lucky was Eva Gray, too, for that matter; for the squire of Oakenden West owned as long a rent-roll and as grand a genealogical tree as the squire of Oakenden. And Eva Gray, married to Charles Rollestone, married essentially with her equal in all things.

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VII.

And while the young man was balancing thus his account with love, a lifeless form floated down the wandering river, and the moon-lighted waves rocked round a pale face cradled on them —poor Paul, in his first fit of despair, rushing to death for love of that false heart which Charles Rollestone counted as nothing in the weighing out of his possessions. Her beauty, portion, and county celebrity—he prized all these; but her love for him—it was the better if she did love him; but if she did not—well? So unequally had fate apportioned her gifts according to the esteem in which they were held by those she had endowed.

In one hand, clasped on his heart, Paul held a lock of golden hair, stolen—sweet theft!—one evening on the Hall terrace, when the three young people, he and Eva and Horace, sat looking at the stars, and weaving out the fabric of their future lives from the clouds; and wild-flowers, crushed and broken, were clenched in the other hand. They were what fell from Eva's lap and hair when she rushed away to her home, and left him there to die, or not, as it might happen. And when he woke, and found himself there alone, the place where he lay strewed all around with the flowers her hand had plucked and her bright tresses held, he gathered them up carefully, and clasped them in his hand, determined to take down to death and to the grave the latest remembrance of her that he had.

But an unseen and an unknown Providence watched Paul. When the low wind sighed among the reeds, in another moment to sound the death-dirge of the hapless boy, the gipsy Maud rushed through the wood, and plunging into the river, caught the drowning youth. She drew him to shore, and placed him on the grass; she laid his head on her lap, and wrung his dank chestnut hair; she chafed his hands, and warmed his heart beneath her own; and she breathed back into his lips the sacred gift of life. A sigh, a convulsive start, a shudder that ran from head to heel, and Paul opened his eyes to fix them on the dusky face that looked down on his, tending him faithfully—a dusky face, set round with jet-black hair, with eyes that told plainly enough what was her outcast lineage—her Bohemian race—yet tender, loving, mild, and pure as the face of an angel—a face that one would have prayed for to be one's comforter in illness, and to whose mercy the fondest mother would have given up her children.

'Maud, Maud!' sobbed Paul, 'oh, you do not know how my heart is broken!' He turned his weary head in her lap, and buried it like a child in her gown, weeping passionately. All the nerve and sinew of his manhood had gone; and as he lay there, Maud felt more like the mother of some grieving child than

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the sister of a sorrowing man; yet this maternal instinct made her more indulgent and more kind.

'Hush!' she said; 'I know all.'

'No, no, Maud! you cannot know all; no one but myself can really know what a fearful game of cruelty and deception have been played against me—played against a heart of love, Maud, whose only fault was its trust. Oh, you cannot know all!'

'Yes, Paul; for I have been with you through every hour of this day of agony. I watched you through the wood; I tracked you silently, and followed your footsteps faithfully and patiently, knowing that a time would come when I should be useful to you. And now I tell you, knowing all, that you must be brave, my friend, and patient.'

'Brave! patient! Maud, these are only words!'

'Something more than that, Paul. Look up, boy, into the sky above—are there no truths there, no joys in knowledge and in religion, that you should fling away your life for the heartless words of a mocking girl? Has nature no stores of healing even for a love betrayed? learning no harbours of refuge even for a heart wrecked? You have not lost all in losing even Eva, beautiful as she is. No life has but one venture, and that a wreck, while a star shines above the clouds, or a flower blossoms on the sands; or while one human heart lies stricken with sorrows which human sympathy can soften; one throbbing head lies low with disease, which human hands can soothe. While there is a secret of nature to learn, or a kindly office to fulfil, no one can say: "My anguish is incurable." Do these words sound cold and hard now, my boy? You will find them true when this storm has passed by.'

'Cold and hard!' groaned Paul; 'they are stones instead of bread—death instead of life.'

Maud made no answer. She lifted his head on her lap, and laid it on her bosom; and once, and once only, her tears fell on the boy's forehead and mingled with his own. But Paul was too much absorbed in his grief to value sympathy at that moment; and he never knew that the gipsy Maud, so strict and stern as she was called, once wept over him in the moonlight, like a young mother over her son.

Days and days Maud sat by the fever-bed of her friend, his life hanging by a thread, and the grim gates of death swung back to receive him; but Maud had been taught some rare secrets of nature: and magic potions, brewed under strict conditions of the moon and the compass, with holy prayers repeated reverently over them, and charms and spells—muttered spells of the whispering voice, and shadowy spells of the waving hand, love and watchfulness—these restored Paul; and Maud was rewarded by his recovery.

One day the rattle of carriages past Paul's casement, and the

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loud ringing of the Oakenden bells, brought a sudden fit of anguish—such as Maud had never seen since the first wrenching away of his hopes by Eva's cruel words. 'What is that, Maud?' he asked; his lips quivering, and his nervous hand clutching at the empty air.—Maud changed colour.—'O Maud! do not you deceive me too!' cried the poor boy.

'No, Paul, I will not deceive you.'

'Then speak: quick—quick!'

'There are things sometimes best left unspoken, Paul,' she said tenderly.

'No, no, Maud!—the truth always.'

'At its right time, dear boy.'

'Now, now, Maud!'—The bells rang louder, the village children screamed and laughed, and the horses pranced and neighed. All this tumult was borne on the morning air into the sick-chamber.—'Tell me, Maud.'

'It is a marriage, my friend.'

'A marriage!'—he spoke with a kind of calm despair—'whose?'—She did not answer.—'Whose?' he cried, seizing her arm. His eyes were wild, and his voice almost fierce; his gesture was fierce as well.

'One you know of, Paul.'

'Her name?'

'Why do you ask it? You know as well as I that Eva's marriage-bells are ringing!'

'Eva! Eva!' shrieked the boy; and then he fell back, the blood flowing over his lip, and his whole body racked by strong convulsions. He had broken a blood-vessel, which perhaps saved his life, by relieving the fearful pressure on his brain.

When Maud wiped the blood from his lips, Eva, in another scene, placed her hand in that of Charles Rollestone, and said, in her calm sweet voice: 'I will,' when Dr Mathison asked her, according to the formula, if she would have him for her husband. But not once that day did Eva remember the youth she had so betrayed; not once, in her wedding glory, came the faintest glow of feeling for him; not the shadow of sympathy, of pity, or regret. She had left him as if dead, and she had never known or cared to know whether he were living or dead since, or how he had been succoured. She had heard, indeed, that he was ill; but she did not pay much attention to Mr Domville, who told her, and whose presence offended her very grievously, because he had been smoking. Vain, selfish, and frivolous to the last, so long as her own wellbeing was secured, it never troubled her whose was ruined.

The agitation of this new trial brought back all Paul's fever, and for many days and weeks he was again on the threshold of the grave. But Maud snatched him from this new danger, as she had preserved him from the first, and once more restored him to his art and to life.

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VIII.

All Oakenden was in arms. It was thought a very bold thing on Maud's part, that she should have nursed Paul Desprez through an illness. The Misses Fortescue were angry at it—said it was very forward of Maud, and they were always particularly 'thankful they had never done such a thing.' All the ladies, indeed, were excited and annoyed, because, as Mrs Domville said, 'they felt their *esprit de corps* wounded.' But Maud let them talk as they would, and went on tending and caring for poor Paul, just as if there was no world in Oakenden to criticise and malign. It must be understood, however, that Maud was not Paul's sole nurse. Old Jenny Lawson used to help her; and Jenny never found words in her restricted vocabulary sufficiently great or sonorous to express her admiration of Maud: not but that she thought her a witch all the same—but then she was a virtuous witch, more the possessor of an angelic than a diabolic power; although the fact was never made very clear to Jenny's bewildered mind, she believed in it all the same.

Maud's great amusement had been—although it was a foolish one—to encourage in Oakenden the idea of her witchcraft. Many a thing which had gained her her questionable reputation, had been done out of the love of fun and mischief, rather than inadvertently; although she never expected the large amount of sorrow which befell her as a consequence of this reputation. She trusted more to the goodness than she feared the folly of men, and never thought it possible that human hearts should be closed because social prejudices were shocked. The gipsy Maud knew more of botany and entomology than she did of English society or English ideas. If she had had more of what the world calls common sense, she would have never placed herself in such a false position; but then, if the people at Oakenden had had more discernment than prejudice, they would have understood her better, and would not have transformed dissimilarity into crime.

After all, her escapades were not very heinous. She used to dress in a singular manner—her gowns made, as they said, like pictures; Mrs Fortescue thought them almost immoral; and Dr Mathison said she was like a strange woman of Edom; and her black hair either streaming down below her waist, or bound up with flowers and gold beads or scarlet ribbons; then she used to go out at night, because she had sundry ideas of hours and positions in the gathering of her herbs and simples; and then she used to say odd out-of-the-way things when they teased her, and used to look awful, and mutter threats, and endeavour to indemnify herself by their terror for the cruelty of her tormentors; and then she lived alone in the haunted Hollow, and was afraid of nothing; and, chief of all, she was more clever than any of the Oakenden people: and

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this was the list of poor Maud's misdoings! She would appear suddenly to people when least expected, and when the time was most unusual—such as when the early morning was breaking, and all who could afford to be in bed were still there; or when some fearful tempest raged like the last day; or when the black midnight covered the earth—then would Maud suddenly cross the traveller's path, and if it was one who had injured her, would whisper grim words of warning and dread, and send him home more than ever convinced of her dealings with Satan. She had also to bear the burden of every lying tongue and coward heart in Oakenden. The half-drunk peasant, wandering home from the ale-house, swore to seeing Maud of the Hollow, and a wonderful being, all hoofs and horns, in close conversation by the church-yard gate; another, more stupid than malicious, would blubber out a terrible history of shrieks and screams, like babies scarified, issuing from Maud's cottage; and it was no uncommon thing for veracious witnesses to be found, who insisted that they saw that cottage all on fire every full moon, and Maud and Lemuel, and others of the same stamp, at full sport with ghosts and bones, and bogies and skeleton forms; and worse still, all that the most dyspeptic mind could conjure up of most unnatural and abhorrent. Of course these tales were believed among the people; and although the educated class in Oakenden denied them in their full truth, yet soon they were impressed more or less, and if they did not think the gipsy-girl a witch, at least they thought her nothing better.

Poor Maud! At first, she was merely amused at seeing the terror in which she was held; but when she found that every heart was cold, and every door closed against her, she acknowledged the mistake she had made, and would sometimes, when not very wilful, have undone the past if possible. But she trusted to the power of time; and went on, doing her kindly duties diligently. If a neighbour's child fell sick, Maud would spare herself no trouble—she would sit up at night with the poor mother, or to give her some hours of rest, while she nursed the little one; she would think nothing of miles and hours if she could but find some rare herb on the moor which would do the sufferer good. If any one was wanted, Maud would be the messenger, and as she went more swiftly than any one else, the country people used to accept the convenience and vilify the mode, always believing that she went on her errands of Christian charity in some most unchristian fashion. Not even Squire Gray himself was more openhanded to the poor, or kept a more liberal establishment for the beggars, than did Maud of the Hollow; and Mrs Fortescue and her daughters, and all the ladies in Oakenden put together, did not do half the good, make half the clothes, or give half the good advice that she did. Yet still she was not appreciated nor understood; and her life had grown into a wild loneliness, wherein her love, sown broadcast as it might be, was all cast back, harvestless, on herself.

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It may easily be imagined, then, what, under such conditions, Paul became to Maud. She used to be startled herself, sometimes, at the happiness she had centered on him, and ask herself, and wonder, what he would do with a love he perhaps neither knew of nor returned. And yet she used to fancy he loved her. It was not that his manners were in anything what they had been to Eva: they were neither passionate nor poetic, neither absorbed nor excited. But they were so intensely calm, with such an atmosphere of peace and repose about them when Maud was there, that she could not fail to see the change. If she left the room, he was restless, sad, uneasy; when she returned, he was like a seeking child restored to its mother. He would sleep sometimes for hours when she was sitting by him, not for an instant if she was away. He seldom spoke in the first days of his convalescence, and never said a kind or complimentary thing to her during the whole of his illness; but he would sit with his hand in hers, and would watch her dusky face and small slight figure stealing about the room through the gloom of evening, and he would sometimes murmur: 'I am happy, Maud,' as if from the very overflow of his contentment. And when he grew stronger, they used to sit by the casement talking for long hours together over deeper things than mere youthful sentiment, over thoughts and feelings and aspirations that made the life of both. He was always so attentive to what she said, so respectful, and so docile—that noble kind of manly docility which is so sweet a thing, and so purifying for women to receive. And he used to adopt her opinions one by one, fighting hard sometimes, and sometimes yielding suddenly, till she laughed and called him her pupil, and said she would make something grand of him at last. And Maud, who was no self-deceiver, and would rather have heard the bitterest truth than lived in the most enchanting falsehood, pondered over all these things diligently, asking herself whether they meant a sick man's gratitude, or a strong man's love. But she never received a clear response from either her hopes or her fears, so she was fain to leave to time the unloosing of her life's problem.

When Eva heard of Maud's care for Paul, and how all the world said they were to be married as soon as the artist was sufficiently strong to be carried to church—for they all declared he was bewitched—she put on an incredulous look, and said abruptly: 'Paul Desprez marry Maud of the Hollow? he has stooped low after soaring high!'

Her husband wished her very much to explain what she meant, —for her speech was a riddle to him—but she would not, laughing with her merry bird-like voice, pouting when he insisted, and endeavouring to escape from her self-made difficulty by all her large artillery of grace and glee, and wilfulness and beauty. But Charles Rollestone did not forget her imprudent admission; and at last he unburied and brought to light the truth, that the young artist had been his rival; and then he quarrelled desperately with

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his wife; and Eva never forgave him this first quarrel, and never gave herself much trouble even to appear to love him afterwards. In the course of nature, Charles Rollestone and Eva Gray must have been unhappy; but if it had not been for this speech, they would have staved off the evil day yet awhile. So Eva's sin became a whip and scorpion for herself, as is the constant retribution on ourselves for our own vices.

IX.

Paul was weak and faint yet, and to sit in the autumn sunsets was all he could do; with purple grapes, the rich red leaves overshadowing them, and the golden bloom of apricots beside him. Maud had great faith in the healing properties of fruit. She used to assert that fruit had certain healing powers which no one ever dreamed of, excepting such as she, to whom nature had given up a small foothold in her great world; she kept her friend, therefore, well supplied with flowers and fruit. Piles of bursting figs and transparent plums, of ruddy apples and a few early oranges, like globes of gold, were always placed beside him, mingled with dahlias, monthly roses, large scarlet poppies, geraniums, and all the green-house flowers that Oakenden could bestow. It might have been an Italian picture that she made with all this fruit, and antique vases filled with flowers, golden goblets and crystal cups, and here and there a crimson drapery overshadowing the blinding sunlight—it might have been a fairy scene, so rich in light and colour, and prodigal in beauty was it. She would look so delighted at each fresh arrangement of the room—she would bid Paul see how well she had arranged his studio, and how well she had supplied him, Epicurean as he was, with food, art, and beauty—were not these his life? Paul said they were; and he used to look up in her face as it bent down among the flowers, when he grew peculiarly eloquent on beauty, so that if Maud had been vain, she would have believed he meant that she was lovely; for his eyes used to grow so tender, and his smile so sweet as he spoke and gazed!

'How is it, Maud, that I did not think you beautiful?' asked Paul suddenly one day.

The gipsy was sitting on the grass at his feet: in her lap were autumn flowers, and amongst them masses of dewy fruit fresh plucked; round her head was a circle of blood-red vine-leaves, the tendrils among her hair; her naked arms bore large gold bands—one on the wrist, and the other above her elbow—and these bands were engraven all over with foreign signs, of most beautiful workmanship, and many a gem was in them beside. Her dress was loose, girded round the waist with a thick gold cord twisted in with scarlet, and bound round the hem and arms and body with

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gold and scarlet. It was a pale dove-colour, of a shade peculiarly rare and artistic.

'Because I am not beautiful,' answered Maud calmly. But she felt the blood come in her cheek, and another light than the one now in it, steal into her eye; and her hands wandered among the flowers and fruits nervously.

'Is that modesty or affectation, Maud?' Paul asked laughingly.

'Neither, my friend.'

'It must be. You *are* beautiful.'

'Do you think so? I am deformed.' Though this last speech was said very quietly, a bystander would have seen from the quivering lip and the sudden straining of the nerves how much it cost Maud to make that confession.

'No, no!' exclaimed Paul vehemently. 'I cannot believe it!'

The gipsy smiled. 'You saw it once, I believe, my boy. When you first knew me, you were aware of it. Was it not so?'

'Oh,' he answered impatiently, 'I was all blind then, and knew nothing! But I do not see it now, and I do not believe in it. And why libel yourself, Maud, when you would not libel another? Why tell a falsehood, even for modesty?'

'It is the truth, Paul.'

'No, no!'

'You shall judge, then, for yourself.' She stood up before him, and the slanting shadow on the ground, elongated and exaggerated, shewed an evident deformity. 'I grant this is an exaggeration,' she then said, quietly reseating herself—'but is an exaggeration of the truth only; it is not a falsehood.'

'Why did you tell me this?' cried Paul mournfully. 'I had begun to believe you beautiful, and I was so happy in that belief!' He spoke as if something had been taken from him.

'Child in mind yet!' said Maud inwardly, caressing his hair; 'and yet how women love the very men they accuse of childishness! And shall I cease to be your friend,' she said aloud, 'because I carry a little more flesh on my right shoulder than on my left? If you value me at all, is it for anything but my heart and mind? If not for these, then for what? You would not surely that I should trust to the sincerity of a friendship sown on the shifting sands of a fair skin and a symmetrical form? If so, a fever caught by the bedside of a dying mother, or a fall from a height when protecting a wandering child, would destroy it without hope. No, Paul, friendship must be built on surer foundations than these.'

'And yet how sweet it is to honour and to admire one's friend!'

'That may be: honour and admiration for what is true and worthy in the eye of Heaven, rather than in the code of man.'

'And you, Maud?'

'And I, my boy, am less before man than, in all humility, I

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would much pray to be, before Heaven. See me as I am,' she added, suddenly taking a far different tone, standing and speaking with strength and decision. 'What am I?—a gipsy, deformed, an outcast by race; believed to be worse than human, the dwarf-witch of the Hollow; denied the cares given to other women; denied by some that I am even a woman—for do they not call me gnome, witch, elf? and when you have fairly understood what I am and what I seem, then call me friend if you will, and hold my hand in yours'——

'But, Maud, you are my friend now,' interrupted Paul.

She put up her hand. 'Do not deceive yourself,' she said. 'Make no ideal of my swarthy face because it has bent over you lovingly in your sickness; and believe me no angel because my foot stole round your feverish bed tenderly. Do not confound gratitude with that spontaneous affection which calls out a friend from the large herd of humanity, and singles him alone of hundreds. If you do, you will but prepare your own disenchantment and discomfiture, and my unending sorrow. Come, let us go in; the dews are falling, and your cheek is pale. You look tired, and must rest.'

Paul did not answer; nor that day, nor the next, nor the next again, did he refer to the subject. But he was much lost in thought, and sat often watching Maud stealthily, when he thought she did not see him; and then he would lean back in his chair, and close his eyes, and remain there, absorbed in some deep reflections, perhaps for many hours. For her, excepting a slight increase of tenderness in her manners, which gained even still more dignity and sweetness, not a trace seemed to be left of more feeling than might belong to some sainted Sister of Mercy fulfilling her appointed task.

'Maud, you loved Horace once in your life?' They were sitting in the doorway, the feathers of the clematis round them.

'No, never!' There was a pause.

'But when I first came to Oakenden, you seemed to me to love him,' returned Paul, dissatisfied.

'You mistook,' Maud answered simply; and she continued her task, stringing great gold beads into a necklace. After a time, she added: 'I could never love what I did not esteem. Horace is to me but a glorious case enclosing a worthless jewel. I thought him beautiful always—as, indeed, who would not? But I loved him never, because I found no resting-place for my soul in his heart or mind. They are both too shallow in their own feelings to deserve the truth of any one's affection. I to love Horace would have been as far misplaced as you, Paul'—and she laid her hand on his—'to love Eva.'

'I am cured now, Maud,' said Paul, and he took her hand in his. A glory shone in the depths of Maud's downcast eyes. 'Yet, tell me,' he added, 'do you think you could ever love one who had erred so far as to mistake the false for the true, and had given to

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mere physical symmetry the worship due to moral virtue? For, Maud, I hold that this mistaking of fair-seeming falsehood for truth and virtue, makes one of the greatest crimes of our mental life. Can you forgive me, and do you think you could love me?'

Maud did not raise her head; tears hung on her long black lashes, and she trembled. 'Think!' she answered, almost below her breath—'a gipsy, of evil fame in your own society, without one recommendation such as English manners require! Think again, Paul. You, an artist, to marry with physical deformity!'

'Ah, Maud, then, you do not love me!'

'Not love you!' she answered passionately, raising her eyes and standing up: 'I loved you from the first day we talked together in the moonlight by the willow-trees. I had my lap filled with herbs, and you laughed at me first, but you listened to me afterwards; and then I knew what a great gift Heaven had thrown in my way; then I acknowledged in you all my soul had ever longed for—my realisation of truth and goodness; yet I never dreamed of your love, for I knew that you loved Eva, though I knew also that she was deceiving and betraying you; and that if you could have seen our souls, the dark-skinned gipsy would have seemed fairer to you than your lovely, waxen, false, false mistress. Not love you! Then I do not love the very well-springs of my life!'

That night Paul closed his journal. He wrote the last words in it as the night passed into the morning hours: 'To-day I have found my Egeria!'

X.

'And now, Paul, that I know you love me for myself alone, and have cared more for my nature, the reality of my character, than for conventional appearances, I will tell you such parts of my history as will interest you, and perhaps please you.' And Maud drew her arm through her lover's, clasping her hands together. 'I am a gipsy—that is too evident to be denied,' she said laughing; 'but I am also the daughter of a Spanish nobleman. My mother, who was wonderfully beautiful—my dear mother! how well I can remember her when I was very young, and she in all the pride of her glorious loveliness!—well, she ran away from her tribe with a young Spaniard, wild, warm, and reckless, who married her because she had fine eyes—they were like stars—silky hair, and a clear voice. I have all the marriage-papers here,' she added, shewing an ivory box, bound and barred with gold. 'You know that the true gipsies are not allowed to marry out of their tribe, and you know that the Spanish grandee must marry also with his caste, if he wishes to keep its favour or recognition. On both sides, therefore, this marriage incurred the undying reprobation of two most different worlds; and both my

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father and mother had to begin new lives, strange and irksome—the restraint to her, and the simplicity to him, so unlike all they had ever been accustomed to, rendering existence almost intolerable. They came to England—my father to escape from the jealous pride of his kinsmen, my mother from the fury of her people. And here I was born, which is the reason of my Saxon name, given me out of gratitude to a young nurse, Maud, who attended my mother in her travail. But after a few years, my father died in a rapid consumption, as rapid almost as a fever. I can just remember the funeral—the hearse and the black feathers, and my mother's veil that shrouded her entirely. My mother had now no tie to civilisation. Though disowned by her tribe, and certain of being murdered if she ever fell into their hands, she could not remain longer in the stillness of her hated English life. In the Hungarian forests, among the Spanish mountains, on the wide plains of Italy, and amidst the snows of Russia—often without food, oftener without shelter, my mother and I roamed for many, many years, although she bore about with her gold and jewels—which I have now, Paul—that would have established her among the greatest of the lands where she was treated as a beggar, and lived the wild career of one. She taught me all I know. O she was wise, my beautiful mother! She taught me secrets of nature undreamed of in the broad beaten track of popular science; she taught me the alphabet of the stars, and how—O my poor mother!—how they spell out our destiny; and highest of all, she taught me to read the fate stamped on each man's brow, and to spy into the heart through the book of the features: and these were secrets more valuable than cookery or embroidery—although I am not without the knowledge of these either,' she added smiling. 'So you see now the reason of my savageness of nature,' she continued caressingly: 'it is an inheritance. My poor mother shewed her uncivilised blood by restlessness and ceaseless wandering; I mine, by contempt of appearances and a war with conventionalities. And it is from this feeling that I have kept my birth a secret, although it is high enough to satisfy the most exacting—even Mrs Domville, Paul: it is this instinct which has made me live without pomp or parade, content to be sufficient to myself, and to let my enemies slander me at their will. I was too much at war by nature with the world to conciliate it by declaring myself. This pride may be foolish, but it has made me strong—strong, Paul, in the strength of truth, and careful for Heaven's favour rather than for man's.'

'And you wish still to preserve this secret, my Maud?'

'No,' she said softly, and she put her arm round his neck. 'I have now more than my own pride to think of, and I have no right to lay my self-made burden on another. No, Paul; you may tell to all the world—all whose social approbation is dear to you—that your gipsy-wife has the royal blood of Spain in her heart; and, what will perhaps sound higher to English ears, that

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she possesses wealth that could buy the old Hall, and yet not be exhausted. Maud of the Hollow—Maud the gipsy, who lived in the haunted cottage, and had dealings with Satan—Maud, who has been met on the heath bareheaded in a storm, and barefooted, too, is no dowerless vagrant married out of pity!—But let all that pass,' she suddenly exclaimed, interrupting herself; 'let me be but the cause of your happiness, and I shall be a queen, and happier than one!'

'And you will not, my Maud, when you are married, refuse to be tamed? or shall I wake some morning to find my gipsy-wife wandered away, like the bird-maiden of the Eastern tale?'

'When I am married,' she said, 'I will be a good English wife, stay at home, love my lord, live in his smile, and—earn it.'

'Maud! Egeria! pray for me to become worthy of you; for how far below you I am!'

'We will pray together, Paul, to become worthy of each other, and of the priceless gift of love graciously laid on the hearts of both; for to love truly, one must be worthy. True love never lives in a degraded heart. By love the world was saved, by love the truth is accepted, by love the soul is purified. Let us be worthy of our love, my Paul, and then we shall be faithful to the godlike charge we hold in the hearts of each.'

XI.

Oakenden was greatly shocked at this marriage. Paul was positively cut for some weeks, and Maud's reputation as a sorceress was confirmed. The Hon. Mrs Domville pointed out to every one the deterioration which took place even in the high lights and the *chiaro-oscuro* 'of this very misguided young man;' and Dr Fairfield took a long fit of study—a thing which did not often happen to him—concerning charms and philters, and came to the conclusion, when all was done, that the gipsy had bewitched that besotted boy, and that he had not long to live. Eva was the only one who expressed any pleasure; but she always coupled her delight with such bitter sarcasms, that more than one clear-sighted individual saw through that flimsy veil of benevolence, and discovered the wounded vanity withering beneath; for Eva, as wife, was not much unlike the Eva who, as maiden, gathered up all the burning love of that bewildered heart, and buried it in her bosom of ice: still the same—selfish, vain, cold, and egotistical, to whom love and flattery were convertible words. Paul and Maud were not much disturbed at the small tempest they had raised. They bore it very tranquilly, and forgave all their slanderers; and by degrees and in time those even who had been most bitterly opposed to them became appeased, and the old power of virtue and kindliness was again, as ever, proved in the softening of prejudices and the

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opening of affection. Maud—the despised dwarf, the dreaded gipsy, the feared witch—at last won herself the esteem she deserved; for her patience, her great-heartedness, affection, and knowledge, made themselves felt, as sun-rays through a cloud. And as, after her marriage, she became wise and sensible, and gave up the *rôle* of witchcraft played in her thoughtless maidenhood, the thick intellects of Oakenden were no longer obscured by shadows, and could at last afford to recognise her as she was.

The life of Maud of the Hollow is a very usual experience of humanity—dissimilarity judged of as crime, and the sacred duty of human sympathy destroyed by prejudice alone. The world is led captive, blind and bound, by appearances only, and few care to understand the hidden truth while an enveloping falsehood is before them, no matter how coarse or how flimsy that false envelope may be. Yet as in Paul's love for Eva, and as in Maud's evil name in Oakenden, we read the sad truth of the power of falsehood over reality, so also we find another phase of humanity, more cheering and more true; for Maud conquered the hearts of all who hated her by a charm we all possess, and all can use if it so please us. Her sympathy with sorrow, her patience under misunderstanding, and her love for others through all her own trials, were the triple cords by which she conquered *her* world; and are the triple cords by which we also can gain peace and heaven. Let no man say he is accursed, until this charm has failed to work in his hands and on his fate!

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A VISIT TO HOLLAND.

HOLLAND—the name popularly given to the kingdom of the Netherlands—is one of the most interesting countries in the world. Both as regards physical character and social aspects, it engages the attention of the curious. Lying on the shore of the North Sea, where it receives the waters of the Rhine, flowing placidly, and entering the sea by various channels, Holland may be viewed as a vast level plain formed of alluvial deposits—a country without hills, rocks, or stones; a land of mud, secured and solidified by art; a territory rescued from the floods, and made useful to man. Green, fertile, and beautiful, this remarkable country has for centuries been the abode of an industrious and intelligent people—a branch of the ancient *Teutonic* race, from whom the modern appellation *Deutsch*, or, as we speak it, Dutch, is derived.

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Respecting this people, near neighbours to the English, and formerly their successful rivals in the arts of peace and war, some prejudices and misconceptions, not quite creditable, require to be removed alike from literature and the popular fancy. It has been customary to speak of the Dutch as a plodding and sordid race, amphibious from the nature of their country, and destitute of any noble, or at least amiable qualities. One of the most admired writers of the last century, Goldsmith, in his poem, *The Traveller*, says of Holland and its inhabitants:—

'Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves;
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.'

With some truthful and graphic description, the poet has here, unfortunately, blended remarks respecting the character of the Hollanders that are by no means borne out by facts. For the same reason that giddy spendthrift habits sometimes gain more applause than qualities of a more estimable nature, the Dutch have not come up to the ordinary expectations of what should form a great people. They are remarkable for their industry, love of order and cleanliness; they mind their own affairs, pay their debts, and do not trouble Europe with warlike aggressions—all very vulgar characteristics according to the poetical fancy. To say, however, that their country is a 'den of slaves,' who will submit to any kind of 'servitude,' is a libel on the nation. In no country in Europe are the people more patriotic or independent in principle. Essentially democratic in their notions, their history is a continued struggle against foreign oppression; and while neighbouring nations, such as France, have without a blow or remonstrance bent to any species of tyranny, the Dutch have never yielded

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up their liberties without a manful resistance, or submitted until borne down by numbers. With a knowledge of such facts, it cannot but be lamented that an esteemed poet of England should have stooped to perpetuate a falsehood; and the only excuse for him is, that it was the fashion of his age to sacrifice truth to national prejudice. One of our objects in the present sheet will be to present the English with a correct account of Holland and its people—not from hearsay or time-worn authorities, but as a result of personal acquaintance formed during a visit to the Netherlands a few years ago. We may begin with a slight historical sketch of this remarkable country.

Several centuries ago, the rule of the Netherlands merged by marriage and inheritance from the ancient counts of Flanders into the Spanish monarchy. This union of Netherlandish and Spanish interests, finally completed in 1548, by the accession of Charles V., proved a most unhappy event for the luckless citizens of Holland and the adjoining provinces. Having embraced the religious principles of the early reformers, the Batavians and Belgians were treated with considerable severity by Charles. Still, as he did not absolutely infringe upon the trading privileges of the people of the Netherlands, they were not without hope of seeing the revival of commerce and religious freedom. These anticipations, as is well known, proved fallacious. A civil war ensued, and after a protracted struggle (1564-79), terminated in the independence of the seven united provinces. The period which immediately succeeded this effort for national existence was one of great prosperity; and Holland, for a long time, by means of well-manned ships, and the brave Admirals Tromp and De Ruyter, maintained the dominion of the sea; and headed by William Prince of Orange (afterwards William III. of England), actually humbled the power of Louis XIV. Its contests, however, with England, France, and Spain, exhausted its resources, and, with another cause, now to be mentioned, led to internal discord.

From an early period of national independence, a difference in religious opinions had divided the people into two great factions—Calvinists and Arminians; the former being Orangists, or sticklers for the intrusion of a monarchical principle into the constitution; and the latter being pure republicans. The Calvinists, as the most powerful, carried religious persecution to such an extremity at the beginning of the seventeenth century, that they employed both the prison and the scaffold to maintain their ascendancy. Barneveldt, an eminent statesman, who had adopted the sentiments of the Arminians, was, by a gross perversion of justice, condemned to death, and publicly executed (13th of May 1619); while his friend Grotius was consigned for life to the castle of Louvestein, but from which he was so fortunate as to effect his escape. These form dark passages in the history of Holland, and serve to impress us with the conviction, that, at the period to which we refer, toleration of religious opinion was not understood, even by those

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who had themselves suffered from persecution. During the seventeenth century, Holland formed a place of secure refuge for the persecuted Presbyterians of Scotland; but we must not, on that account, imagine that perfect freedom of religious opinion existed at that era in the former country. The refugee Presbyterians were Calvinists; hence they were received with good-will by the Orange or Calvinist party, which, as just mentioned, was the most powerful and most able to afford protection. The Calvinists of Holland, indeed, carried on very nearly the same kind of war against the Arminians as Charles I. and II., for the sake of Episcopacy, carried on against the Scotch Presbyterians. For example, for many years after the assembly of divines at Dort (1618–19), the Arminians in Rotterdam were not allowed to have a place of public worship, or even to assemble in any place whatever. Their meetings, when they did take place, were frequently interrupted and dispersed by the military, and lives were sometimes lost on such occasions.

In 1747, the great question of monarchical ascendancy in Holland was set at rest by the triumphs of the Orangists, and the appointment of William IV., Prince of Orange, as hereditary stadtholder in all the seven provinces. For about thirty or forty years the republicans were quieted; but on the outbreaking of the French Revolution, they commenced the agitation of the old question, and were instrumental in allowing the pacific conquest of Holland by the French republican army. The Batavian Republic was formed in May 1795; and from this period till the peace in 1814, Holland was a dependency of France. Its constitution was changed several times in the interval, its trade entirely ruined, its colonies were lost, and its domestic peace gone.

From these distresses Holland was relieved by the peace of 1814, when, by a resolution of the Congress of Vienna, it was united with Belgium in forming the kingdom of the Netherlands —William, Prince of Orange, being created king. This arrangement, as is well known, was broken up by the revolution of 1830, when Belgium threw off the rule of the king of the Netherlands, and became a separate state under Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Since that time, the Dutch kingdom has consisted of the following provinces, all lying on the north-east side of the lower main branches of the Rhine:—North Brabant, Guelderland, North Holland, South Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, Overyssel, Groningen, Drenthe, being ten in number, containing in 1850 a population of 3,081,153. The chief colonial possessions of the Netherlands are now Java and Surinam.

Holland has been long noted as a Protestant state, although rather more than a third of the population are Roman Catholics, and there are about 50,000 Jews. The greater number of Protestants are Calvinists in doctrine, and Presbyterian in church-government, with forms of worship resembling those of the Church of Scotland. The connection between the church and state in Holland differs

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somewhat from the practice in England. The Presbyterian Church is considered the state religion; but the clergy of all the other denominations recognised by law, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, also receive salaries from the public purse; and hence it may be said, that religion in Holland is universally dependent on the favour and patronage of the reigning civil power. One of the disadvantages incidental to this arrangement is, that a fresh dissent from recognised standards is scarcely tolerated; the state, as it were, looking with a degree of jealousy on the organisation of any new sect it may be called on to support. In 1839, a secession from the Calvinist body was tolerated, only after much petty persecution, and on its coming under an engagement to take care of its own poor, and to seek no maintenance of its worship from the public purse. Whatever be the exact state of the law on this subject, it is certain that the Dutch of all persuasions are universally distinguished for their piety, their regard for the ordinances of religion, and their considerate forbearance towards each other's opinions.

As will be afterwards noticed in connection with our excursion, the Dutch have practically realised a system of national elementary education, applicable to all sects and parties, and singularly discreet and liberal in its provisions. In this matter alone, the country has secured to itself an enviable position as compared with Great Britain and several other European nations. Specially interested in this subject, it was a principal object of our visit to Holland, to see in practical operation that species of universal instruction which in our own country it seems impossible to realise.

EXCURSION.

It was on a charming day in August, that the steamer in which we had taken passage from London entered the Maas, a large branch of the Rhine, and stood on its way to Rotterdam. The Maas appeared to me to be as large as the Thames, with flat green banks, ornamented with rows of poplars and willows; and beyond them lay extensive fields, devoted to the pasturing of large herds of cattle. The Briel is the first Dutch village that came in sight after entering the river. It lies on the left bank—our right in ascending the river; but so low is the ground, that the tops of the houses and the spire of the church are alone discernible. Having passed the Briel, the next places which occur are Vlaardingen and Schiedam, on the right or opposite bank. Schiedam stands back from the river, but is reached by a broad canal, and is conspicuous by the smoke which issues from the chimneys of gin distilleries, and the vast number of wind-mills which environ it. The great level plains in all directions now seem to be animated with life and bustle. From our point of view, we counted upwards of sixty

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wind-mills, all whirling round to a gentle breeze, and raising in our mind ideas of the industry, peace, and plenty which prevail in the land. After threading its way among the islands and shoals of the Maas, and passing Delftshaven, the port of Delft, our steam-vessel towards noon shot in sight of Rotterdam, which lies on the right bank of the river, and is not seen till almost close upon it. The prospect was different from anything we had previously known. We beheld, stretching along the river for about a mile in length, and facing the south-west, a row of tall and massive trees in full leaf, behind which rose a line of houses to the height of four or five stories, and, though mostly built of dark-coloured brick, having, with their lofty doors and windows, an aspect of princely grandeur. This was the far-famed Boompjes (from Boomtjes, signifying little trees), a street which has no parallel in Europe, and strikes every stranger with surprise. In front of the trees was the quay or retaining-wall close on the water, and here lay a number of large merchant-vessels of different nations, discharging their cargoes; also steam-vessels, carrying the Dutch, German, French, or English flag, and engaged in coasting, crossing the channel, or communicating with the Upper Rhine. Having submitted to a cursory exhibition of passports and luggage, the passengers were allowed to walk on shore, and betake themselves to their different hotels, of which there are several of large extent on the Boompjes.

Persons who are accustomed to see towns composed of streets with carriage-ways in the centre, behold in Rotterdam much to surprise them. In penetrating through the town from the Boompjes, we come to street after street, each consisting of a wide harbour or haven of water in the middle, lined with trees on both sides, and exhibiting a mixture of lofty gable-fronts of houses, trees, and masts of shipping, as odd as it is interesting. Water and water-craft meet the eye in every direction. You find yourself in the midst of a town in which it is difficult to say whether there is a greater number of houses or ships. The deep havens stretch lengthwise and crosswise, like the meshes of a net, through the city; and at every short interval is perceived a draw-bridge of white painted wood, constructed with ponderous balancing beams overhead, and raised by means of chains for the passage of vessels to and fro. The ground beneath the trees is paved with small yellow bricks, and is chiefly occupied as quays for the landing of goods. The space from the trees to near the houses is paved in the usual coarse manner for carts and carriages, and here the foot-passengers are generally obliged to walk, for small outshot buildings, flights of steps to doorways, and such like interruptions, prevent any regular thoroughfare on the small brick *trottoir* close by the houses. The straggling of foot-passengers in the middle of the streets is therefore a distinct feature in all Dutch towns; and the only comfort is, that the streets are more than ordinarily clean for this mode of locomotion. The havens are in few places

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protected by chains from the streets, so that there is a constant liability to accidents. At certain points, communication across the havens is kept up by means of drawbridges, which are opened as occasion requires for the passage of vessels.

A short residence in Rotterdam, and subsequent observation, served to convince me that the personal appearance and private character of the Dutch had been much misrepresented in England. The general idea in Great Britain respecting the Hollanders is, that they are a heavy lumpy people, slow in their movements, antiquated in their apparel, and altogether odd and grotesque in personal appearance. This, I take leave to say, is a misrepresentation. The dress of the people, high and low—with a few trifling exceptions afterwards to be mentioned—did not appear to me to differ from what is seen on the streets of London, the ordinary fashions being precisely the same. The personal bulk of the Dutch is also what we see in the generality of Englishmen; while the women of Holland, and perhaps Rotterdam in particular, are more than ordinarily beautiful.

The situation of the town eminently fits it as the seat of an extensive system of maritime traffic. From the condition of an insignificant fishing-village on the Rotte, a small river uniting with the Maas, and from which the name of the place is derived, the city has risen in the course of many centuries to be one of the principal towns of Holland. In the present day we find it, as I have mentioned, bounded on the south side by the Maas, a river at this place as large and deep as the Thames at Gravesend, and by which it holds the readiest communication, both with the sea at the distance of twenty miles, and with the whole of the countries on the Rhine. The waters of the Maas likewise fill and flow through its havens, so as to bring up ships to the very doors of the merchants in every quarter of the city; while on its inland side it has artificial canals, which communicate, by means of sluices, with the havens or river, and proceed to every town in the country. The houses of the town have a respectable appearance. They are built of brick, generally with pointed gable-ends to the streets, and most of them have been erected since the memorable period when the Spaniards were expelled from the country.

Alongside the havens, the houses are constructed with reference to great processes of trade. Each house may be considered the castle of a merchant, who both resides with his family and carries on the whole of his commercial transactions within the same set of premises. The front part of the building exhibits an elegant door of lofty proportions—fifteen or twenty feet high, for instance—at the head of a flight of steps. On getting a glimpse into the interior, you see a lobby paved with pure white marble, and a stair of the same material leading to the story above, which consists of a suite of lofty rooms, and is the main place of residence of the family. Some of the rooms are furnished in a

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style of great elegance, with rich figured cornices and roofs, silk-draperies to the windows, polished oak-floors, and the walls frequently painted as an entire picture or landscape in oil by an artist of eminence. Near to or under the door of the house is a wide door opening either into a broad paved thoroughfare leading to an inner court, the buildings around which are devoted to the whole warehousing department of the merchant, or into a large dark-looking warehouse piled with goods of various descriptions. A small office within the entry, with the word *Kantoor* written over it, points out the counting-house of the great man of the establishment. Such is a merchant's house of Rotterdam. The bulk of the edifices of this great trading city are of the kind I describe, and therefore it may be readily supposed, that with little outward show a prodigious deal of solid business is transacted. On being conducted through a few of the establishments, I have felt surprise at the extraordinary amount of goods which was piled away, in places where nothing of the kind could be supposed by a stranger to exist.

Since the revolution of 1830, which separated Holland and Belgium, the foreign trade of Rotterdam has considerably increased, in consequence of the migration hither of merchants with their vessels from Antwerp. The quantity of foreign produce brought to Rotterdam, either for home consumption or for transhipment to Germany, is of very large amount. Low trucks or wagons, drawn by powerful black horses, are constantly seen in the streets, loaded with bags of coffee, sugar, cotton, and other articles; and the number of printed advertisements on the walls and bridges, announcing public sales of goods just arrived in the port, attest the amount of traffic carried on.

The most remarkable class of shipping which one sees in the havens of Rotterdam, are the very strangely-shaped vessels which sail up and down the Rhine, and are the carriers of foreign goods to the interior. These are constructed in the old Dutch style, flat in the bottom, and rounded at stem and stern, with the timbers of a lightish-yellow colour, and so highly varnished as to glance in the sun's beams. They are purposely made in this peculiar shape, in order to adapt them for the shallowness of the water in the river. The hold not being sufficiently ample to accommodate both goods and navigators, a wooden house is erected on the deck, and in this the whole family of the owners habitually live. These maritime dwelling-houses are by no means on a mean scale. As may be seen by the long row of windows on both sides, as well as by the chimneys and doors, they contain dining and drawing room, sleeping-apartments, kitchen, and other accommodations for a large family. The windows are clean, with neat dimity curtains hanging in festoons, and verandas outside, on which rows of red-painted flower-pots are placed, with some of those plants and rich-coloured flowers for which Holland is celebrated. The interior of the house is also as neat and ornamental as any modern

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fashionable dwelling; clear burnished brass stoves, dark mahogany and oak furniture, and other means of comfort, being seen disposed on all sides. Some of the vessels I saw in the havens of Rotterdam resembled floating-shops or depôts of earthenware, a large space on the deck being covered with shelves rising above shelves to a great height, the whole burdened with articles of brown and glazed pottery, the manufacture of Germany, and brought in large open boats down the Rhine for disposal to the thrifty housewives of Rotterdam and the adjoining districts of Holland.

Rotterdam possesses several fine old churches, with some other public buildings, the principal of which is the Stadthouse, a large modern structure. From the summit of this last-mentioned edifice, I obtained a most extensive view of the town and country around. Looking southwards across the city, the Maas was perceived winding majestically onwards to the sea, with the rich plains of Isselmonde on the opposite banks, and the lofty church-tower of Dort in the distance. Turning towards the north-west, a large portion of the extensive sea-bordered territory of Holland lay spread out as far as the eye could reach. The church-towers of Schiedam and Delft seemed quite at hand; while the spires of the Hague, further distant, were observed rising from the masses of trees which spread away towards the edge of the horizon. Gouda lay more in an easterly direction; while innumerable pretty villages sprinkled over the scene, and armies of wind-mills in every quarter, served to decorate and fill up the landscape. But one material point still remains to be adverted to. In the direction of Delft, the Hague, and Gouda, there was apparently about as much water as dry ground. The land was full of lakes, or the lakes were full of land—it is all the same which; and then the land was so singularly flat, green, and richly pastoral, with here and there straggling herds of those beautifully-spotted cattle which Paul Potter loved so well to depict on his canvas. When a stranger sees this extraordinary scene, lighted up and clothed in all the glory of summer, and reflects for a moment on the centuries of industry which have been employed to snatch so much valuable territory from the waves of the North Sea, he will own that there is more moral interest in the subject of his contemplation than belongs to any equal extent of country on the globe.

During my stay in Rotterdam, I had an opportunity of seeing the interior of a number of private houses, and admiring the exceeding cleanliness that prevails in the domestic arrangements. In our various walks, we were amused with observing that almost every house has one or more mirrors in frames, fixed to the outsides of the windows, and at such an angle as to command a complete view either of the doorway or of all that passes on the street. These looking-glasses are universal in Holland, both in town and country, and are the solace of the ladies while following their domestic avocations. In cold weather, females enjoy a comfort of a different kind. Each is permitted by fashion to use a

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small footstool, in the form of a square box, open at one side, into which a small pot of live-peat is put; and the heat being allowed to escape through perforations on the upper side of the box, both the feet and limbs are kept in a state of agreeable warmth. These fire-stools are seen everywhere, even in the churches, and are indispensable to the comfort of the ladies of Holland. The peat used is remarkably fine, and being previously brought to a state of red heat all over, it is free from any visible smoke. Every tea-kettle and urn which one sees brought to table, is kept boiling by a simple apparatus of this kind; and by the same plan coffee is kept hot, and obtainable in every quarter at all hours of the day.

The degree of external decorum prevalent among the general population of Holland is, curiously enough, broken in upon during the annual fair, or *kermis*, on which occasion something like saturnalia prevails—a great deal of amusement is executed at once, and done with, until the recurrence of the festival in the succeeding year. The great annual kermis, or fair of Rotterdam, occurred during my stay in the place. In all the principal streets beneath the wide-spreading trees which line the havens, temporary wooden booths and houses were erected, and in these a display of all kinds of light and fancy goods was made. Among the odd and striking costumes of the dealers and visitors from distant places which here meet the eye, we readily singled out those of the females of North Holland and Friesland. These women, with bright blue eyes, flaxen hair, and fresh ruddy complexions, are the perfect living representations of the pure Gothic race. They are selected for their beauty and liveliness of manner by travelling dealers in goods, who hire and bring them from their native district, in order to assist in the sale of articles in the booths. The chief peculiarity of their attire is in the head-dress. Round plates of gold or silver, or perhaps silver gilt, are fitted closely to the head on both sides, and joined together by a narrow stripe behind. Across the brow is a band of gold, in some instances ornamented with diamonds. Over the head-plates, a cap of richly-wrought lace with a straight border is placed, and having a deep frill of lace falling over the shoulders. The wearing of costly ornaments is common among the humbler classes of women in Holland. The first consideration, after procuring the simplest attire, is the saving of money to purchase gold necklaces, earrings, and other trinkets. Many female domestic servants in Rotterdam may thus be seen with twenty pounds' worth of jewellery about their persons. In these things, indeed, they have much pride, for they constitute their dowry, and, if need be, in the event of marriage, are devoted to the acquisition of necessary articles for their household; they are also viewed as the means of liquidating the expenses of their interment in a respectable manner, should no other fund exist for that necessary purpose. An unmarried Dutch female in humble life, therefore, who cannot make a good show of jewellery, is considered to be thriftless and

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poor, and has, accordingly, little chance of receiving the addresses of a suitor.

Laying out of view the periodical saturnalia at the annual fairs, the general habits of the Dutch are extremely orderly; and neither drunkenness nor any of that nocturnal indecency is seen on the public thoroughfares, which disgrace every large town in Britain with which I am acquainted. No women of loose character are allowed to perambulate the streets, the police very properly compelling them to remain within their dwellings, where they are under close supervision.

Serious crimes, such as murder, housebreaking, and robbery, are exceedingly rare in Holland; and although the towns are crowded with strangers during the fairs, and there are then plenty of valuable goods in a most unprotected state on the streets, offences requiring judicial correction are exceedingly limited in number. In walking through the densest crowds by night or day, we never felt the smallest alarm for the safety of either our persons or property. Possibly this absence of a spirit of depredation and disorder, is due not less to the steady habits of the Dutch than to the strictness of police regulations. As in France, strangers require passports and licences to reside even for a short period in any of the towns, and strict rules of various kinds are enforced. For one thing, every one carrying on an industrial occupation is taxed according to his profession; and the system of police registration of houses and persons may be said to establish a universal knowledge of everybody's business or pursuits. Judged by the rigorously methodical arrangements of Holland, our own country seems almost a social chaos. I should be sorry to see the justly-prized liberty of England infringed upon, but it is not to be denied that vast numbers of our population—hordes of loose and disorderly children, and men and women abandoned to habitual intemperance and the neglect of all domestic duties—are a scandal, a nuisance, and a source of danger.

What from the general industry of the people, and from the strictness of police regulations, few or no beggars or vagrants are seen in Holland. Rags and wretchedness rarely meet the eye. The necessitous poor are supported chiefly by voluntary contributions in the churches and elsewhere. Every opportunity is taken to levy a small sum for this purpose. The opening of an improved footpath, or the execution of any other work of public convenience, forms an appropriate occasion for placing a box with *Gedenkt den Armen* (Think of the Poor), inscribed above it. A still more effectual plan of raising funds for the poor, consists in levying a percentage on the price of all tickets of admission to theatres, exhibitions, shows, or other public amusements; this tax, I believe, is about a penny in every shilling of the admission-money. In the churches, the collections for the poor are made by the deacons of the congregation; a small black velvet bag, with a bell as a tassel, is fixed to the end of a long rod, and held before each perso

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for his alms. The quantity of money fished in this way is, as may be supposed, pretty considerable, for every one feels obliged to put something in the bag.

While in Rotterdam, I made my first visits to the elementary schools of different grades, and acquired information respecting the system of national education. The law on which the system of instruction is founded dates from 1806, but owing to political disquietudes, it did not come into operation till 1814, when it was enforced by a decree of William the First. This law is remarkably complete as regards the establishment of schools, the appointment of teachers, and the course of education. The great object held in view, is the education in simple branches of secular knowledge of every child in the country; and this appears to be accomplished in a manner the most satisfactory to all classes of the people. The working of the law is committed to general and local inspectors or commissioners, and boards of management; and no teacher is allowed to exercise his profession till he has been twice examined —once for general qualification, and a second time for a special appointment to a school.

I found that there are not many schools of a high rank, no corporation academies, and exceedingly few schools in which Latin is taught. The better class of schools are conducted by respectable teachers at their own risk, and their attention is generally confined to a limited number of pupils. Next below these in rank are the Intermediate or Tusschen Schools (*Tusschen* signifying between), at which the children of tradesmen, and other persons above the condition of poor, are taught, on payment of small fees. Below the Tusschen are the Armen, or Poor Schools, at which all the pupils are taught gratuitously. The law does not compel parents to send their children to a school of some kind, as is the case in Prussia; but this can hardly be called a deficiency. The poor are not allowed any relief from public funds, unless they send their children to the Armen Schools; and this forms a perfectly sufficient inducement. Other persons above the condition of actual paupers are animated with the desire to have their children instructed, which will be done gratuitously, if they please; so that, in point of fact, all are educated. All the children in Holland may not, indeed, be at school at any given time, but every one goes to school at some time, and therefore there is none without education.

The most remarkable peculiarity in this system of national education, is the separation of religious or doctrinal from secular instruction. The provision for this arrangement makes it imperative 'that the scholars be not left without instruction in the doctrinal creed of the religious community to which they belong; but that this part of the instruction shall not be exacted from the schoolmaster.'

One of the first schools I visited was the largest of the Poor Schools, situated in an edifice appropriated to sundry offices con-

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nected with the management of the poor of the town, in the midst of a dense population of the lower classes. The school occupies a series of large apartments in two upper floors, and consists of about 1000 children, separated into divisions under different assistant-masters. The head-master, an intelligent man, who spoke French fluently, and shewed the utmost desire to explain everything, conducted us through the establishment. The children are obviously, from their appearance, of a humble class in society; but they are much cleaner than the children of the Scottish poor, and I observed that all wore wooden shoes. Boys and girls are taught together, a practice which is generally followed in the Dutch schools. The classes sit at sloping tables, all with their faces in one direction, and with the hands crossed over each other on the bench in front. The teachers have no seats, but walk constantly about among the tables, or stand near the black-boards on the walls when explaining any branch of study. Instruction is given in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history of Holland, Bible history, and general moral and religious knowledge. I inquired of the head-master if any catechetical or doctrinal instruction formed part of the course of instruction; and he answered that it did not. The children belong to different religious bodies, and attend their respective clergymen on stated occasions, for instruction in the doctrines and special principles of religion.

On the same day that I visited this institution, I was taken to see one of the largest of the Intermediate Schools. It had 500 pupils of both sexes. The education is nearly the same as that at the Poor School, but fees are charged. The pupils are, as usual, instructed in religion by their respective clergy at appointed times. A single pupil pays four stivers, or pence, weekly; two from the same family pay threepence each, and three pay twopence half-penny each. The higher class of girls are taught sewing in the evening for one penny a week additional. The school is rather confined for lack of room, but it is excellently conducted, and forms quite a model for Tusschen Schools generally. A large private school now attracted my attention. It consisted of 100 children, from five to fourteen years of age, each of whom pays sixty guilders (L.5) annually. They were taught Dutch, German, French, and English, along with the ordinary elementary branches of instruction. Here I observed, for the first time, that children are begun to be taught foreign tongues at a very early age, so that when they reach their twelfth or thirteenth year, they are in reality adepts at speaking the principal modern languages. Most of the other private schools resemble this, and require no particular notice; at only one, called the Erasmus School, Latin is taught; and the pupils acquiring a knowledge of that tongue are not above forty in number. The largest of the Infant Schools which I visited was in a flourishing state. It was attended by 200 rosy-faced young children, all of whom

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seem as happy as possible, and in the way of receiving correct early impressions, and being trained for schools of a higher grade.

Of my inquiries into the state of education, further notice will afterwards be taken. In the meanwhile, I may proceed to notice some of the more interesting points in my excursion.

The principal cities in Holland—Delft, Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht—are situated in the district of country north from Rotterdam, and are all so near to each other, that they can very soon be visited. At the period of my excursion, the means of public conveyance were by diligences and track-boats on the canals; but since that time railways have been established, and, consequently, travelling in Holland is not inferior to what it is now in England.

The first place of interest I reached on my journey was Delft, an old-fashioned brick-town, with old gateways, and lines of trees and bowers in the middle of the streets. In former times, the town was the great seat of the manufacture of the kind of earthenware to which it gave its own name of Delft; this product of Dutch art has long been superseded by the pottery of Staffordshire, and delft, in this as in other branches of trade, has sunk into a state of partial decay. The town, ancient, quiet, and solemn, contains only three places deemed interesting to strangers, and these I despatched in the space of little more than two hours. The first I proceeded to was the spot on which took place the assassination of William I., Prince of Orange. This personage had been mainly instrumental in expelling the Spaniards from the country, and effecting the union of the seven provinces of Holland. For this he incurred the hatred of a partisan of the Spanish cause, Balthazar Geraarts, and by this wretch was foully shot in his palace at Delft, when about to ascend a staircase after dinner. In the present day, the palace, or *prinsenhof*, serves the purpose of a barrack for soldiers, and consists of a plain brick building within a courtyard. The spot where the murder took place is within a lobby at the bottom of a flight of steps, and the marks of the shot are pointed out in the wall. As is seen by an inscription, this deplorable event took place on the 10th of July 1584. Adjourning from this spot of historical interest, I proceeded to the New Church of Delft, situated at the east end of the market-place, in which the tomb of William is shewn as one of the most magnificent objects of art in Holland. This fine old Gothic church possesses a conspicuous lofty tower, in which is hung one of the best peals of bells in Europe. The interior of the edifice has been lately completely modernised in its furniture, and has nothing to attract curiosity but two objects in the open choir—the tombs of the Prince of Orange and of Grotius. The monument of Grotius is adjacent, on the north wall of the choir, and consists of a marble obelisk, with a cenotaph, on which is the simple inscription HUGONI GROTIO SACRUM. The man whom the Dutch consigned

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to a prison for life, is now, in death, honoured with a monument next to that of kings!

The Oude Kirk, or Old Church of Delft, is a structure remarkable for its extreme antiquity and huge size. It is situated in a main street, and on approaching it the stranger is amazed at the enormous mass of brick, gray with age, which meets his eye. It is some 700 or 800 years old, and seems indebted for its protracted existence to the clusters of parasitical houses and shops built within the recesses of its buttressed walls. The interior is not less ancient in aspect, though much of the internal furniture for public worship has been lately improved. On entering the edifice by a side-door, the wide open choir, dimly lighted, and paved with old well-worn monumental stones, is before you. Silence reigns in the vast and sombre expanse, and in reverential awe we approach the tomb of Tromp.

Martin Harpertzoon Tromp was the Nelson of Holland, and deserves a word in passing. Born at the Briel in 1579, he in early life entered the naval service of the states-general, and in 1639 was promoted to the rank of admiral. From this period he was almost constantly engaged in warring with the fleets of Spain or England. Accompanied with De Ruyter, he stood forward as the antagonist of Blake, whom he met and vanquished in the Downs in November 1652. On this occasion he pursued the English fleet into the Medway, and burned a vessel at Spithead. Flushed with victory, and like a true sailor, he caused a broom to be fastened to his mast-head, as a sign that he could sweep the Channel of the English. In the following year, his career of victory was brought summarily to a close. At the head of a fleet of 120 vessels, and aided with the presence of De Witt and De Ruyter, he encountered the English off the Dutch coast, and in the midst of the battle he fell, pierced with a musket-ball. 'Courage, my boys!' exclaimed the sinking hero, faintly waving his sword; 'my course is ended with glory!' The victory was gained by the English only after very great loss. It is recorded of Tromp, that he was conqueror in thirty-three naval engagements. Till the present day, the Dutch speak of him with exultation; and pictures of his famed exploits on the English coast are frequently to be seen in their houses. The monument over his tomb in the church at Delft is placed on the end wall of the choir. It is a large structure, in white, red, and black marble, with a figure of the veteran warrior reclining on a bier in the centre of the piece. Beneath, is a representation in marble of the great event of his life —the victory over Blake in the Downs. At a short distance, in the north transept, is erected a similar monument in marble, to Admiral Hein, the early friend and associate of Tromp, and who was killed by a shot while Tromp was fighting at his side. In one of the aisles of the same ancient structure is pointed out the tomb of Leuwenhoek, the eminent naturalist, who was a native of Delft.

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Having sufficiently examined these objects of interest in Delft, and observed that, with all its dulness, the town is both neat and cleanly in a very high degree, I pursued my journey in the direction of the Hague, which lies at the distance of about four or five miles. On this occasion I chose the public treckschuit, or canal-boat, for a means of conveyance. Vessels of this description are so very common in Holland, that one may travel by them in almost every direction, and at an exceedingly small cost. They are fitted up with a neat cabin, and also a steerage, like canal-boats in England, and are drawn by one or two horses; the horses, however, are in all cases made to draw by a rope passing to them from the top of a mast, instead of from the bows of the vessel. This arrangement prevents the friction of the rope on the banks or in the water, and the mast is lowered at every bridge under which the boat passes in its course.

The sail on the canal from Delft to the Hague forms an agreeable little trip. The country becomes more woody, and thickly dotted with wind-mills, farm-cottages, and ornamental villas; and we pass on our left the ancient town of Ryswick, where, in 1697, the famous treaty of peace between England, France, Holland, Germany, and Spain, was effected. At an interval of every few minutes we pass a villa of some wealthy retired Dutchman, or individual connected with the court at the Hague. These edifices are usually of brick, plastered and painted, to look as trim and tidy as if just taken out of a box; and, with their close-shaven bit of lawn in front, their narrow wet-ditch separating the domain from the public thoroughfare, their little bridge across the said ditch, surmounted with a dashing wooden gateway, their clusters of dahlias growing *a l'Anglaise* in round patches among the shrubbery, and, lastly, their fresh-painted summer-house, commanding a view of all that passes on the canal and road, impart an idea of the retired leisure and comfort which here attend a life spent in successful industry. Every house or establishment of this nature in Holland is styled a *Luist*, or Pleasure, and is known by a particular motto or sentiment inscribed on the gateway. We frequently amused ourselves by translating these mottoes, and I find the following among others entered in my note-book:—BUITEN GEDACHTEN, Beyond Expectation; ONS GENOEGEN, Our Contentment; LUST EN RUST, Pleasure and Rest or Ease; NIET ZOO QUAALYK, Not so Bad; MYN GENEGENHIED IS VOLDAAN, My Desire is Satisfied.

A pleasant run of an hour in the treckschuit brought us alongside the quay of one of the havens of the Hague, and we were forthwith at liberty to perambulate the town in search of those objects which render it interesting to travellers. Before saying anything of these, it may be of use to mention that the Hague is an appellation conferred only by the English. The French call it La Haye, and the Dutch *Den Haag*, or *S'Hage*, being an abbreviation of S'Gravenhage; the literal signification of which is, the

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Count's Haugh or Meadow. The name, it seems, is traced to the circumstance of the place having formed a residence for the Counts of Holland in the thirteenth century, since which time the town has gradually increased to its present size, with a population of about 60,000 souls. The Hague possesses the usual features of a Dutch town—brick houses and brick pavements, canals in several of the streets, and rows of leafy trees shading the houses from the sun. In general appearance, however, it is much superior to that of the trading and commercial cities. It is the seat of the court and government, and has therefore many of the peculiarities of a capital. To my feeling, it had a lightness and airiness which other places wanted. Excepting in those streets appropriated to shops and the residence of the humbler orders, the houses are lofty and aristocratic in their aspect; and the beauty and magnificence of the avenues of trees which environ the town on its northern extremity, cannot be surpassed. The Hague also possesses several fine open squares or places, in one of which is an edifice of great antiquity, now called the *Lotterie Hall;* the *Vynerberg*, another open place, is ornamented with a lake in the centre, in which rises a small island loaded with foliage. Close by this pretty sheet of water are situated the chief palatial structures which attract the attention of strangers.

One of these, an elegant building of the seventeenth century, and originally the palace of Prince Maurice, is now occupied as a National or Royal Museum for objects of antiquity and curiosity in the lower floor, and paintings above. The picture-gallery, to which we first paid a visit, is of large extent, and exceeded anything of the kind we had previously seen. Not the least of its recommendations is that of being open to the free inspection of the public, and we therefore found in it persons of all ranks of society, and stranger artists belonging to different nations copying the principal pieces. It would be hopeless to attempt to convey, within the limited compass of these pages, any correct idea of this invaluable collection of works of art. An ample staircase leads to a group of lofty apartments, all of which are hung with pictures of the chief masters, and others selected for their excellence. The principal pictures are those of Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, Paul Potter, Wouvermanns, Teniers, and Berghem, with a few by Vernet and Murillo. The grand object of attraction is Paul Potter's Bull, a picture which occupies pretty nearly the whole end of one of the rooms. The representation is that of a young bull with brown and white spots, a cow reclining on the green-sward before it, two or three sheep, and an aged cow-herd leaning over a fence—all as large as life; the background being a distant landscape. A person with no critical skill whatever at once recognises the fidelity of the piece. The chief animal in the group appears to stand out in bold relief, with a briskness in its air which is perfectly startling; such, also, is the minuteness of the touching, in order to make every hair on the hide and forehead

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of the creature tell, that the picture will endure the closest inspection. This highly-prized work of art was carried off to Paris by order of Napoleon, and hung in the Louvre, but was afterwards restored to the Dutch.

The Royal Museum of Curiosities in the lower apartments is of great extent and value. Two or three of the principal rooms are entirely occupied with articles from China and Japan, countries from which the Dutch have possessed peculiar means of procuring objects of virtù.

From the Museum we proceeded to the palace of the king of Holland, situated in a street diverging to the north, and noway secluded from the public thoroughfare. The building, which is in the Grecian style, consists of a centre and two wings, forming a façade on three sides of a square. As the royal family was at the time out of town, we had an opportunity of seeing the interior, which displays a suite of princely apartments on the first floor, chiefly adapted as state reception-rooms for the king and queen. The only valuable object of virtù shewn to strangers, is a magnificent vase of green jasper, five feet in height, which was presented by the emperor of Russia to his majesty, and is intended as a baptismal-font. The palace of the Prince of Orange, a large but plain edifice, situated in an angle of one of the open Places, and to which we next traced our steps, is usually considered more worthy of the visits of strangers than the house of the king. It contains a number of pictures of great excellence, chiefly modern Dutch painters, among whom may be mentioned Wappers, Knip, and Gustof.

Having seen all that is considered remarkable in the Hague, I devoted a few hours to making inquiries regarding the various schools. These, it will be recollected, formed a primary object of inquiry to Cousin in 1836. There are, as I found, five Armen Schools in the town, at which every child of parents in humble circumstances is instructed gratis, on a plan similar to that at Rotterdam, which I have already described.

In the evening, our party enjoyed a walk to the environs, where there is a beautiful park with forest scenery called Voorbout. From these agreeable grounds, which are open to the public, we drove to the coast to visit Scheveningen, a small watering-place, much resorted to by the inhabitants of the Hague, and celebrated for its industry in fishing. The village we found planted among huge downs formed of loose sand blown up from the sea-shore; and here the formation of these barriers to the ocean may be advantageously studied.

I have now to ask the reader to accompany us on an excursion from Hague to Leyden. Proceeding in the morning by the public diligence, we were driven at an easy pace along the smooth brick-paved road which passes through parks and forests. All was fresh and still, like a true autumnal morning. The mower was seen hieing with his scythe on his shoulder to his

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healthful employment; the small birds were heard cheerily singing in the woods; the light streams of blue smoke curled up from the cottages of the foresters; and the eye was ever and anon delighting in the prospect of open glades richly dotted with clumps of oak, and hazel-bushes of a lovely green, and groups of cattle peacefully grazing in the distance. The scene was altogether sylvan in its aspect, very unlike the generality of Dutch landscapes. As the road advances, the country becomes more open, and forms a favourite hunting-ground of the royal family, and other persons of rank. That which appears most remarkable to an English traveller, here and elsewhere in Holland, is the total want of fences to the roads. The highway proceeds amidst plantations of trees, across open fields, and through coppices, without boundary-walls or hedges, and nothing prevents the straggler from injuring the adjacent woods and grounds, if he felt disposed to do so. Yet I was informed such trespasses are of extremely rare occurrence.

Leyden is situated on a small branch of the Rhine, at the distance of eleven miles north-east from the Hague, and is entered by ancient gateways, after crossing its cingel. On the outer side of this cingel, or wet ditch, which encompasses the town in all parts except where cut by the Rhine, there is planted a beautiful double avenue of trees, forming agreeable walks for the citizens; and on the inner side rise the low green mounds which serve the purpose of walls to this venerable city. In the present day, these tokens of warfare only remain as memorials of a past state of things. The country round Leyden is reckoned the most fertile in the lower part of Holland, and is usually termed the garden of the Rhine, or Rhynland.

The branch of the Rhine upon which Leyden is situated was at one period the principal outlet of that mighty river, and is still the only branch which retains the name of Rhine as far as the sea. Attracted by the suitableness of the place for communicating with the interior of Germany, the Romans here founded a city, to which they gave the appellation of Lugdunum Batavorum, which the place still classically retains. In the present day, we find the old Rhine at Leyden shrunk to the condition of a moderately large canal, and ramified through a number of the streets in the usual Dutch style. The modern name of Leyden appears to be derived from the small river Leyde, which here unites its waters with the Rhine, and helps to fill the havens and the cingel. As a university town, Leyden is the Oxford of Holland; but it bears no architectural resemblance to that famed seat of English learning. Its whole aspect is democratic. No Gothic structures embellish its streets; and its plain collegiate halls of stone and brick bespeak the simple nature of its institutions.

From Leyden we proceeded to Haarlem, the route conducting us through a well-wooded piece of country, and affording glimpses of the Haarlem Sea, once an extensive sheet of water formed by

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the intrusion of the sea, but which has latterly been drained at a great cost by engineering appliances. Haarlem is a quiet old Dutch town, decayed from its former importance, and celebrated now only for two things—its great church-organ, and its tulip-gardens.

The great organ is in the church of St Bavan, which is situated in the side of a large square or market-place, and may be visited at certain times during the week. One of these occasions occurred during our stay in the place. The church itself, seated for a Presbyterian congregation, is bare and cheerless in the interior. Interest is centered in the organ, which is a stupendous structure, resting on a number of white and black marble pillars. Strangers having taken their seats, the music began. First, a voluntary was played, to bring out the loud strong tones; then followed the softest and most melting strain; after which a quick air was given, involving a wide variety of notes. In playing one of the airs, a tone closely resembling the human voice was occasionally brought out from the *vox humana* pipe, and was quite thrilling in its effect when blended with the sweet warbling of the lesser tones. Altogether, the effect was striking, and calculated to excite the most pleasing emotions. But it fell short of my expectations in point of sublimity: and at the close of the display, it was my conviction that the tones of several large organs in England are, upon the whole, much finer. The instrument consists of nearly 5000 pipes, some of them of 15 inches in diameter, and 32 feet in length. After the church was cleared of the throng, we were, at our solicitation, conducted by the coster, or keeper, to the great tower, which springs from the centre of the edifice, and which we ascended to the height of 300 feet. From an external stone parapet at this altitude, we obtained a most extensive view eastwards across the Haarlem Sea, on the further side of which the towers of Amsterdam were conspicuous; northwards rose the sand-hills on the coast, shutting out the view of the ocean; and in all other quarters the country was seen spread out like a richly-planted park or garden.

While in Haarlem, I visited several elementary schools; among others, those of Mr Prinsen, which have a wide celebrity, and also a respectable Tusschen School. In these seminaries was found the same system of education that afforded me so much gratification elsewhere. At the Tusschen school, I as usual questioned the teacher as to the method adopted for communicating religious instruction. He answered, that he took every occasion of enforcing the principle of religious and moral obligation, when such a theme was appropriate in the exercises on words and sentiments in the lessons, but that no catechism or religious work formed a part of the course of instruction. The following conversation now ensued between us:—'Where are your pupils taught the doctrines and other essential matters in religion?'—'All are taught these things by the clergymen to whose congregations their parents belong.' 'How

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is this managed?'—'Two hours a week are allowed for their attendance at the clergymen's houses or churches; but I don't interfere in the matter, and leave parents to manage these affairs with their priests.' 'Do you know how the children in the school are divided into sects—that is, how many in each?'—'O no; I never inquire of what religion a child is when it is sent to me; indeed, I cannot help feeling surprised how you should ask such a strange question.' I told him that I was governed by no idle curiosity in asking these questions; that I was much gratified in observing the fervent piety and orderly manners of the Dutch, and therefore was interested in the manner of their religious education; that if he had no objection, I should like to be permitted to ask the children, one after the other, to what religious party they belonged. This was good-humouredly agreed to. Selecting the first form in front, he began at the topmost boy, and bidding him stand up, asked him in a kindly way what religion he was of. The child uttered the word 'Romsch;' the next said 'Reformaire,' and so did the third; the fourth was a Jew; then followed Mennonite (Baptist) and Lutheran—and so on: there was a mixture of all sects so far as we went. 'I am now perfectly satisfied; I see that there is a thorough mixture of all sects in the school. But may I ask if they ever taunt or abuse each other on account of their religion?'—'No,' replied the teacher, 'they never, to my knowledge, do such a thing: in all my experience I never heard of such a thing.' This closed the conversation, and we retired.

We may now proceed to the tulip-gardens of Haarlem. The sun shone in cloudless splendour as we walked through the western suburbs of the town, and emerged on the road which had brought us from Leyden on the previous day. A few steps carried us into the piece of park scenery which lies in this quarter, and is only surpassed in beauty by the Bosch at the Hague. It is perfectly open to the public. Wander where you will, in the avenues of tall beeches and elms, or in the smaller paths which cross the fields, no one hinders or molests you. At the head of a fine vista in the landscape, and at no great distance from the public road, stands a large elegant mansion in the Grecian style of architecture, styled the Pavilion. It was built upwards of forty years ago by Mr Hope, an eminent merchant of Amsterdam, who sold it, with the adjacent domain, to Louis Bonaparte, when king of Holland.

Adjacent to the grounds of the Pavilion, and lying in a southerly direction from the town, are the famous tulip and flower gardens, or 'Bloemen-Tuinen,' as they are called on the various sign-boards over the entrances. Each garden is secluded from the public road by a high wall, or a brick-house tidily painted; and when admitted, you find yourself in the midst of offices or warehouses devoted to the great business of drying and packing the roots. Thence the garden stretches out to the length of perhaps a quarter of a mile

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by a breadth of a hundred yards, and is separated from other gardens, as well as frequently divided across, by partitions of wood six feet high. In the sunny square spots thus sectioned off, we perceive, according to the season, all the varieties of tulips, dahlias, hyacinths, ranunculuses, and various other flowers; also shrubs and plants. We were politely conducted by Mr Krelage, one of the principal bloemists, over his extensive garden. I remarked that here, as elsewhere in Dutch flower-gardens, there is a practice of covering the surface of the ground with sand. All the flowers appear to grow from a soil like that of the sea-shore; but this is merely an exterior dressing: beneath the layer of sand the ground is rich and soft, like that of the best prepared flower-beds. The drying-houses are filled with shelves, in stands, on which are spread myriads of roots; and in adjacent apartments men are kept constantly busy packing for exportation. In packing, each root is first twisted into a small piece of paper, and then a hundred are put together in a paper-bag, according to sorts. The bags are afterwards packed in cases, and are thus sent to all parts of the world. Mr Krelage mentioned that he exported annually 100,000 hyacinths, 300,000 crocuses, 200,000 tulips, and 100,000 ranunculuses, besides many roots of other flowers.

In the present day, the exportation of all these flower-roots from Haarlem is a matter of sober trade, and is noway tainted with the wild speculative spirit which once characterised it. About 200 years ago, as is well known, the roots of tulips became objects of such general interest, that to obtain a single root of some peculiar sort cost a fortune. In 1637, they were actually converted into stock by a set of stockbrokers in Amsterdam, and keenly purchased, like shares in a favourite undertaking. According to the accounts given of this stock-jobbing mania, one of the kinds of tulips, called the *Semper Augustus*, rose to the factitious value of 2000 florins for each root. Neither these nor any other roots, however, were ever delivered, or passed from hand to hand; the whole of the sales and purchases were a series of gambling transactions, or speculations on the demand for the article, and were finally suppressed as illegal by the Dutch government. The greater part of the tulip-roots now cultivated and sold by the bloemists of Haarlem are valued from a penny to twentypence each, though there are some much higher in price.

On looking from the higher parts of Haarlem in an easterly direction, the numerous lofty spires of Amsterdam are visible on the horizon at a distance of twelve miles. They appeared as if rising from the further shore of the Haarlem Sea, which, as already stated, is now nearly drained. By a road along the margin of this sheet of water we proceeded on our journey—a road now superseded by an adjoining railway—to Amsterdam, the largest city in the Dutch Netherlands. Rotterdam, with its havens, its wooden drawbridges, and its lines of trees, had prepared me for the appearance of this large city; nevertheless, I

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found myself in the midst of a scene of considerable novelty and interest. Amsterdam stands on the southern bank of the Y, or Ai, a neck of sea inferior in breadth to the Mersey at Liverpool, but possessing all the appearance of a navigable firth. The quays and piers rise sheer out of the water, so as to afford the greatest facility for the shipment of goods from the warehouses. The country on the opposite bank is bare, with a few houses at a ferry, and will come under our notice by and by. The figure of Amsterdam is that of a large semicircle, with its straight side on the Ai, and extending two or three miles inland. The river Amstel, from which the town takes its name, intersects it diagonally from the south, and assists in filling the numerous havens in the streets. The cingel, or exterior belt of water, pursues a zig-zag line round the sites of ancient bastions, which are now crowned with windmills; and the ramparts being levelled, space is afforded for public walks of the usual agreeable character.

It is beyond the power of any writer to convey a correct idea of the apparently inextricable maze, or rather the bewildering confusion, of land and water in this remarkable city. So much is the town interwoven with havens, that the ground is cut up into ninety-five islands or detached blocks, which are connected with each other by 290 bridges. The principal havens, called here graghts, are from 100 to 140 feet wide, and extend in semicircular curves one after the other through the town. In consequence of this peculiar arrangement, the traveller, after entering at one of the outports, is compelled to cross a number of broad harbours before he reaches his place of destination at the interior. In making the necessary deflections in passing from graght to graght, all recollection of points of the compass vanishes, and the impression sinks into his mind that he is wandering in a labyrinth, from which it is impossible to escape by his own unassisted efforts.

All the houses are built of brick, and generally rise to a height of four or five stories, with fantastic pointed gables in front. Instead of rising from the street, as at Rotterdam, many have a sunk cellar story, which is inhabited by persons following some humble trade, or is occupied as a small shop. Above is the main dwelling, reached by a few outside steps; and the common practice prevails of having back-courts with wide entrances, for carrying on extensive mercantile concerns. Little or no freestone is seen here or anywhere else in Holland. Door-steps, flag-stones, and monumental tablets, are usually of a hard blue stone, of the limestone order, which is largely imported for these purposes, and has a disagreeable coldness in its aspect. Many of the houses are constructed in an elegant style, with splendid interior decorations, suitable for the residences of wealthy merchants; but no street I observed, excepting the Graghts, can be described as possessing a general appearance above that of Wapping, or any similar part of London. All the houses are erected on piles of wood driven into the soft ground; but so insufficient is this precaution in giving

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stability, that many of the buildings, as at Rotterdam, lean considerably from the perpendicular, and seem as if about to fall into the streets. About thirty years ago, a large warehouse, containing a heavy weight of corn, was unable to keep itself above ground, and went down like a stone half sunk in the mud. The same arrangement exists here as at Rotterdam respecting the growing of lines of trees, and paving with brick on the quays; but so narrow is the roadway between the houses and the water, that in some of the most respectable streets a coach cannot conveniently turn.

Formerly, the channels of the havens were, from some tidal influences, frequently offensive; but this, I believe, has been remedied, and now the havens have constantly more or less water in them, against which no serious complaint can be raised. This liquid, however, is unfit for drinking; and therefore, although situated amidst so much water, few towns are so ill supplied with this indispensable article of daily use as Amsterdam. The deficiency is partly supplied by rain-water collected from the roofs of the houses, and partly by means of carts, which bring water from a neighbouring river. Seltzer water, a sparkling fluid imported in stone-bottles from Germany, is pretty generally consumed at table by the more opulent classes. Judging from these various peculiarities of character, it will doubtless appear to the reader, that Amsterdam is anything but a comfortable or agreeable place of residence. The stranger, indeed, feels surprised that human beings can willingly choose to live in it, and that they are able to preserve their health in so humid a climate. There is a buoyancy of mind, however, which, when men are animated with love of country, or of political and religious freedom, and, above all, inspired with hopes of pecuniary advantage, leads them to disregard physical annoyances.

From the condition of a fishing-village on the Amstel, in the thirteenth century, Amsterdam (or Amstelridam, as it was originally called) rose, under the fostering privileges of the Counts of Flanders, to be a commercial town of considerable importance; and the establishment of the Dutch independence so greatly accelerated its prosperity, that in the beginning of the seventeenth century it had attained the first rank as a maritime city. It became the entrepôt of commerce; ships visited it from all nations; its merchants were famed for their honesty and frugality; and its bank enabled it to take the lead in the great pecuniary concerns of Europe. During this period of prosperity, its burgomasters exercised a power hardly less influential on the fate of Holland than that of the stadtholder or president of the republic. Their civic establishment, or Stadthouse, which included the Bank of Amsterdam, still survives, and is more magnificent, even in its altered condition, than any royal palace in England. The Bank of Amsterdam at one time exercised great influence on European money affairs; but having fallen into a state of insolvency about

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sixty years ago, its credit was never recovered. Latterly, the bank-building, a large and elegant structure, has been appropriated as a palace for the king of Holland. The interior is splendidly decorated, and contains a collection of fine paintings by native artists.

Amsterdam has been styled the Venice of the north. Commerce is the prevailing object of pursuit. Neither the Dutch in general, nor the citizens of this large city in particular, are noted for their manufacturing industry. The genius of the people evidently lies in buying and selling—making money by traffic, or the water-carriage of goods. The only manufactures worth noticing are of dye-stuffs, some cotton and silk fabrics, strong liquors, refined sugar, leather, cordage, and cut diamonds. The preparation or cutting of diamonds for the lapidaries is peculiar to the town. There are five principal establishments, besides many of a smaller description, devoted to this business, and nearly all belonging to Jews.

The Dutch whale-fishery is, I believe, nearly extinct, only a few vessels being employed in the South-sea fishing; but the trade of fishing and curing herrings, which was once so important, is still carried on upon a considerable scale. It is the custom in Holland to decorate the shops for the sale of fish as soon as the new herrings for the season are brought to market. In Amsterdam we observed some shops garnished, on this account, with large crowns of gaudy flowers and coloured ribbons over their doorways. Amsterdam continues to possess a considerable trade in ship-building, both for government and private individuals. The royal dockyard is situated on the Ai, at the north-eastern corner of the town, and is as extensive and under as excellent management as that on the Thames at Deptford. The general mercantile trade of the port has, like that at Rotterdam, been improving since the separation of Holland from Belgium, though not to the same extent. The situation of Amsterdam is much inferior to that of Rotterdam for conducting a commerce on a large scale, either with foreign countries or with the interior of Germany. The communication between Amsterdam and the sea for large vessels is carried on by means of a ship-canal, fifty-two miles in length, leading from the opposite shore of the Ai to Helder and the Texel, while it has no great river behind it like the Rhine to float steam-vessels and lighters to the higher regions of the continent. As a well-established emporium of traffic, however, Amsterdam takes the lead among the ports of the Netherlands; and as the seat of a stock-exchange of considerable local and some general influence, it possesses an importance of character in which other towns with greater physical advantages are deficient. The merchants are signalised for their commercial integrity and patient industry, and, as may be supposed, many of them have realised ample fortunes by their business.

To the museums, picture-galleries, educational establishments,

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and other institutions in Amsterdam, I have not here space particularly to allude. I was informed of a class of hospitals, or Provident Asylums, established in most of the large towns for the comfortable maintenance of aged men and women, who are admitted on payment of a comparatively small sum. These establishments, which are on a respectable footing, are found to be very suitable for the reception of aged domestic servants; and, therefore, persons in that rank of life may, by timely savings, retire thither in their old days. Masters and mistresses frequently reward old and faithful servants by paying for their admission to these excellent institutions. As a transient resident in Amsterdam, I do not feel myself entitled to give any opinion as to the moral results of the great system of eleemosynary provision which is there established; I can speak with certainty only of the fact, that neither here nor elsewhere in Holland were we troubled with mendicants in the streets (although occasionally alms were sought from us by children); and this absence of beggars may be assumed as a decided trait of good social management on the part of the Dutch.

While at Amsterdam, however, we were persuaded to cross the Ai to see the great ship-canal which leads to the sea at Helder, and to make an excursion a few miles further to the village of Broek, or Brook.

In performing this short trip, we first crossed the Ai in a ferry-boat, and then hiring a drosky, went on without delay. The country around was green and pastoral; herds of black and white spotted cattle browsed in the polders; and at short intervals we passed trim-looking farmhouses and cottages, whose inhabitants seem exclusively devoted to the preparing of dairy produce. The land is here more than usually marshy; but this, though unfitting it for agriculture, is not disadvantageous for cattle-feeding, as there is a saltish quality in the pasture which renders it nourishing and acceptable to animals. All the houses which we saw were formed of wooden boards nailed on posts, and these rested on a foundation of brick; for so soft is the ground, that if the edifices were reared of brick entirely, and not secured by piles, they would sink below the surface. The general aspect of the people and of the villages in this quarter is somewhat different from what we had previously seen. They have a dash of old-fashionedness about them that has disappeared in the south. The houses are preserved in a state of fastidious cleanliness, and they all look as if just come from under the brush of the painter. Walls, chimneys, window-boards, and palings, flourish in green, yellow, and white paint; and in one place we observed that even the trees round a horse-paddock were painted as high as the branches. No part of Holland has fallen so much from a condition of commercial prosperity as this district; the towns, of which Alkmaar is the chief, are only the ghosts of what they were, while the inhabitants continue to cling with fondness to customs which are associated in their minds with all

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that is excellent and respectable, and hold in contempt the usages of a new order of things.

A pleasant drive of about an hour on the road, which for a certain distance pursues the line of the canal, brought us to Broek, the limit of our journey. Passing a small lake or pond on our left, on the further side of which stands the village, the vehicle stopped at a little inn by the wayside, kept by a middle-aged woman, whose head was embellished with gold plates in the approved North Friesland fashion. Broek has no carriage-way through it; so we alighted, and crossing a wooden bridge, set out in our exploratory excursion, determining to see all that could be seen in this curious specimen of a genuine old-fashioned Dutch village. Broek may be described in two ways—gravely or ironically; it may be portrayed as an earthly paradise, or as a laughable toy. Its character is so ambiguous that I had some little difficulty in making it out. Let the reader imagine a wide, flat, swampy country, full of pools of water, and intersected in all directions with wet ditches, pretty nearly full to the brim, and mantled over with beautiful light-green duckweed. Let him, then, picture to himself, as placed in the midst of the swamp, on the north margin of one of the pools, a confused cluster of houses, mingled with gardens, having a spire rising from the centre, and groups of trees here and there interspersed. Such is Broek in its external aspect. In its internal organisation, no kind of regularity has been preserved. The entrance pathway leads in all manner of zigzags —among the houses, across wooden bridges, up lanes and down lanes, and along the winding margin of the pool or lake, so as to form a complete labyrinth. All the houses are of wood or plaster, based upon two or three rows of brick, and are of different heights and various scales of magnificence, from the humble cot of one story to the elegant mansion of three stories. Most of them stand within or close by little flower-gardens, which bloom in great beauty, and shew clusters of shrubs, sunflowers, and dahlias, along the trimly-kept borders. It is impossible to conceive anything more gaudy than the exterior of the dwellings. On some, painting and gilding have done their utmost—doors and window-shutters in pea-green; the wooden walls a fresh white or cream colour; door-steps yellow; garden gateway green, and tipt with gold; and ornaments on the door also highly gilded. These may be considered the mansions of the aristocracy of the village. The cottages lining the pathways are less dazzling, but all are painted in some way, and it must require no small degree of attention and expense to keep them 'pretty.' The pathways are not less the object of solicitude. They are paved entirely with small bricks; and in front of some of the houses the bricks are set in figures, such as stars, in different colours.

After visiting the church, we proceeded to examine one of the dairies for which the place is celebrated. The dairies of the Dutch are all pretty much on one plan. Each consists of a

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house, of great length and breadth, of one story. The stalls for the cows run along one side of the building; another side is devoted to the business of churning, salting, cheese-pressing, and so forth; and the remainder of the interior forms the dwelling of the dairyman and his family. This dwelling is of course not large, and consists frequently of only two apartments —a kitchen with beds in it, and an inner room, or, as the Scotch would term them, a but and a ben. By arrangements of this kind, both the cows and the human beings enter at one outer-door, and the dwelling of the family is, in fact, a part of the cow-house. In entering dairies of this description, you may see a considerable part of the domestic *ménage* at a glance; and it need excite no surprise, if the family be observed seated round a table at coffee, within a few feet of the cows' tails, or at least of the place where the cows' tails usually hang. Some readers may perhaps be inclined to think that such a situation as this cannot be very comfortable—nay, that it is positively barbarous. We must, however, always bear in mind the remarkable cleanliness of the people. The floor of the cow-house, which is paved with brick, is scrubbed and washed daily; and, what could not be expected, an air of exceeding freshness and purity is imparted to the whole establishment. Further, it should be recollected that the cows in Holland are kept in the open fields day and night, during the period of summer and autumn; a practice which often proves exceedingly injurious to the animals, but which has the effect of keeping the cow-house clear of its four-footed inhabitants, except in the cold wintry season, when the family retire to the inner part of the dwelling.

The Broek dairy we found to be constructed on the usual plan —the stalls of the cows running in a line on the left of the entrance, and the inner-door to the dwelling being on the right. It being still early autumn, all the cattle were in the fields; and members of the family, consisting of the mother and daughters, were seated at a table in the passage in front of the entrance, engaged at their mid-day meal. The stalls we perceived to be as clean as a scoured kitchen-floor, and on temporary shelves within some of them were tea-cups, plates, and other articles of earthenware. I perceived at a glance, however, that the display of these and other ornaments in the stalls was a device to excite admiration, and thus, if possible, gather a little money from visitors. Placed ostentatiously in a stall near the door, stood an elegantly-painted and gilt apparatus for pressing cheese, which was evidently kept for show, and brought carefully under our attention by the mistress of the establishment. The chief working-apparatus is placed modestly, along with other utensils, in a secluded situation at the inner end of the building.

We remarked that, in this as in other houses, the doors and window-shutters next the street were closed, according to the ancient Dutch practice of reserving the best apartments for very

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particular and festive occasions. The inner-room of the dairy-house, as its mistress informed us, was never used except at baptisms, marriages, deaths, or particular holidays, when relations meet after a lengthened separation. While the main-doors of Broek are thus closed against all ordinary ingress, the doors for daily use are in narrow side-lanes; and as the families live entirely in the rear of their dwellings, where they command a prospect of their small gardens and the bounding lines of green-mantled canals, the whole place, as I have said, has an air of inexpressible dulness.

Many of the Broekians, as we learned, are persons retired with competencies from active life, and their sole pleasure now consists in sitting within doors smoking their pipes, which they do pretty nearly all day long. Each family minds its own affairs, and there is extremely little intercourse among the inhabitants. The men are not married till they have attained their thirtieth year, and the ladies must also have reached a discreet age before they enter the connubial state. Marriage is, indeed, very much regulated by the possibility of getting a house; for no new dwelling is ever erected in the village, unless to supply the place of an old one about to fall from age, and therefore a young couple must wait patiently till a vacancy occur by the death of an occupant. By these established regulations, the population of Broek remains fixed at about 800 souls, a number which is exactly suitable to the extent of its accommodations.

From Amsterdam we made an excursion to Utrecht, a distance about twenty-six miles, and were interested in examining the university buildings and other public establishments in that ancient city. One of the most venerable structures in the town is the cathedral, partly damaged by age and civil war, but still great in its decay. In order to have a view over a wide district of country, we ascended the tower, in which, at the height of 180 feet, we found a family residing in some small dingy apartments. These, it appeared, formed the dwelling of the clock and bell keeper, who had lived here upwards of thirty years. Having fallen into conversation with the wife of this useful functionary, she informed us that she had here brought up a family of several sons and daughters, some of whom had not yet left the paternal mansion for a residence nearer the earth's surface. On remarking to what an enormous trouble she must be put in going up and down stairs on errands connected with the household, our anxiety on that score was set at rest by the exhibition of a windlass and chain on the outside of the tower, with which every necessary article is wound up from the ground. When any persons below wish to send up so much as a letter to the family, they ring a bell, and the windlass is immediately put in requisition. By this contrivance, therefore, almost all communications are readily carried on between the family of the clock-keeper and the lower world. The noise which the wind makes at this altitude is, according to the woman's

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account, sometimes truly dreadful, though habit has nearly banished all sense of danger.

After resting a short time in the clock-keeper's house, we were conducted by a spiral stair to the higher part of the tower, paying a visit in passing to the floor containing the clock and bells. The bells are six in number, and of enormous size. Each is called after some saint, with whose name it had been baptised previous to its elevation by the Romish clergy. The largest of the group, which is styled St Salvador, is several tons in weight. Emerging upon a bartizan at the height of 300 feet, a view of inconceivable extent greets the eye. On the west, the whole country towards the coast lies exposed to view from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, the church-spires of both places, at the distance of sixty miles asunder, being equally conspicuous on the horizon. A much wider prospect than even that is to be seen by looking towards the south-east, where the turrets of Bois-le-duc are faintly discernible with the aid of a telescope; and from this point to Amsterdam, in an opposite direction, the distance cannot be less than from seventy to eighty miles. I am not aware that in any other part of the world so great an extent of territory can be taken in at one range of vision, from an artificial elevation; and no fact that could be mentioned can convey so impressive an idea of the extreme flatness of this part of the Netherlands. Towards the east the prospect is much more limited. In this direction we see a richly-wooded country, interspersed with fields waving in yellow grain and flowery buckwheat, and bounded in the distance with the rising hills of Guelderland, which forms the most beautiful province of Holland. Within a few miles of Utrecht, in the midst of the woodland scene just alluded to, is seen the ancient village of Zeist, in which an establishment of Moravians is situated; and the spectator readily allows that these quiet and orderly religionists could not have chosen a more secluded and pleasant retreat. The immediate vicinity of Utrecht, particularly on this eastern side, abounds in wood, disposed in avenues and masses, and highly ornamental to the grounds near which the university is placed.

After leaving Utrecht, our next stage was Gouda, a remarkably neat town, with beautiful woody environs, and possessing about 12,000 inhabitants. Gouda is unknown in Britain for anything but its cheeses and its manufacture of tobacco-pipes; in Holland, however, it enjoys a reputation for objects of a very different nature—namely, its coloured-glass windows. These I had frequently heard spoken of, and now visited with much satisfaction. It is the old church of St John, a large Gothic structure, which is in excellent repair, and in a particularly cleanly condition, that is adorned with these windows. They are thirty-one in number, each measuring about thirty feet in height, with the exception of those of the transepts, which are nearly double that altitude, and all illuminated with pictorial representations, in colours of the most

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brilliant hues. The subjects are either Scriptural or allegorical, and are full of figures, whose robes in blue, purple, and red, shine with extraordinary lustre. In the vestry, copies of the whole in vellum are shewn, and these far excel the originals both in point of drawing and colouring. The windows, as appears from the printed account which is sold by the beadle, were principally executed about the year 1560, and were presents from different towns and wealthy individuals, on the re-erection of the edifice after its destruction by an accidental fire. Their inspection afforded me a treat of no ordinary kind, and it was not without regret that I left them while the departing rays of the sun were still sufficiently strong to light them up.

A drive in a calash along an excellent brick-paved road, bordered for several miles with trees, brought us in a couple of hours to Rotterdam.

I had now seen all the towns of any particular note in Holland, with the exception of Dort, or Dordrecht, which lies in a direction south from Rotterdam, or contrary to that in which we had hitherto gone, and therefore required a day's excursion specially devoted to itself.

This journey was begun by crossing the Maas at Rotterdam, and then crossing an island to the right bank of the Waal, where there is a ferry to Dort. All around this ancient but now decayed town, there is a bewildering complexity of water and land. The emotion raised in the mind of a stranger on visiting the scene is, that the country is choked full of water; every hollow is full; and the fear is excited that, by the rising of a tide or flood, even for a few inches, the whole territory would at once be covered by the waters. Such a terrible catastrophe as this did once take place, and Dort stands on an island saved from the general destruction. In the year 1421, a storm brought up the tide with unusual force, and bursting one of the dikes, the water spread with direful fury over a large tract of country. Many villages, farmhouses, and cottages, were irretrievably lost, and the land was deluged to such an extent, that till this day it has not recovered its former condition. The most conspicuous ravages of the inundation are visible to the south-west of Dort, where a large tract of land, called the Bies Bosch, is now a marsh, and unfit for agricultural purposes. The inundation had also the effect of altering the size and number of the mouths of the Rhine. The Waal was made more than double its former size; and on going a little above Dort, we find it branching off, and flowing over places which were once dry land. As regards the interior of Dort, I have only space to say, that I visited the edifice in which sat the famous synod, now degraded into a mean kind of tavern; also, the church of Dort, in which is contained a pulpit of white marble, of the finest workmanship.

The excursion to Dort terminated my wanderings in Holland. The objects for which I had visited the country were now satis-

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factorily accomplished. I had seen many of the scenes and memorials of the first great struggle for civil and religious liberty in Europe—had ascertained by personal examination the nature of those educational institutions for which the Dutch have obtained not a little celebrity—and acquired, as I was willing to believe, some useful information on the existing social condition of the people.

With respect to education, I had received the most satisfactory proofs that elementary secular instruction is given to the whole juvenile population without respect to sect or party, and that religious instruction is to the same universal extent communicated by the clergy of the different denominations. In this manner, secular and religious education are carefully combined, the separation of the two things being only as regards the parties who teach them. It was mainly with the view of satisfying myself on the practicability and expediency of this method of united yet separate instruction, under legal sanctions, that I visited Holland; and I came away with the impression, that a problem which has long vexed statesmen in England had, by our intelligent neighbours, been happily solved.

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THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

THERE are few subjects at this moment exciting so generally the interest and sympathy of the civilised world, as the fate of the missing expedition under Sir John Franklin. As year after year rolls by, and squadron after squadron returns to our shores from an unsuccessful search after the lost navigators, the mind recurs with a melancholy interest to those dreary seas, amid whose icy solitudes our long absent countrymen are, or have been, imprisoned for so many years. What is being done, and what has been done for their rescue?—what has become of the missing ships, and what means are there for the sustenance of human life for so long a period in those frozen regions?—are questions which are heard on every side, as each successive failure brings more vividly before the mind the terrible fate awaiting so many gallant and devoted men, unless timely succour be afforded them.

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In the following pages, it is proposed to bring together, in a clear and connected form, such information as will satisfy the reader's inquiries upon most of these points. Of the fate of the missing expedition itself, no intelligence, unfortunately, has as yet reached us. Beyond the discovery of Franklin's first winter-quarters at the entrance of Wellington Channel, the only result, indeed, of the various searching expeditions which have left this country within the last six years—except the large additions that have been made to our stock of geographical knowledge—has been to shew where our lost countrymen are *not*, and to incite us to fresh efforts for their rescue from their present perilous situation, wherever that may be. The general belief of those officers who have served on the former arctic expeditions appears to be, that Franklin must have penetrated to a far greater distance to the westward than has yet been attained by any of the parties despatched in search of him, and indeed by any previous expedition to the polar seas; and that, whatever accident may have befallen the *Erebus* and *Terror*, they cannot wholly have disappeared from those seas, but that some traces of their fate, if not some living remnant of their crews, must eventually reward the search of the diligent investigator. It is possible they may be found in quarters the least expected. There is thus still reason for hope, if for nothing more, and still a necessity for the great and honourable exertions which hope has prompted and still keeps alive.

The *Erebus* and *Terror*, for the safety of whose officers and crews so deep an interest is now felt, sailed from Sheerness on the 25th May 1845, and are consequently now passing through the severe ordeal of their eighth winter in the arctic regions. The two vessels had just returned from the antarctic expedition to the south polar seas under Sir James Ross, where their qualifications for the peculiar service upon which they were about to enter had been fully tested. The total complement of officers and seamen in each ship was as follows:—

EREBUS, *Screw Discovery-ship*, 30 *Horse-power*.

Captain—Sir John Franklin, K.C.H. (Rear-admiral).*	Mates—Charles F. des Vœux (Lieutenant), R. O. Sargent (Lieutenant), Edward Couch (Lieutenant).
Commander—James Fitzjames (Captain).	Ice-master—James Read (Acting).
Lieutenants—Graham Gore (Commander), Henry T. D. le Vesconte, James William Fairholme.	Surgeon—S. S. Stanley.
	Assistant-surgeon—H. D. S. Goodsir.
	Paymaster and Purser—C. H. Osmer.
	Second-master—H. F. Collins.

Fifty-eight petty officers, seamen, and marines. Full complement, 70.

* The promotions which have taken place since the departure of the expedition are indicated within parentheses.

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TERROR, *Screw Discovery-ship*, 30 *Horse-power*.

Captain—F. R. M. Crozier.	Surgeon—John S. Peddie.
Lieutenants—Edward Little (Commander), G. H. Hodgson, John Irving.	Mates—E. J. Hornby (Lieutenant), Robert Thomas (Lieutenant).
Ice-master—Thomas Blenky (Acting).	Assistant-surgeon—Alex. M'Donald.
	Second-master—C. A. Maclean.
	Clerk in charge—E. J. H. Helpman.

Fifty-seven petty officers, seamen, &c. Full complement, 68.—Total complement of the two ships, 138.

The instructions issued to the expedition are too voluminous for insertion here; but their general purport is sufficiently well known. The ships, after entering Lancaster Sound, were to proceed in a nearly due-west direction, 'in the latitude of about 74½° N. until they should reach the longitude of that portion of land in which Cape Walker is situated, or about 98° W.' From that point, every effort was to be made 'to penetrate to the southward and westward, in a course as direct towards Behring's Strait as the position and extent of the ice, or the existence of land at present unknown, might admit.'

Should it be found impracticable to effect a south-west course in this direction, a passage was directed to be attempted *northward* round the Parry Islands, through Wellington Channel. As this route, which, in contradistinction to that by Cape Walker, we may denominate the northern route, has latterly acquired a great importance from causes that will afterwards be more fully explained, we shall quote, *in extenso*, that paragraph of Franklin's instructions which relates to it. 'We direct you to this particular part of the Polar Sea [the sea to the south-west of Cape Walker], as affording the best prospect of accomplishing the passage to the Pacific, in consequence of the unusual magnitude and apparently fixed state of the barrier of ice observed by the *Hecla* and *Griper* in the year 1820, off Cape Dundas, the south-western extremity of Melville Island; and we therefore consider that loss of time would be incurred in renewing the attempt in that direction; but should your progress in the direction before ordered be arrested by ice of a permanent appearance, and that when passing the mouth of the strait between Devon and Cornwallis Islands [Wellington Channel], you had observed that it was open and clear of ice, we desire that you will duly consider, with reference to the time already consumed, as well as to the symptoms of a late or early close of the season, whether that channel might not offer a more practicable outlet from the archipelago, and a more ready access to the open sea, where there would be neither islands nor banks to arrest and fix the floating masses of ice; and if you should have advanced too far to the south-westward to render it expedient to adopt this new course before the end of the present season, and if, therefore, you should have determined to winter in that neighbourhood, it will be a

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matter for your mature deliberation, whether in the ensuing season you would proceed by the above-mentioned strait, or whether you would persevere to the south-westward according to the former directions.'

The vessels were accompanied as far as the Whale Fish Islands in Baffin's Bay by the tender *Baretto Junior*, under the command of Lieutenant Griffith, who brought back dispatches from the expedition—the last ever received from it—of the date 12th July 1845. In a letter to Colonel Sabine of this date, Sir John Franklin speaks most hopefully of the prospects of the expedition at this point, and of the spirit which animated all on board, while thus as yet but on the threshold of their enterprise. After noticing that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, including what they had received from the transport which had accompanied them thus far, had on board provisions, fuel, clothing, and stores for three years complete from that date—that is, to July 1848—he continues: 'I hope my dear wife and daughter will not be overanxious if we should not return by the time they have fixed upon; and I must beg of you to give them the benefit of your advice and experience when that arrives, for you know well, that even after the second winter without success in our object, we should wish to try some other channel, if the state of our provisions and the health of the crews justify it.'

The *Erebus* was spoken on the 22d of the same month by Captain Martin, of the whale-ship *Enterprise*, in lat. 75° 10′ N., and long. 60° W. The latest date at which the expedition was actually seen was four days subsequently. The *Prince of Wales* whaler reported that, on the 26th of July 1845, she saw Franklin's vessels in lat. 74° 48′ N., and long. 66° 13′ W. They were then moored to an iceberg, awaiting an opening in the middle-ice, to enable them to cross over to Lancaster Sound. Of the copper cylinders Franklin was directed to throw overboard from time to time, after passing the latitude of 65° N., one only has been recovered; but as it bore a date anterior to that of the last dispatches, no information of any importance was derived from it. Between this period and the 23d of August 1850, when the traces of their first winter-quarters at Beechey Island in 1845-46 were discovered by Captain Austin's squadron, no intelligence, direct or indirect, has been received of the missing ships. Our positive accounts of the expedition extend, therefore, up to the winter of 1846 as to time, and to the entrance of the Wellington Channel as to place; and no further.

It was not anticipated that the *Erebus* and *Terror* would return before the close of the year 1847, nor was any intelligence expected from them in the interval; but when the autumn of that year arrived without any tidings of them, the attention of the government was directed to the necessity of searching for and conveying relief to them, in case of their being imprisoned in the ice, or wrecked, and in want of provisions and the means of transport. For this purpose, a searching expedition, in three divisions, was

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fitted out in the early part of 1848. The investigation was directed to three different quarters simultaneously—namely, first, by the westward to Behring's Strait, where, if successful in effecting the passage through the Polar Sea, the missing expedition might now be expected; second, by the eastward to Lancaster Sound in the direction Franklin himself had been directed to pursue, to meet the contingency of the ships having been arrested in an early stage of their progress; and third, a boat-expedition to explore the coasts of the Arctic Sea, between these two points—it being supposed that if Sir John Franklin's party had been compelled to leave the ships and take to their boats, they would make for this coast, whence they could reach the Hudson Bay Company's trading-posts.

The western expedition consisted of a single ship, the *Plover*, under the command of Lieutenant Moore, which left England in the beginning of January 1848. Instructions were sent out at the same time to H.M.S. *Herald*, Captain Kellet, then stationed at Panama, to proceed to Behring's Strait to join the *Plover;* and it was expected that both vessels would arrive there about the 1st of July. They were then to proceed along the American shore, as far as possible in an easterly direction from Point Barrow, exploring the coast where necessary with boats, until symptoms of winter should appear, when the *Plover* was to be secured in a safe harbour, and the *Herald* was to return and transmit to England, *viâ* Panama, intelligence of their proceedings up to that time. The *Herald* was to proceed the following season once more to Behring's Strait, with any fresh instructions that might be deemed necessary; while the *Plover* was directed to despatch boat-parties from Point Barrow in the direction of Mackenzie's River, to communicate, if possible, with the boat-expedition through the Hudson's Bay territories.

Owing to the bad sailing qualities of the *Plover*, and to obstructions from the ice and other causes, it took the vessels two seasons to accomplish what their instructions anticipated would be effected in one. In the summer of 1850, however, Lieutenant Pullen, with a boat-party from the *Plover*, succeeded in completing the survey from Behring's Strait to Mackenzie's River, and reached in safety one of the trading-posts of the Hudson's Bay Company on that stream, where he wintered, and subsequently made his way overland to England, without discovering, it is scarcely necessary to say, any traces of the missing expedition.

The eastern division of the search, consisting of two ships, the *Enterprise* and the *Investigator*, was in the meantime placed under the able and experienced conduct of Sir James Ross, who sailed from England early in June 1848. The late period of their departure, and the unfavourable state of the ice in Baffin's Bay, prevented the ships from entering Lancaster Sound until the season for the navigation of these icy seas had nearly closed. They were unable therefore to advance that season beyond Leopold Harbour,

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on the west side of the opening of Prince Regent's Inlet, where they wintered. On attempting to renew their operations in the following spring, they got entangled in the pack-ice off the inlet, and were drifted with it bodily through Lancaster Sound into Baffin's Bay, where, unfortunately, missing the store-ship, the *North Star*, which had been sent out with a supply of provisions and fuel to enable them to remain out another year, they were compelled to return home unsuccessful. They had been supplied with a large stock of provisions, a steam-launch, and a portable house, for the use of Sir John Franklin's party; and these they had secured in a safe depôt at Leopold Harbour, where they doubtless remain to this day, nearly in the state in which they were left.

The boat-expedition through the Hudson's Bay territories, intended to connect the eastern and western divisions of the search, was placed under the command of Sir John Richardson, the faithful friend and companion of Franklin in his former travels. From Montreal, where the party commenced their journey northward in the beginning of May 1848, a succession of rivers and lakes conducted them to the mouth of the Mackenzie, on the Arctic Sea, where they arrived too late, however, to effect any very extensive exploration of the coast that season. Great Bear Lake, from its proximity to the sea, and the inexhaustible supply of fish it afforded, was selected as a convenient wintering-station, from which a more extended examination of the lands and islands to the north of the Coppermine River was subsequently carried on for three years in succession, chiefly under Mr John Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, Sir John Richardson's assistant, and favourably known as an arctic traveller of great energy and endurance. During these explorations, Mr Rae made very considerable additions to our knowledge of the geography of the arctic coasts and islands; but as regards the main object of the expedition—the discovery of traces of the missing vessels—it was, like its predecessors, wholly unsuccessful.

After the subject had received the most ample consideration, such was the hope that the missing ships had penetrated to the westward in their attempts to win the long-contested prize of a north-west passage, that, on the return of Sir James Ross's squadron, which arrived in England in the beginning of October 1849, it was at once resolved to equip a second series of expeditions in the same directions as before. Mr Rae—Sir John Richardson having meanwhile returned to England—was instructed to continue his researches along the unknown lands and islands between the mouth of the Coppermine and Bank's Land. Captains Collinson and M'Clure were next despatched to Behring's Strait with the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, which had just returned from Barrow's Strait; and being there joined by the *Herald* and *Plover*, which were still out, the whole squadron entered Behring's Strait in the autumn of 1850. The *Investigator*, Captain M'Clure, alone succeeded in penetrating through the barrier of ice which blocked

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up the entrance of the strait, and was last seen by her consort, the *Plover*, on the 4th August 1850, bearing gallantly, under full sail, into the heart of the pack to the eastward of Point Barrow. The *Enterprise*, finding it impossible to get through the ice, was forced to return and pass the winter at Hong-Kong. She departed a second time in May 1851, and the last accounts report her having quitted Port Clarence, in Behring's Strait, on the 10th of July 1851, for the purpose of carrying on her explorations to the north-east. The *Herald* returned direct to England, arriving at Spithead in June 1851. The *Plover* was stationed as a reserve or store-ship to the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* at Port Clarence, Behring's Strait, where she was to remain until the autumn of 1853. Fresh stores have since that period been forwarded to the *Plover*, and a regular communication kept up with England; but up to the 7th September 1852, no intelligence of any traces of Sir John Franklin had been received at Port Clarence, and no communication respecting the progress of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* under Collinson and M'Clure. Upwards of four years' endeavours, and many attempts from that direction, have therefore been fruitless.

Having settled the question with reference to the possibility that Franklin's ships might appear at Behring's Strait, the next thing that pressed upon the attention of the Admiralty was the necessity that Lancaster Sound should not be neglected, as Sir John Franklin might be retracing his steps eastward in boats, or even in the ships themselves, having given up the hope of making a north-west passage. With this view, four ships were placed in commission, under the command of Captain H. T. Austin, C.B.; and their ample equipment for arctic service was making rapid progress in the beginning of March 1850. Two of these vessels were steamers, of sufficient power to advance in calm weather and smooth water at the rate of five or six miles an hour, with the two sailing-vessels in tow. The difficulties of navigation in Baffin's Bay, and especially in the northern portion, from Melville Bay to Lancaster Sound, having become apparent by the previous expeditions, the Admiralty decided on adding to the power of the navy the experience of a whaling-captain. Accordingly, they appointed Captain Penny, an experienced whaler from Aberdeen, to the command of two additional vessels, the *Lady Franklin* and the *Sophia*, fully equipped and fortified for a prolonged voyage in the arctic seas. Both squadrons left England about the beginning of May; and after, on the whole, a very favourable passage across the Atlantic and through Baffin's Bay, entered Lancaster Sound about the beginning of August. Simultaneously with these expeditions, three others, equipped mainly from private resources, entered Lancaster Sound about the same time: one, consisting of two vessels, the *Advance* and *Rescue*, fitted out in the United States by a noble-minded citizen of New York—Mr Henry Grinnel; the second, under Sir John Ross—consisting of a small vessel, the

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Felix, accompanied by a tender—fitted out chiefly by public subscription in London; and a third—a single schooner, the *Prince Albert*, under Commander Forsyth—equipped almost entirely from the private resources of Lady Franklin.

It was during this autumn that the first authentic traces of the lost expedition were discovered. On the 23d August 1850, Lieutenant Cator, in the *Intrepid* screw-steamer, attached to Captain Austin's squadron, landed at Cape Riley, and subsequently at Beechey Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, and was gratified by finding positive and undoubted traces, at both places, of Franklin's first winter-quarters after leaving England.

The interesting circumstances attending this important discovery are thus related by Lieutenant Osborne:—'The steamer having approached close under Beechey Island, a boatful of officers and men proceeded on shore. On landing, some relics of European visitors were found; and we can picture the anxiety with which the steep was scaled and the cairn torn down—every stone turned over, and the ground underneath dug up a little, and yet, alas! no document or record found. . . . . .

'A short distance within Cape Riley, another tent-place was found; and then, after a look at the coast as far as Cape Innes, the two steamers proceeded across towards Cape Hotham, on the opposite side of Wellington Channel; having in the first place erected a cairn at the base of Cape Riley, and in it deposited a document. Whilst the *Assistance* and *Intrepid* were so employed, the American squadron, and that under Captain Penny, were fast approaching. The Americans first communicated with Captain Ommaney's division, and heard of the discovery of the first traces of Sir John Franklin. The Americans then informed Penny, who was pushing for Wellington Channel; and he, after some trouble, succeeded in catching the *Assistance*, and on going on board of her, learned all they had to tell him, and saw what traces they had discovered. Captain Penny then returned, as he figuratively expressed it, "to take up the search from Cape Riley like a blood-hound;" and richly was he rewarded for doing so.

'At Cape Spencer he discovered the ground-plan of a tent, the floor of which was neatly and carefully paved with small smooth stones. Around the tent, a number of birds' bones, as well as remnants of meat-canisters, led him to imagine that it had been inhabited for some time as a shooting-station and a look-out place, for which latter purpose it was admirably chosen, commanding a good view of Barrow's Strait and Wellington Channel. This opinion was confirmed by the discovery of a piece of paper, on which was written, "to be called"—evidently the fragment of an officer's night-orders.

'Some sledge-marks pointed northward from this neighbourhood; and the American squadron being unable to advance up the strait, in consequence of the ice resting firmly against the land close to

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Cape Innes, and across to Barlow Inlet on the opposite shore, Lieutenant de Haven [commanding the United States squadron] despatched parties on foot to follow these sledge-marks; whilst Penny's squadron returned to re-examine Beechey Island. The American officers found the sledge-tracks very distinct for some miles; but before they had got as far as Cape Bowden, the trail ceased, and one empty bottle and a piece of newspaper were the last things found in that direction. Not so Captain Penny's squadron. Making fast to the ice between Beechey Island and Cape Spencer, in what is now called Union Bay, and in which they found the *Felix* schooner to be likewise lying, parties from the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia* started towards Beechey Island. A long point of land slopes gradually from the southern bluffs of this now deeply interesting island, until it almost connects itself with the land of North Devon, forming on either side of it two good and commodious bays. On this slope, a multitude of preserved-meat tins were strewed about; and near them, and on the ridge of the slope, a carefully constructed cairn was discovered. It consisted of layers of meat-tins, filled with gravel, and placed to form a firm and solid foundation. Beyond this, and along the northern shore of Beechey Island, the following traces were then quickly discovered:—The embankment of a house, with carpenter and armourer's working-places, washing-tubs, coal-bags, pieces of old clothing, rope, and, lastly, the graves of three of the crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror*—placing it beyond all doubt that the missing ships had indeed been there, and bearing date of the winter 1845-46.'

The absence of any documents among these relics calculated to throw any light upon the direction taken by the missing expedition from this point, is one of those inexplicable circumstances which it would be needless to endeavour to account for. In the vain search for this all-important information, every foot of ground within and around the winter-quarters of the *Erebus* and *Terror* was dug up, and every cairn and mound ransacked, but without a vestige of a record of any kind being discovered. The movements of the searching squadrons were thus completely paralysed. The ships wintered within a short distance of each other, near the entrance of Wellington Channel, prepared, notwithstanding this disappointment, to prosecute their researches with renewed vigour the following season. Travelling-parties, sent out over the ice early in the spring, explored several hundred miles in a circle round their winter-quarters. Between the months of April and July, fourteen sledges and 104 officers and men, from Captain Austin's division alone, were engaged in this duty. No trace whatever of Sir John Franklin having been found by any of the sledge-parties, Captain Austin concluded that the missing expedition had not been to the southward and westward of Wellington Channel.

In the meantime, the exploring-parties sent to examine this

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remarkable channel, from Captain Penny's division of the squadron, had been arrested by open water as early as April. There is reason, indeed, to believe, that a sea of considerable extent and depth, comparatively unencumbered with ice, exists beyond it, if it be not, in fact, the entrance to that remarkable expanse of open water which the explorations of Baron Wrangell have placed beyond all doubt as existing to the north of Siberia, to a great extent free from ice all the year round. The probability of an open sea existing to the north of the Parry Islands had long been a favourite subject of speculation among arctic navigators; and it is well known that Franklin himself was one of the most ardent supporters of this theory, and frequently, before his departure from England, expressed his determination to effect, if possible, the solution of a geographical problem of such first-rate interest and importance as the exploration of this open sea, and his conviction that Wellington Channel afforded the most likely opening into it from the westward. Of late years, more than ordinary interest has attached to this question, from the possibility of Franklin's having succeeded in penetrating within this so-called polar basin, and been up to this time, from some casualty, unable to extricate his ships. It will not be uninteresting, therefore, to the reader to learn upon what grounds the presumption of the existence of such an expanse of open water, in the heart of a region long supposed to be the seat of a perennial frost, is based. These grounds are thus succinctly stated by Colonel Sabine, in the preface to his translation of Baron Wrangell's narrative.*

'All the attempts to effect the north-west passage since Barrow's Strait was first passed in 1819, have consisted in an endeavour to force a vessel by one route or by another through this land-locked and ice-encumbered portion of the Polar Ocean [in immediate contiguity with the coast-line of North America]. No examination has made known what may be the state of the sea to the north of the Parry Islands—whether similar impediments may there present themselves to navigation, or whether a sea may not exist offering no difficulties whatsoever of the kind, as M. von Wrangell has shewn to be the case to the north of the Siberian islands, and as, by strict analogy, we should be justified in expecting; unless, indeed, other land should exist to the north of the Parry group, making that portion of the ocean also a land-locked sea.

'The equipment of the expeditions of MM. von Wrangell and von Anjou, for the prosecution of their researches, was formed on the presumption, of the continuance to the north—in the winter and spring at least—of the natural bridge of ice by which the Siberian islands are accessible from the continent of Asia; but every attempt which they made to proceed to the north, repeated as these were during three years, and from many different points of a line extending for several hundred miles in an eastern and

* *Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea along the Coast of Siberia.* By Admiral Ferdinand von Wrangell, of the Russian Imperial Navy.

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western direction, terminated alike in conducting them to an open and navigable sea. From whatever point of the coast their departure was taken, the result was invariably the same: after an ice-journey of more or less continuance, they arrived where further progress in sledges was impossible—where, to use the words of M. von Wrangell, "we beheld the wide immeasurable ocean spread before our gaze, a fearful and magnificent, but to us a melancholy spectacle." I need scarcely say, that the spectacle which to them appeared "melancholy," because it compelled them to renounce the object for which they strove so admirably through years of privation and toil, would wear an aspect of a totally opposite character to those whose success should depend on the facilities of navigation. . . . When, in 1583, Davis sailed through the strait which has since borne his name, his heart misgave him when he was able to discern, though in the extreme distance, "land on both sides of him." Notwithstanding, "desirous to know the certainty," he proceeded; and when he found himself in lat. 75°, in "a great sea free from ice, large, very salt, blue, and of an unsearchable depth," his hopes revived, "and it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment." Those who believe that the recent researches are far indeed from disproving the existence of such a passage as Davis sought, will undoubtedly find in M. von Wrangell's narrative a strong support to their opinion, in the probability which it sanctions of the existence of an open sea in that portion of the passage which has not been traversed by ships—namely, between the meridians of Melville Island and Behring's Strait.'

The fact of the existence of a polar basin untraversed as yet by any adventurous keel, would appear thus to rest upon evidence stronger than any mere hypothetical reasoning or analogy. The seasons of 1851, 1852, appear to have been unusually open ones; and there can hardly have been imagined a more favourable concurrence of circumstances than was presented on the arrival of the searching squadrons off the mouth of Wellington Channel, for deciding the important question, how far this remarkable expanse was accessible from the direction of Lancaster Sound; and thus setting at rest the anxious conjectures which had so long prevailed, as to whether Franklin had been induced to deviate into this route in his attempts to force a passage westward. A series of untoward circumstances, however, prevented the accomplishment of an object so desirable and important. The United States expedition, perhaps the best equipped of them all for a prolonged and successful navigation of the arctic seas, had scarcely completed the usual preparations for wintering, in what was considered a sufficiently safe position, near Griffith's Island—about which all the searching squadrons were concentrated for the winter—when, by one of those sudden and inexplicable movements of the ice so common in these seas (a similar instance of which has been already noticed in the case of Sir James Ross), both vessels were swept

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out, and became imbedded in the pack-ice opposite Wellington Channel. This occurred about the middle of September; and from that time the ships were helplessly drifted about in the heart of the pack, during the whole winter, through Lancaster Sound and Baffin's Bay, as far south as Cape Walsingham—a distance altogether of not less than 1200 miles—where, after much exposure, trial, and danger, they were at length liberated on the 10th of June 1851. Although the commander, nothing daunted, determined to return northward, he was unable to get beyond Melville Bay, whence the expedition was finally compelled to steer homeward, arriving at New York on the 30th September 1851.

The *Prince Albert*, after examining the western side of Prince Regent's Inlet, as far south as Fury Point, and subsequently communicating with the other expeditions off the Wellington Channel, returned homeward the same season, arriving at Aberdeen on the 22d of October 1851, after an absence of no more than four months.

Notwithstanding this unfortunate diminution of the effective force of the searching squadrons, there was still ample provision for prosecuting the search with the remaining vessels, and this with every prospect of success. As already stated, they wintered very nearly together, within a short distance of the spot which had been identified as the wintering-quarters of Franklin's expedition in 1845-46, from which travelling-parties, despatched in the course of the spring, had made the interesting discoveries in the Wellington Channel already adverted to. On the opening of the navigation, however, instead of following up the promising indications of a comparatively open passage to the westward in this direction, through which there were such strong grounds for believing the missing expedition had proceeded before them, the surprise and disappointment of the public were great on learning, towards the end of September 1851, that Austin and Penny had returned to England with all the remaining ships, leaving the great and absorbing question of the fate of the lost navigators shrouded in the same painful and impenetrable mystery as before. As the expeditions had been equipped for an absence of three years, with means amply sufficient for the vigorous prosecution of the search for that period with safety—in the estimation of those most competent to form an opinion, with perfect safety—this return was as unexpected as it was unwelcome. It appears, indeed, to have been no question of means at all, but purely a question of a personal nature between the commanders of the two chief sections of the expedition—Captain Austin and Captain Penny.

The subject is a painful one. Without entering into the controversy which ensued on their arrival in England, it is sufficient to state, that a committee of experienced arctic officers, among whom were Sir Edward Parry, Sir George Back, and Captain Beechey, was appointed to examine the officers of the expeditions; and the

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evidence, as it was taken, was in due time laid before the public in the form of a voluminous Blue Book. It was part of the duty of this committee to obtain from the reports and evidence of the commanders of the expeditions, and the officers of the travelling-parties, such details as might be necessary for the guidance of a fresh expedition, which it was at once decided should be despatched in the same direction as before, early in the following spring. The researches of the previous expedition had been attended with good results in one sense—the search for the lost was not to be given up; and a faint ray of hope was rekindled that Franklin or some of his gallant band might yet be seen. This hope appeared to rest almost, if not entirely, upon the supposition that he went through Wellington Channel. An expedition, under the command of Sir Edward Belcher—the most extensive as yet despatched in the search—consisting of five vessels, the *Assistance*, *Resolute*, *North Star*, and the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid* steamers, accordingly sailed once more from England on the 21st of April 1852, direct for Wellington Channel; Beechey Island, at its entrance, being intended as the head-quarters. Two of these—the *Assistance*, and one of the steamers, the *Pioneer*—were directed to proceed, under Sir Edward Belcher's own orders, up the Wellington Channel; while the other two vessels, under Captain Kellet, were instructed to advance towards Melville Island, and deposit provisions there for the use of Captain Collinson and Commander M'Clure, in the event of their having succeeded in reaching that island from Behring's Strait. The *North Star* was to remain at Beechey Island as a depôt store-ship.

While the preparations for this extensive equipment were in progress, the search so disastrously abandoned during the previous year had not been lost sight of. Lady Franklin and her devoted companion, Miss Sophia Cracroft, the niece of Sir John Franklin, had laboured incessantly in the good cause which lay so near their hearts; and it is to their untiring exertions that much that has been done in search of him whose long absence they still mourn has been mainly owing. The name of Lady Franklin has indeed, through these labours, become as familiar as a household word in every quarter of the civilised world; and all interested in the fate of Sir John Franklin and his devoted companions, must feel the deepest sympathy for, and admiration of, the zeal, perseverance, and conjugal affection displayed in her noble and untiring efforts to relieve or discover the fate of her distinguished husband and the gallant party under his command, despite the difficulties and disappointments by which these efforts have been attended. In the spring of 1849, she had made a touching and pathetic appeal to the feelings of the American nation, which, as we have seen, had been nobly responded to by the munificent equipment of an expedition at his own cost by Mr Grinnel of New York. A few extracts from this appeal, addressed to the President of the United States, and the reply to

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it from the American government, although somewhat digressing from our subject, may not be uninteresting here, as indicative of the deep and wide-spread sympathy existing in other countries in the fate of the missing expedition.

LADY FRANKLIN TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BEDFORD PLACE, LONDON, *4th April* 1849.

SIR—I address myself to you as the head of a great nation, whose power to help me I cannot doubt, and in whose disposition to do so I have a confidence which I trust you will not deem presumptuous.

The name of my husband, Sir John Franklin, is probably not unknown to you. It is intimately connected with the northern part of that continent of which the American republic forms so vast and conspicuous a portion. When I visited the United States three years ago, amongst the many proofs I received of respect and courtesy, there was none which touched and even surprised me more than the appreciation everywhere expressed to me of his former services in geographical discovery, and the interest felt in the enterprise in which he was then known to be engaged. [Her ladyship here gives the details of the departure of the expedition, and the measures already taken for its relief.] The Board of Admiralty has been induced to offer a reward of L.20,000 sterling to any ship or ships of any country, or to any exploring-party whatever, which shall render efficient assistance to the missing ships or their crews, or to any portion of them. This announcement which, even if the sum had been doubled or trebled, would have met with public approbation, comes, however, too late for our whalers, which had unfortunately sailed before it was issued, and which, even if the news should overtake them at their fishing-grounds, are totally unfitted for any prolonged adventure, having only a few months' provision on board, and no additional clothing. To the American whalers, both in the Atlantic and Pacific, I look with more hope as competitors for the prize, being well aware of their numbers and strength, their thorough equipment, and the bold spirit of enterprise which animates their crews. But I venture to look even beyond these. I am not without hope that you will deem it not unworthy of a great and kindred nation to take up the cause of humanity, which I plead in a national spirit, and thus generously make it your own. I must here in gratitude adduce the example of the Imperial Russian government, which, as I am led to hope by his excellency the Russian ambassador in London, who forwarded a memorial on the subject, will send out exploring-parties this summer from the Asiatic side of Behring's Strait northward, in search of the lost vessels. It would be a noble spectacle to the world if three great nations, possessed of the widest empires on the face of the globe, were thus to unite their

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efforts in the truly Christian work of saving their perishing fellow-men from destruction.

It is not for me to suggest the mode in which such benevolent efforts might best be made. I will only say, however, that if the conceptions of my own mind, to which I do not venture to give utterance, were realised, and that in the noble competition which followed, American seamen had the good-fortune to wrest from us the glory, as might be the case, of solving the problem of the unfound passage, or the still greater glory of saving our adventurous navigators from a lingering fate, which the mind sickens to dwell on; though I should in either case regret that it was not my own brave countrymen in those seas whose devotion was thus rewarded, yet should I rejoice that it was to America we owed our restored happiness, and should be for ever bound to her by ties of affectionate gratitude.

I am not without some misgivings while I thus address you. The intense anxieties of a wife and of a daughter may have led me to press too earnestly on your notice the trial under which we are suffering—yet not we only, but hundreds of others—and to presume too much on the sympathy which we are assured is felt beyond the limits of our own land. Yet if you deem this to be the case, you will still find, I am sure, even in that personal intensity of feeling, an excuse for the fearlessness with which I have thrown myself on your generosity, and will pardon the homage I thus pay to your own high character, and to that of the people over whom you have the high distinction to preside.
I have, &c. (Signed) JANE FRANKLIN.

To which the following reply was received:—

MR CLAYTON TO LADY FRANKLIN.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, 25*th April* 1849.

MADAM—Your letter to the President of the United States, dated April 4, 1849, has been received by him, and he has instructed me to make to you the following reply:—

The appeal made in the letter with which you have honoured him, is such as would strongly enlist the sympathy of the rulers and the people of any portion of the civilised world.

To the citizens of the United States, who share so largely in the emotions which agitate the public mind of your own country, the name of Sir John Franklin has been endeared by his heroic virtues, and the sufferings and sacrifices which he has encountered for the benefit of mankind. The appeal of his wife and daughter, in their distress, has been borne across the waters, asking the assistance of a kindred people to save the brave men who embarked in his unfortunate expedition; and the people of the United States, who have watched with the deepest interest that hazardous enterprise, will now respond to that appeal, by the expression of their united

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wishes that every proper effort may be made by this government for the rescue of your husband and his companions.

To accomplish the objects you have in view, the attention of American navigators, and especially of our whalers, will be immediately invoked. All the information in the possession of this government, to enable them to aid in discovering the missing ships, relieving their crews, and restoring them to their families, shall spread far and wide among our people; and all that the executive government of the United States, in the exercise of its constitutional powers, can effect, to meet this requisition on American enterprise, skill, and bravery, will be promptly undertaken.

The hearts of the American people will be deeply touched by your eloquent address to their chief-magistrate, and they will join with you in an earnest prayer to Him whose spirit is on the waters, that your husband and his companions may yet be restored to their country and their friends. I have, &c.

(Signed) JOHN M. CLAYTON.

While thus endeavouring to enlist the sympathies of foreign nations in behalf of an object which lay so near her heart, Lady Franklin was no less active in stimulating the flagging energies of her own countrymen at home. Keeping up an extensive and voluminous correspondence with the principal ship-owners engaged in the Greenland fisheries, and personally visiting the chief shipping ports in England and Scotland, she had succeeded in interesting some of the most adventurous whaling captains in the object; who, by her persuasion, and induced also, probably, by the hope of participating in the promised reward, had frequently diverged from their accustomed fishing-grounds in search of traces or intelligence of the missing ships. As already stated, she had, besides, fitted out mainly at her own cost, an expedition in the *Prince Albert*, auxiliary to that of Captains Austin and Penny, with the view of exploring Prince Regent's Inlet, an object which had been frustrated by the premature return of that vessel in the autumn of 1850. Much importance was attached to this division of the field of search, from the fact, that a large depôt of provisions left at Fury Point, about half-way down the inlet, by Sir Edward Parry in 1823, was known to be still there, at the time Franklin sailed, in excellent preservation and ready for use; and it was believed, that had Franklin and his party been stopped in their progress anywhere within a reasonable distance of it, they would probably have followed the example of Sir John Ross, when arrested under similar circumstances in 1830, and directed their steps thither in the first instance, instead of falling back on the utterly barren region of the north coast of America, of which Franklin had himself had such disastrous experience in his first journey to the mouth of the Coppermine River in 1819-20. As this division of the search was totally unprovided for in the instructions to Captain Austin and Captain Penny, Lady

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Franklin, on the return of the *Prince Albert*, at once decided on sending her out again, to continue the examination of this promising quarter.

Accordingly, on the 22d of May 1851, the *Prince Albert* again left Aberdeen, to continue the search in Prince Regent's Inlet, under the command of Mr William Kennedy, who has published a short and sensible narrative of his voyage.* M. Bellot, a lieutenant in the French navy, joined as a volunteer, and his generous ardour and valuable scientific attainments appear to have contributed greatly to the efficiency of the expedition. The *Prince Albert's* intended course was first to Griffith's Island, where intelligence of the proceedings of Captain Austin and Captain Penny had been directed to be deposited; but, driven by an extraordinary accumulation of ice in Barrow's Strait upon Leopold Island, Mr Kennedy was obliged to take refuge in Prince Regent's Inlet, where the ship found a safe harbour for the winter in Bally Bay, on the west side of the inlet. From this point Mr Kennedy made a series of journeys during the winter and spring to the south and west, which, whether we regard their extent, or the slender means by which they were accomplished, are perhaps unparalleled in the history of arctic explorations, and shew what it is in the power of a really intrepid traveller by skilful and judicious management to effect. The first journey was undertaken in the depth of winter, when the sun had for some time disappeared below the horizon; and the success which attended the simple arrangements for securing the health and safety of the party, at this most trying and critical season, must for ever set at rest the question as to the power of the European constitution to endure the severest rigours of an arctic climate. In his modest narrative, Mr Kennedy describes the general order of his arrangements. His party, including M. Bellot and himself, consisted of six persons. Their luggage and stores were borne on sleighs, made after the Indian fashion, five Esquimaux dogs very materially assisting in their draught. Their provisions consisted chiefly of pemmican (a preparation of dried meat and melted fat, which forms the common food of the natives of North America during their journeys), to which were added a few bags of biscuit, some flour, tea, and sugar. They were materially indebted for some useful additions to their equipments to the old stores of the *Fury*, wrecked in Prince Regent's Inlet during Sir Edward Parry's second voyage, which were found 'not only in the best preservation, but much superior in quality, after thirty years of exposure to the weather, to some of the *Prince Albert's* own stores, and those supplied to other arctic expeditions.'

The routine of the day's march, which may be interesting from the insight it affords into the arrangements of a winter-travelling party, is thus described by Mr Kennedy:—

* *Narrative of the Second Voyage of the Prince Albert to the Arctic Seas in Search of Sir John Franklin.* Dalton: Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, London.

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'At six o'clock, generally (although from various circumstances this hour was not always strictly adhered to), all hands were roused by myself, and the preparations for the day's march begun. Breakfast was the first operation, and then came the bundling up of the bedding, cooking utensils, &c., the lashing of the sleighs, and the harnessing of the dogs, which altogether, on an average, occupied the next two hours. Then came the start, I leading the way, and selecting the best track for the sleigh, and M. Bellot, with the rest of the party, following in regular line with the four sledges. At the end of every hour, five minutes were allowed for resting the men and breathing the dogs. When the weather permitted, sights for the chronometer were taken at any convenient hour in the forenoon, and again for latitude at noon. The proper corrections had been prepared beforehand, the previous night or morning, so as to enable the observations to be worked off on the spot without the trouble of referring to books. A half an hour on each occasion generally sufficed to get through all the necessary operations for ascertaining our latitude or longitude, as the case might be. The construction of the snow-house, and the preparations for the evening meal and our repose for the night, concluded the labours of the day, which were seldom over before ten at night.'

With a little practice, all hands became expert in the erection of snow-houses, which formed the only protection to the travellers at night, and were found far superior to tents, which, from their bulk, it would have been, besides, impossible for the party to carry along with them during so long a journey. The process of constructing these snow-houses Mr Kennedy describes as going on something in this way—varied of course by circumstances of time, place, and materials:—'First, a number of square blocks are cut out of any hard drifted bank of snow you can meet with adapted for the purpose, which, when cut (we generally employed a hand-saw for this purpose), have precisely the appearance of the blocks of salt sold in the donkey-carts in the streets of London. The dimensions we generally selected were two feet in length by fourteen inches in height, and nine inches in breadth. A layer of these blocks is laid on the ground, nearly in the form of a square, and then another layer on this, cut so as to incline slightly upwards, and the corner blocks laid diagonally over those underneath, so as to cut off the angles. Other layers follow in regular order, arching towards the top, until you have at last a dome-shaped structure, out of which you have only to cut a small hole for a door, to find yourself within a very light, comfortable-looking bee-hive on a large scale, in which you can bid defiance to wind and weather. Any chinks between the blocks are filled up with loose snow with the hand from the outside. As these are best detected from within, a man is usually sent in to drive a thin rod through the spot where he discovers a chink, which is immediately plastered over by some one from without, till the house is as air-

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tight as an egg.' These snow-houses were found so completely impervious to the air, and the snow proved so perfect a non-conductor of heat, that the 'flame of a common candle, or a little spirits of wine, sufficed to diffuse an agreeable warmth throughout the interior.'

While travelling, the party had a cup of hot tea night and morning—'a luxury they would not have exchanged for the mines of Ophir.' A gill and a half of spirits of wine, which was used as a substitute for fuel, and served the purpose admirably, boiled a pint of tea for each person. When detained by bad weather, they had but one meal daily, and took ice with their biscuit and pemmican to save fuel. To lengthen out their stock of provisions, they fed the dogs on 'old leather shoes, and the fag-ends of buffalo-robes, on which they not only lived, but throve wonderfully.' A few ptarmigans were shot during the journey, which, having no means of cooking, they ate *frozen!*

In this way it is computed the party must have travelled during their various journeys fully 2000 miles. On one occasion, they were ninety-seven days absent from the ship, exploring minutely the west coast of Prince Regent's Inlet, and the lands and islands to the west as far as Cape Walker, and round by Barrow's Strait and Port Leopold back to the ship. From the result of these extensive explorations, in connection with those of Captain Austin's squadron during the previous year, Mr Kennedy is decidedly of opinion that Franklin has not taken the south-west route by Cape Walker, but has gone up the Wellington Channel, and has probably proceeded to an advanced west longitude, and is now to be sought from the westward by Behring's Strait.

On liberating his ship from her winter-quarters in Bally Bay, Mr Kennedy proceeded to Beechey Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel; and having there received communications from the *North Star*, one of the ships of Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, shaped his course homeward, and arrived at Aberdeen on the 7th October 1852. No fresh traces of Sir John Franklin were found during this protracted and arduous journey; but Mr Kennedy brought with him to England the most satisfactory and cheering intelligence of the progress and prospects of Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, which had sailed up the Wellington Channel as early as August through open water; Captain Kellet had likewise advanced a considerable distance in the direction of Melville Island, which he had no doubt of being able to reach before the winter set in.

The summer of 1852 witnessed also a third effort of the untiring devotion of Lady Franklin. The search for the *Erebus* and *Terror*, protracted through so many years without success, had given rise to a variety of rumours and conjectures as to their fate, of which it will be necessary here to notice only two, which attracted for a time a certain degree of public attention. One was, that the missing vessels, or vessels answering their description, had been

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seen by the crew of an American trader, named the *Renovation*, stranded on an iceberg in the North Atlantic, and abandoned by their crews. The second was a tale devised by the Esquimaux interpreter of Sir John Ross, Adam Beck (and which Sir John Ross himself professed to believe, and thus gave it a certain currency), to the effect, that Franklin and his crew had been treacherously murdered at an Esquimaux settlement at Wolstenholme Sound, in the north of Baffin's Bay.

The *Isabel* screw-steamer, having, through the failure of Captain Beatson's intended expedition, been thrown on the hands of Lady Franklin, Commander Inglefield, R.N., undertook to proceed in her and explore the coasts of Baffin's Bay, from which, if the story of the *Renovation* was to be credited, those icebergs probably drifted on which the vessels were seen. The *Isabel* was absent four months; and during that period a minute examination was made of both coasts of Baffin's Bay, and the settlement at Wolstenholme Sound, and the tragical story connected with it thoroughly investigated, without trace, it is almost needless to say, being found of any such event having occurred there, or any catastrophe like that described by the crew of the *Renovation* having taken place.

This is the last of the terminated expeditions, the result of whose explorations has as yet reached us. But the search has by no means been abandoned. In the course of the present year, three fresh expeditions have left England for prosecuting the search in new directions, or for reinforcing those already out. Within the last few weeks, the *Rattlesnake*, Commander Trollope, and the *Isabel*—once more fitted out by the indefatigable solicitude of Lady Franklin, and placed under the command of Mr Kennedy—have been despatched to Behring's Strait, to reinforce the squadron at present engaged in that quarter. Mr Rae has likewise been despatched to make a second examination of the North American coast, in the neighbourhood of the Isthmus of Boothia. By the last intelligence from America, we learn that Mr Grinnel, of New York, has fitted out the *Advance*, under the command of Lieutenant Kane of the United States navy, once more to explore the coast of Greenland and the passages leading out of Baffin's Bay into the unknown region surrounding the pole. Commander Inglefield is, while we write, on his way to Barrow's Strait with two fine ships, the *Phœnix* and the *Lady Franklin*, to reinforce the expedition now out in that quarter under Sir Edward Belcher. Add to this, that a company has been recently formed in London for the purpose of carrying on whale and other fisheries, and founding a permanent settlement on the west coast of Baffin's Bay. The company propose sending two new screw steam-whalers, of 500 tons each, in the spring months, to the seas between Greenland and Nova Zembla—seas into which Franklin may be finding his way, or by which relics of the expedition may be reached. Thus, it is not impossible that there may be sixteen vessels with their crews in the arctic regions this summer; and,

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if the *Prince Albert* and the two whaling-ships of the Arctic Company are employed, nineteen. Or, in a tabular view:

Erebus, . .	Capt. Sir J. Franklin, .	1845	Position unknown.
Terror, . . .	Capt. F. R. Crozier, .	1845	
Plover, . . .	Com. Maguire, . . .	1848,	Point Barrow, Behring's Strait.
Enterprise, .	Capt. R. Collinson, . .	1850	Position unknown; last seen north of Point Barrow.
Investigator, .	Com. R. J. M'Clure, .	1850	
North Star, .	Com. W. J. Pullen, .	1852,	Beechey Island.
Assistance, .	Capt. Sir E. Belcher, .	1852	Wellington Channel.
Pioneer, . .	Com. Sherard Osborne,	1852	
Resolute, . .	Capt. H. Kellet, . .	1852	Melville Island.
Intrepid, . .	Com. M'Clintock, . .	1852	
Rattlesnake, .	Com. Trollope, . . .	1853	Bound to Behring's Strait.
Isabel, . . .	Mr Wm. Kennedy, . .	1853	
Lady Franklin,	Com. Inglefield, . . .	1853	Bound to Wellington Channel.
Phœnix, . .		1853	
U. S. Exped.,	Lieut. Kane, ...	1853,	Bound to Baffin's Bay.
Overl. Exped.,	Dr Rae, ...	1853,	Isthmus of Boothia.

Among the numerous parliamentary returns which have appeared from time to time in connection with the arctic expeditions, there has as yet been no official estimate of the gross expenditure entailed on the country by these magnificent but costly tributes to humanity. The following estimate, derived from various sources, and based, in the case of the government expeditions, upon the annual parliamentary grants, under the head of 'Arctic Searching Expeditions,' will, we believe, be found a tolerably close approximation to the outlay in each case:—

ESTIMATED COST OF THE EXPEDITIONS.

FIRST SERIES OF THE SEARCHING EXPEDITIONS, DESPATCHED IN 1848 AND 1849.	Vessels.	Cost.
Behring's Strait Expedition (Kellet and Moore), .	2	L.92,466
and Branch Expedition, in boats, to Mackenzie's River (Pullen), ...	4 (boats),	
Land Expedition through North America (Richardson and Rae), ...	4 (boats),	10,000
Lancaster Sound Expedition (Sir James Ross),	2	70,000
North Star, store-ship (Saunders), . . .	1	50,000
SECOND SERIES OF THE SEARCHING EXPEDITIONS, DESPATCHED IN 1850.		
Behring's Strait Expedition (Collinson and M'Clure, Moore and Kellet), ...	4	100,000
Lancaster Sound Expedition (Captain Penny), .	2	15,000
Lancaster Sound Expedition (Captains Austin, Ommaney, M'Clintock, and Osborne), .	4	145,000
Lancaster Sound Expedition (*Prince Albert*, Commander Forsyth), ...	1	4,000
Lancaster Sound Expedition (Sir John Ross and Captain Philips), ...	2	4,000
Lancaster Sound—United States Expedition (Lieut. de Haven), ...	2	6,000

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THIRD SERIES OF THE SEARCHING EXPEDITIONS, DESPATCHED IN 1851 AND 1852.	Vessels.	Cost.
Land Expedition through North America (Rae),	1 (boat),	L.2,000
Regent's Inlet Expedition (Kennedy), . .	1	5,000
Baffin's Bay Expedition (Inglefield), . .	1	5,000
FOURTH SERIES OF THE SEARCHING EXPEDITIONS, DESPATCHED IN 1852, NOW IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.		
Lancaster Sound Expedition (Sir Edward Belcher, Kellet, Pullen, M'Clintock, and Osborne), .	5	150,000
Additional stores forwarded to Behring's Strait, for the use of Collinson and M'Clure, under Commander Maguire of the *Plover*, ...		20,000
FIFTH SERIES OF THE SEARCHING EXPEDITIONS, LEAVING ENGLAND DURING THE PRESENT YEAR (1853).		
Behring's Strait Expedition (*Rattlesnake*, storeship, Commander Trollope), . . .	1	50,000
Behring's Strait Expedition (*Isabel*, Kennedy),	1	4,000
Lancaster Sound Expedition (Inglefield), . .	2	60,000
United States Expedition (Lieutenant Kane), .	2	6,000
Land Expedition to Isthmus of Boothia (Rae),	1 (boat),	4,000
Total estimated cost of the Searching Expeditions,		L.802,466

If to this be added the original outlay in the equipment of Franklin's own expedition, the entire sum expended by the country upon arctic expeditions, including the contributions from the United States and from private sources, within the last eight years, will thus amount to not far from a million sterling!

Having thus briefly traced the efforts which have been made during the last six years for the rescue of Sir John Franklin and his companions, the question naturally arises, as these efforts have hitherto been wholly unsuccessful, what prospect is there of the party being still in life, after so prolonged and unprecedented a detention within the inhospitable regions of the arctic seas? It would be idle to speculate upon a question to which so much doubt and uncertainty must necessarily attach. Among the various casualties incident to the situation of the lost navigators, public anxiety appears to point more especially to two—the absence of food and the severity of the climate—and they are undoubtedly those which furnish the strongest grounds for anxiety and apprehension for their safety. That they are not such, however, as necessarily lead to the unfavourable view which some have taken of the situation of the missing ships and their crews, must, we think, be obvious on the most cursory consideration of the facts in relation to the climate and resources of the arctic regions which the recent explorations have brought to light. It has long been a common but erroneous supposition, that animal life within the arctic regions decreases as the Pole is approached. This opinion, probably, had its origin chiefly in the observation made respecting the distribution of mankind; for the number of our fellow-creatures living beyond the Arctic Circle is very small, and, so far as we

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know, ceases altogether between the 75th and 77th parallels of latitude. This fact may, however, be quite otherwise accounted for. It certainly has no relation to the means of existence, for 'animal life,' as has been observed by a well-informed writer on this subject, 'is found as much in the polar as in the tropical regions; and though the number of *species* is decidedly inferior, the immense multitude of *individuals* compensate for this deficiency.' Mr Petermann, the writer to whom we refer, has, in a variety of publications on the subject of the Franklin expeditions, brought together much interesting and valuable information, from the narratives of various travellers, on the resources of the arctic regions, which give certainly a very encouraging view of the means of sustaining life in that remote and inhospitable portion of the globe. Without adopting altogether his high estimate of these resources, they are undoubtedly much more abundant than has been generally supposed. The severity of the climate, severe as it undoubtedly is, has likewise been greatly overrated. Mr Kennedy's remarkable journeys, performed, as has been stated, in the depth of mid-winter, are a fine example of what may be effected under prudent guidance, and by a party of resolute men. These journeys—extending, as already mentioned, upwards of 2000 miles—were performed at the most inclement period of the year, without fuel or any shelter from the cold beyond that obtained from the embankments of snow the party threw up every night around them, and with no other light for a considerable part of the time than that of the moon or stars; and all this without a single case of serious illness occurring during the whole period of their absence from England.

The climate of the arctic regions has, in fact, been divested of much of its terrors by the experience of the last few years. A careful comparison of the meteorological data furnished by the late expeditions, from different localities within the Arctic Circle, has enabled us to arrive at a tolerably precise acquaintance with the laws which regulate the distribution of temperature within these limits; and, like all other knowledge, it has served to dissipate much of that unthinking and mysterious dread with which the frozen regions of these icy seas have been hitherto regarded.

It has been a too common error, in regarding the climate of the arctic regions, to take into consideration the lines of latitude only; and on the principle of considering the equator and the poles as the centres of the greatest heat and the greatest cold, to infer that in advancing northward the temperature will in all cases be found to correspond with the latitude. Nowhere, however, are the inferences drawn from such views more erroneous than in the arctic regions, where the temperature depends in a great measure on the currents and drift-ice, the influence of which is remarkable.

Taking the data of Professor Dove as a basis, Mr Petermann has laid down on twelve polar charts the lines of equal temperature of every month in the year, and from a careful study of these

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lines, has deduced the following conclusion: that 'there exists a movable pole of cold, which in January is found in a line drawn from Melville Island to the river Lena, in Siberia, and which gradually advances towards the Atlantic Ocean, till, in July, it is found in a line drawn from Winter Island, in the north of Hudson's Bay, across the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay and the peninsula of Greenland to Nova Zembla, whence it gradually recedes during the succeeding months back to its former position.' Winter Island, in lat. 66° 30′ N., is consequently the pole of cold of the northern hemisphere during the summer; while Yakutsk, in Siberia, may be taken as the winter pole. And it appears from the researches of Mr Seemann, the naturalist of the *Herald*—which are so far, therefore, corroborative of this view—that Winter Island is likewise the phytological north pole—namely, that point which possesses the smallest number of genera and species of plants, and whence the number increases in every direction.

A line drawn from Winter Island to Lancaster Sound would, therefore, represent the line of lowest summer temperature; and vessels having crossed this line, and reached Melville Island or Wellington Channel, may be said to have passed, not the mathematical, but certainly the natural or physical north pole. Actual experience is so far corroborative of this physical fact, that no other part of the arctic regions has offered greater difficulties to navigation, as the narratives of Sir Edward Parry have shewn, than the one here designated as the physical north pole. The great mass of the polar ice, formed where the winter cold is the greatest—namely, in the region between Melville Island and Siberia—would appear, when broken up, to be annually drifted through Lancaster Sound into the Atlantic, reducing in its progress the temperature wherever it goes. These moving masses of ice, meeting through various outlets in Baffin's Bay, and drawn together by the natural law of gravitation, constitute the well-known phenomenon of the 'middle-ice,' so frequently referred to in the narratives of our arctic voyagers, and which in its progress along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, until it is finally dissipated by the warm current of the Gulf-stream, influences in so remarkable a degree the climate of the east coast of America.

Bearing these facts in view, in connection with the existence of the large sea along the Asiatic continent, observed by Wrangell as being more or less open and free from ice during the whole of the year, it is not unreasonable to conclude that Franklin—supposing him to have taken the northern route by the Wellington Channel—will not have been exposed to any greater severity of climate than the experience of previous voyages to the arctic seas has shewn to be quite within the power of an average European constitution to sustain without any permanently injurious effects.

It may be added also, that the northern coasts of Siberia, though exposed to a climate much more severe during the winter months

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than the corresponding coasts of America, are inhabited by permanent communities of Russians, who, whatever hardships they may undergo on political or other grounds, are not, so far as we know, in any way injuriously affected by the climate. The following comparative view of the distribution of temperature on both sides of the arctic basin, as shewn by a series of meteorological observations at the several stations mentioned, will put this in a clear light:—

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE MEAN TEMPERATURE ON THE AMERICAN AND ASIATIC COASTS OF THE POLAR SEA.

WINTER TEMPERATURE (JANUARY.)

Siberia.		Arctic America.	
Yakutsk (winter pole of cold)	45°·5	Melville Island,	31°·3
Ust Yansk,	39°·5	Port Bowen (Regent's Inlet),	29°·9
Nishnei Kolymsk,	31°·3	Fort Churchill,	28°
Nova Zembla,	2°·9	Winter Island,	23°·2
		Great Bear Lake,	22°·3

SUMMER TEMPERATURE (JULY.)

Yakutsk,	68°·8	Melville Island,	42°·5
Ust Yansk,	58°·6	Port Bowen,	36°·6
Nishnei Kolymsk,	62°	Fort Churchill,	58°
Nova Zembla,	36°·3	Great Bear Lake,	52°·1
Spitzbergen Sea (lat. 80°),	35°·9	Winter Island (summer pole of cold),	35°·4

Taking all these facts into consideration, the conclusion seems to be a reasonable one, that Franklin, ever since he entered Wellington Channel, has found himself in a district of country certainly not below the average temperature of the polar seas; and under such circumstances he and his party could therefore exist—as far as the question of climate is concerned—as well as other inhabitants of the arctic regions: more especially as, in addition to other resources, they would in their vessels possess more comfortable and substantial houses than any native inhabitants whatever of these regions.

Closely connected with the subject of temperature, is the distribution of animal and vegetable life in the arctic regions. As previously remarked, though few in species, the animals composing the arctic fauna are, individually, found in as great, if not greater numbers, than in any other part of the globe. 'Though several classes of the animal creation'—to quote Mr Petermann's summary —'as, for example, the reptiles, are entirely wanting in this region, those of the mammals, birds, and fishes, at least bear comparison, both as to number and size, with those of the tropics—the lion, the elephant, the hippopotamus, and others, being not more notable in this latter respect than the polar bear, the musk ox, the walrus, and, above all, the whale. Besides these, there are the moose, the reindeer, the wolf, the polar hare, the seal, and various smaller

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quadrupeds. The birds consist chiefly of an immense number of aquatic species. Of fishes, the salmon, salmon-trout, and herring, are the principal; the latter especially occurring in such myriads as to surpass everything of the kind met with in tropical regions. Nearly all the animals furnish wholesome food for man.'

The geographical distribution of these animals is very irregular, following in a great measure the distribution of the temperature. Thus, of all the shores of the arctic basin, those of North-eastern Siberia possess the greatest abundance of animal life; the temperature being there comparatively the highest in summer, although in winter the same region is the coldest on the face of the globe. Wrangell's description of the natural resources of the Kolyma district of Siberia is a very striking one. 'As soon as the dreary winter is over, large flights of swans, geese, and ducks, begin to make their appearance, and are killed in large numbers by the natives. When the rivers begin to open, which is generally about the month of June, immense shoals of fish pour in along the coast and ascend the streams. The principal species are the salmon, the salmon-trout, and the herring. In the interior, wherever vegetation has reached, large herds of reindeer, elks, bears, foxes, sables, and the Siberian squirrel, fill the stunted forests, or roam over the low grounds. Eagles, owls, and gulls, pursue their prey along the sea-coast; ptarmigans are seen in troops among the bushes; and little snipes are busy among the brooks and in the morasses.'

This is precisely the description given by travellers of that portion of the American side of the arctic basin corresponding in position with the region of the Kolyma. The yearly produce of the Russian Fur Company, who occupy the greater part of this district by permanent trading-posts, is very great. Mr Robert Campbell, an enterprising officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, has for some years been employed in exploring the interior of this remarkable section of country, with the view of opening its resources to the enterprise of his countrymen; and his description would lead to the conclusion, that notwithstanding its northern position, it is not inferior, in fertility of productions, to any part of the fur territories of North America occupied by the Hudson's Bay traders. This account is sustained by the published narratives of Richardson, Isbister, Dease, and Simpson, and other arctic explorers, who have visited this section of country. On both sides of the polar basin, there is the same tendency, both in the genera and species of the animal tribes, to decrease in number from west to east. On the shores of Baffin's Bay, Regent's Inlet, and Lancaster Sound, fewer are met with than in Melville Island and the neighbouring lands and islands; and some species which exist in abundance further west are not found at all in these localities. The animals available for the food of man, most generally diffused, and which are met with throughout the entire area of the polar seas, are the reindeer, the polar bear, the common Greenland

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whale, the seal, the walrus, the arctic hare, and certain species of aquatic birds and fishes.

The reindeer has been found at certain seasons of the year amongst all the islands of the Polar Sea, even in the barren and isolated Spitzbergen. They generally cross over the ice from the mainland in the early months of spring, pass the summer on the islands, and return on the approach of winter to the more genial climates of the south. Melville Island, the most distant point from either continental shore hitherto reached by us, was found by Sir Edward Parry to be a common resort of these animals during the warm season. He gives the following list of the quantities of game procured there during a few hunting excursions made by the officers of the *Hecla* and *Griper*, when these vessels wintered here in 1819-20:—3 musk oxen, 24 deer, 68 hares, 53 geese, 144 ptarmigans, 59 ducks.

An animal that may be classed with the reindeer in its universal diffusion over the arctic seas, is the Polar or Greenland bear (*Ursus maritimus*). He is the sovereign of the quadrupeds of the arctic countries. Traversing extensive fields of ice in pursuit of his prey, he is as much at home on the ice as on the land. He has been found on field-ice above 200 miles from shore. In some places, particularly along the lands surrounding Baffin's Bay, polar bears are met with in great numbers. 'On the east coast of Greenland,' according to Dr Scoresby, 'they have been seen like flocks of sheep on a common.' The flesh of the bear, according to the same authority, is, when cleared of fat, 'well flavoured and savoury,' especially the muscular part of the ham. The skin, when dressed with the hair on, forms beautiful mats, and may be used as a substitute for blankets or clothing when necessary. Prepared without being ripped up, and the hairy side turned inward, it forms a very warm sack-bed, and is used as such in some parts of Greenland.

The seal and the walrus are likewise extensively diffused species, and the former, more especially, is to be met with in all seasons of the year, and in all parts of the Arctic Sea. The flesh and skins of these animals may be applied to various economic uses, of great importance to any party, cut off, like that of Franklin, from intercourse with any quarter whence supplies might be procured. 'The skin of the walrus,' Dr Scoresby states, 'is used in place of mats for defending the yards and rigging of ships from being chafed by friction against each other. When cut into shreds and plaited into cordage, it answers admirably for wheel-ropes, being stronger and wearing much longer than hemp. In ancient times, most of the ropes of ships, in northern countries at least, would appear to have been made of this substance.' The uses of the seal are various, and, as is well known to the native inhabitants of the arctic regions, highly important. It yields a fine clear oil, and its skin, when dressed with the hair, is admirably adapted for winter clothing. To the Esquimaux, the seal indeed is everything.

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Its flesh is food; its fat gives light and heat in the winter *igloe*, or snow-hut; and its skin, dressed so as to be waterproof, is used for coverings for boats and tents, and for garments, every variety and every article of which, from a head-dress to a shoe, is made from this material alone.

The various tribes of cetacea peopling the arctic seas are very numerous. The flesh of some species is frequently found, even by our Greenland fishermen, to be a grateful change from the ordinary ship-fare of salt provisions: all of them furnish a wholesome, if not to Europeans a very palatable food, and are obviously available, in the last resort, as a means of supporting life when other resources may have failed. It is well known that the flesh of the whale is not only eaten, but prized as a delicacy by the native Esquimaux; and it 'is also well authenticated,' according to Dr Scoresby, 'that in the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, it was used as food by the Icelanders, the Dutch, the French, the Spaniards, and probably the English.' Besides forming a choice eatable, the inferior products of the whale are applied to other purposes by the Indians and Esquimaux of arctic countries, and are, to some extent indeed, essential to their comfort. Some membranes of the abdomen are used for an upper article of clothing; and the peritoneum, in particular, being thin and transparent, is used instead of glass in the windows of their huts; the bones are converted into harpoons and spears for striking the seal, or darting at the sea-birds, and are also employed in the erection of their tents, and, with some tribes, in the formation of their boats; the sinews are divided into filaments and used as thread, with which they join the seams of their boats and tent-cloths, and sew, with great taste and nicety, the different articles of dress they manufacture; and the whalebone and other superior products so valuable in European markets, have also their uses among them.

On the subject of the resources of the arctic regions available to Franklin and his party, even on the extreme supposition of the destruction of the ships and stores by any of the casualties incident to the navigation of the polar seas, we cannot perhaps do better than quote the following extract from a lecture delivered at Washington in the course of the last winter by Lieutenant Kane, of the United States searching expedition:—

'Nor is there any reason to apprehend, even on this supposition, that the missing party has perished from cold or starvation or disease. The *igloe*, or snow-house of the Esquimaux, is an excellent and wholesome shelter; the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company prefer it to the winter-hut. And for clothing, the furs of the polar regions are better than any of the products of Manchester. The resources which that region evidently possesses for the support of human life, are certainly surprisingly greater than the public are generally aware of. Narwhal, white whale and seal—the latter in extreme abundance—crowd the waters of Wellington Channel; indeed, it was described as a "region teeming

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with animal life." The migrations of the eider-duck, the breat-goose, and the auk—a bird about the size of our teal—were absolutely wonderful. The fatty envelope of these marine animals, known as blubber, supplies light and heat; their furs, warm and well-adapted clothing; their flesh, wholesome and anti-scorbutic food. The reindeer, the bear, and the fox, also abounded in great numbers, even in the highest latitudes attained. Add to all this, that the three years' provision which Franklin carried out was calculated according to the proverbial liberality of the British Admiralty, and was indeed abundant for a support during four years and a half; and that he was the man of all others whom necessity had taught the lesson of husbanding his resources, and of adding to them when occasion permitted—and we have a summary of what might be made a conclusive reply to the apprehensions on the score of a want of food.'

This question has become, in fact, one of authority; and, as indicative of the opinions on this matter of men accustomed to weigh evidence of the kind, and entitled to respectful attention from their position and eminence in science, we may be pardoned for giving one more, and a concluding, extract on the subject, which we shall now leave, with this brief statement of facts, to the reader's own judgment. It is from a speech of the Rev. Dr Robinson, Dean of Armagh, who, while reviewing the business of the different sections at the late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Belfast, makes the following observations in reference to a communication from Mr Petermann on the Zoology of the Polar Regions, to which we have already referred in the course of this paper:—'From the abundance of animal life in those regions, there is no room to doubt the safety of men so energetic, so fearless, and so true to their officers and to themselves, as that noble band of our countrymen, about whose welfare or whose existence every right-minded man is anxious, who accompanied Franklin on his last expedition, unless they have been the victims of some casualty by which both the ships of the expedition were instantly destroyed; for they were certain to find an ample and abundant means of sustaining life with both fuel and food. It was an exceedingly interesting paper, and not rendered less so by the discussion which it produced. One of our naturalists was rather disposed to doubt the high probability to which I allude; and I was glad when the discussion called up Owen and Murchison, and our president, Colonel Sabine—one who had passed through all the perils of the arctic voyage, and is perfectly aware, by his own experience, of all the dangers of an arctic winter. Perhaps I can add nothing to what Colonel Sabine said when asked, did he think our countrymen could exist in the rigour of these polar regions? "The Esquimaux," said he, "live there; and where they live, Englishmen can live." That contained the whole solution of the question. These men would have energy, some resources, and, above all, nothing could deprive them of the

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unconquerable courage and warm-hearted devotion to each other which ever was and ever will be the character of British sailors. And when these gentlemen expressed their assurance and conviction, that it was the bounden duty of the government never to rest till they obtained certain information of the death of Franklin and his companions, or certain evidence of their existence; when they said that public opinion would never cease to impress and force the necessity of this, their bounden duty, on the government, I felt, from the cheer that echoed the sentiment, that it was impossible but that expectation would be realised to the fullest extent.'

Such, then, is a summary of the main facts in connection with Sir John Franklin's expedition, and the efforts that have been made for its relief, which it was our purpose to bring before the reader. That these efforts have hitherto been wholly unsuccessful we have seen. Whether the endeavours, which, with a perseverance surely most creditable to the humanity and generosity of the nation, are still being made for their rescue, will be attended with more fortunate results, or whether, like that of La Perouse, the fate of Franklin and his companions is destined to be for ever shrouded in impenetrable mystery, are questions whose solution we must learn to await, in reliance upon an all-wise and merciful Providence, with fortitude and submission.

Of a man who, like Sir John Franklin, has of late years been an object of such universal interest and sympathy, a few biographical details will perhaps not prove uninteresting in conclusion.

Sir John Franklin, Kt., K.R.G., K.C.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., was born in 1786, at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, and is brother of the late Sir W. Franklin, chief-justice of Madras. Destined from an early period to the naval profession, he was entered, at the age of fourteen, on board the *Polyphemus*, Captain Lawford, under whom he served as midshipman in the action off Copenhagen, 2d of April 1801. He then sailed with Captain Flinders, in H.M. sloop *Investigator*, on a voyage of discovery to New Holland, in the course of which he was wrecked on a coral-reef, near Cato Bank, on the 17th of August 1803. Two years afterwards, we find him taking part in the battle of Trafalgar, on board the *Bellerophon*, where he was signal midshipman. On the 11th of February 1808, he received his commission as lieutenant, and was appointed to the *Bedford*, seventy-four, in which the royal family of Portugal was transported from Lisbon to South America, at the time of the occupation of their country by the French. He was engaged in very arduous services during the expedition against New Orleans in 1814, when he was wounded. In the year 1818 commenced the brilliant series of arctic expeditions, originating in the suggestion of the late Sir John Barrow, secretary to the Admiralty, and with which Franklin's name has been long so honourably associated. On the 14th of January 1818, he was appointed to the command

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of the *Trent*, in which he accompanied Captain Buchan of the *Dorothea* on a voyage to Spitzbergen, of which Captain Beechey has published an interesting account. On his return, in the autumn of the same year, he was invested with the command of an overland expedition from Hudson's Bay to the northern shores of America, for the purpose of examining the coasts of the Polar Sea to the eastward of the Coppermine River, and fixing the latitude and longitude of the mouth of that stream, which had been traced to the ocean in the previous century by Hearne, but regarding the accuracy of whose report considerable doubt had been expressed. Franklin, in this voyage, established beyond doubt the existence of an extensive sea, washing the northern shores of America, which he traced in a common Indian canoe, such as is used by the *voyageurs* of Hudson's Bay, for 140 miles to the east of the Coppermine. The return of the party from the sea was marked by much hardship and suffering; and it was only after the loss of more than half his crew, under the combined effect of cold, hunger, and exhaustion, that Franklin was able to reach York Fort on Hudson's Bay, after an absence of three years; during which he had travelled by land and water a distance of 5550 miles. The details of this tragical journey are well known from Franklin's own narrative of the expedition, published shortly after his return to England. In 1825, he undertook a second expedition over the same country, having more especially for its object a co-operation with Captain Parry and Captain Beechey, in the task of ascertaining from opposite quarters, by Lancaster Sound and Behring's Strait, the existence of a north-west passage. During this journey, the details of which will be found in Franklin's *Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in* 1825-7, the coast of North America, from the mouth of the Coppermine River to within 160 miles of Point Barrow, comprising a distance of upwards of 1200 miles, was accurately surveyed, and added to our maps. For this important contribution to geographical science, the French Geographical Society awarded Franklin their annual gold medal, valued at 1200 francs. Shortly after his return to England from this journey, he received the honour of knighthood, and, in July 1830, had the degree of D.C.L. conferred upon him by the university of Oxford. After serving some years on the Mediterranean station, and taking an active part in the war of liberation in Greece, for his services in which he was rewarded with the cross of the Redeemer of Greece, Sir John returned to England, and was created a K.C.H. on the 25th of January 1836. He was shortly after appointed governor of Van Diemen's Land, an office he continued to hold till within a short period of his leaving England on his last ill-fated expedition.

It is pleasing to have to record that, during the last year, the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, gratefully remembering Sir John's rule, have subscribed L.1000 in aid of the expedition in

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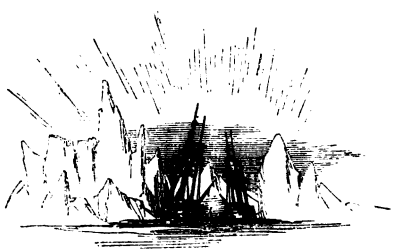
the *Isabel*, now on her way to Behring's Strait under Mr Kennedy. It is understood that the friends of Lady Franklin, desirous of relieving her from the heavy responsibility of this the *third* arctic expedition fitted out by her indefatigable and self-sacrificing exertions, have opened subscriptions at Messrs Drummond's, bankers, Charing Cross, in aid of the *Isabel's* equipment; and it is to be hoped that their appeal to the generosity of the public, in behalf of an object, interesting not only to the scientific and enterprising, but carrying with it the best sympathies of the nation, will meet with the success it so justly merits. It is satisfactory, meanwhile, to know that the interest in the search so long and so ardently prosecuted continues unabated, and that the public mind is made up that the fate of the missing ships shall be ascertained, if human energy can accomplish it. And the resolve is wise and generous: to her navy England owes, under God, her greatness and her safety; and in sending forth her gallant seamen on distant and hazardous enterprises, she is bound by every possible obligation to inspire them with a full confidence that they are under the eye and guardianship of their country, and that its resources will be exerted to the utmost in their behalf.



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CONSTANCIA DE GONSALVO.

I WAS commissioned by an eminent London firm, in the autumn of 1833, to proceed to the south-west of Spain, for the purpose of establishing a commercial agency in connection with the cultivators and others who occupy the rich lands to the east and south of the Guadalquivir, and skirted by the waters of the Bay of Cadiz. During my unexpectedly prolonged stay there, I became—in consequence of a rather close intimacy with Señor Manuel, a principal merchant of that city, to whom I had been accredited—involved in a singular affair, the chief incidents of which I have thrown together in the following brief, unexaggerated narrative.

I was breakfasting one Sunday morning with Señor Manuel and his son Alfonso, a young man of frank and agreeable character and manners, at the merchant's country residence, about a couple

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of degrees inland from Cadiz, when the señor, who had been unusually silent and preoccupied, suddenly proposed that, in furtherance of the commission with which I was intrusted, I should pay a visit to Juan Alvarez, a vine-grower near San Lucar de Barrameda, a small town by the entrance of the Guadalquivir.

'I promised Alvarez yesterday,' said Señor Manuel, speaking slowly, whilst a grave smile played about his lips, excited apparently by the red flush which lit up the clear olive of his son's complexion, 'that I would call on him shortly. I am disposed to do so to-morrow, if that will suit your convenience.'

'It would,' I said, 'very well.'

'Then, Alfonso,' continued the merchant, 'you will have three horses ready saddled by daybreak, unless you decline accompanying us; in which case, two will of course suffice.'

A gay laugh from the son as he rose, bowed, and left the apartment, was a sufficient reply. As soon as his shadow disappeared from the open corridor, Señor Manuel said, in a confidential sort of way: 'The boy has fallen in love, but not so stupidly as I at first supposed.' As the merchant spoke, his glance reverted complacently to a recent number of *El Crónica de Cadiz*, which had previously, I noticed, engaged his attention in a remarkable manner. 'Nothing like so stupidly as I had supposed—certainly not. And after all,' continued the thoroughly worldly matter-of-fact trader, as he withdrew his gaze with some effort from the paper, relaxed into a candidly benevolent smile, and, early as it was, kindled a cigar at a spirit-lamp upon the table—'after all, love is the great passion, the irresistible sentiment, the sublime enthusiasm, the—the everything, in short, in this sunny, superb Spain of ours at least. In your cold foggy island, Señor Inglese, it may be different; and yet,' added the merchant with prompt liberality, lest doubtless his reputation for politeness should suffer in my estimation, 'I have heard there are handsome women in England.'

'Well, a few—one or two, here and there, in the larger towns and counties perhaps.'

'Ha! Still it is well; one must be content. Everybody cannot have the luck to be Spaniards; but to-morrow, my friend, you shall see a Dulcinea that might turn all mankind into Quixotes. By San Jago! there is not such a pair of eyes in all Spain as Doña Katerina's!'

'*Doña* Katerina! A lady of degree, it seems?'

'No, no,' laughed Señor Manuel, as he rose and carefully pocketed *El Crónica;* 'that is only a complimentary way of speaking, you understand. But you shall know all about it to-morrow, the more readily, my friend, that I wish to take your opinion on the subject. But mind and be here early, as there is a long journey before us. *A Dios!*'

It was subsequently deposed that, in the afternoon of this same day (September 26, 1833), one of the numerous groups of busy

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politicians lounging about the Puerta del Sol, Madrid, and eagerly discussing the recent palace revolution consequent upon the resuscitation of the king, after he had been officially pronounced defunct by the royal physicians, was hastily approached by a middle-aged man, very shabbily attired, and further remarkable for a shy, slouching, though half-military air and bearing. He abruptly addressed himself to Señor Perez, a wealthy money-broker of Madrid, who appeared to feel anything but honoured by the stranger's preferential notice.

'You have not heard the news, it seems?' said the new-comer as he dragged the reluctant Perez away by the arm.

'Not heard the news!' sourly responded the money-merchant, vainly striving to disengage himself from the stranger's familiarly forcible grasp. 'A likely supposition, truly! All Madrid has heard the news—all at least, Señor Antonio de Gonsalvo, that dare shew themselves where a journal is read, or men talk openly with each other.'

'Calomarde has really fallen then!' said the person thus addressed, and still urging Perez slowly onwards. 'Come, tell me all about it.'

'Of course Calomarde has fallen, and very deservedly too, for the deception he attempted in the interest of Don Carlos to palm off upon the dying king. Zea Bermudez has been sent for by Christina, who in a few days, for Ferdinand cannot recover, will be queen-regent of Spain.'

'Malediction!' growled the stranger fiercely; 'I feared so!'

'Antonio de Gonsalvo,' sternly exclaimed Perez, a man of thoroughly respectable well-to-do politics, to whom no heresy was so detestable as that which refused obeisance to the rising sun—'you are surely crazed!'

'Pardon! My words had no meaning. See, this is the news I doubted you had heard of.'

Señor Perez took the letter offered him, adjusted his glasses, and it was delightful to note the benignant graciousness which gradually overspread his previously forbidding aspect. Scarcely permitting himself to read to the conclusion, he hurriedly exclaimed: 'Dead! and so suddenly? Why, then, my dear De Gonsalvo, you are your uncle's heir!'

'Unquestionably so; but,' he added with a half-ashamed glance at his threadbare raiment, 'it is not in this guise I should appear at Castello.'

'Certainly not. You want money, and shall have it. Come with me; yet stay: was there not some talk, many years ago, of the marriage of that rebellious slip of a son, Enrique de Gonsalvo?'

'Yes; he married Constancia, an elder sister of Inez de Calderon, Queen Christina's present favourite lady of the palace; but he left no issue.'

'No issue, male or female? I remember now to have heard so. And since they are both long ago with the saints, you, señor, are

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the undoubted heir. Bravissimo! Come with me, excellent sir: I will furnish you with any sums you require. And, Santa Maria! who would *not* lend anything he required to a nobleman with the best blood of Valencia in his veins? Come!'

A note to this freely rendered excerpt from the judicial archives of Sevilla adds, that the deponent, Josè Perez, further recalls to mind, upon reflection, that, later in the day when the precited conversation took place, Antonio de Gonsalvo suddenly asked him, if he knew how far it was from Madrid to San Lucar de Barrameda, in Andalucia; to which he, Josè Perez, replied, that he had never heard of such a place, as indeed he never had till within these last few days.

I was punctual to the time agreed upon with Señor Manuel; and both father and son being in readiness, we mounted forthwith, and set off at a canter. The weather was delicious, the horses excellent, the roads nowhere impassable, and, as we gaily caracoled along, I became more and more satisfied, from the merchant's thickening hints, that for all the inflated rubbish he had indulged in about love and romance, the charms by which Katerina, whoever she might be, had won his consent to her union with his son, were of a sufficiently tangible and solid kind to be plainly set forth and summed up in his ledger. Especially after we paused for rest and refreshment, and had imbibed a pint or so of excellent Xeres wine, did his confidences flow freely forth, all suggestive of mounting fortune, vastly increased commerce, and high social distinction, interspersed with rough but keen guesses at the value of the vine and olive grounds we were passing, and incessant injunctions to secrecy and silence. However, it was a very agreeable ride, and we reached our destination in excellent time, preceded about an hour by Alfonso, whose impatience, as we neared the goal, could not brook our more sober pace.

The dwelling and grounds of Juan Alvarez were very pleasantly situated at a considerable distance in our favour from San Lucar and the Guadalquivir, but commanding a fine view of both, as well as of the broad Atlantic, whose surging murmurs, brought by the odorous south wind, struck faintly and soothingly upon an attentively listening ear. In the season of buds and flowers, the place must have been as fresh, blooming, and fragrant, as the two charming girls, who, with Juan Alvarez, met us at the myrtle-trellised gate. Let me here describe these youthful maidens—neither was yet eighteen—as I might have done a few hours after making their acquaintance. Luïsa, slightly the taller, and considerably the fairer, was the daughter and only child of Alvarez, whom she, however, did not in the slightest manner resemble: not so much as her companion Katerina, who did so in some slightly appreciable degree, though, truly, it would have puzzled one to say in what particular feature; and *she* was no relative of his, nor indeed of any other tangible person, and known simply as Katerina. Juan Alvarez, to be sure, had always given out that

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she was the stray scion of an illustrious family of the old Gothic blood of Spain, consigned to his care under painful circumstances for awhile, but certain to be ultimately claimed and restored to her rightful position with prodigious éclat and rejoicings. This was a kind of story that would never, under any circumstances, have gone down very well with me; and, in the present instance, the Gothic blood and parentage part of the romance was quite evidently a fiction. If ever there was a damsel of the genuine Andalucian race, Katerina was one. This her hair, complexion, glancing Arab eye, agile, slight, yet warmly rounded figure, quick gushing susceptibility of temperament, and keen eager enjoyment of life, unmistakably proclaimed. Luïsa, now, judging from appearances, might have had a smart sprinkling of Gothic blood in her veins. She was fairer than Katerina; her hair, especially, was many shades lighter than the glossy ebony of Katerina's long plaited tresses; and her feet, though well formed enough, and by no means excessively large, were of nothing like such delicate symmetry as her companion's. Then her speech and manner, compared with the half-Moorish maiden's, were unimaginative, cold, and formal. Luïsa, in brief, although, it might be, a handsomer person in a strict sense, was certainly not a more lovable one than Katerina, whose charming face shewed as many dimples as there were letters in her baptismal name. Good well-principled girls both of them withal were, and ardently attached to each other—in fact, but for complexions of a deeper glow, and a certain foreign colouring of tone and demeanour, just such gentle, graceful, heart-breaking damsels as lead captive the ingenuous youth of Britain, both north and south of the Tweed. Education, it is true, in a conventional sense, they possessed but little, except in the arts of reading, writing, spelling, and sewing—acquired, I believe, at a nun's school, attached to the not very distant convent-church of Los Gozos de Neustra Señora (the Joys of Our Lady); yet were they superior artists in two at least of the accomplishments that attract and fascinate mankind. But then dancing in Spain, in Andalucia at all events, positively *does* come by nature; and first-class scholars were they both, each after her distinctive bent of mind, in that primal academy. Music was also theirs by special gift of Heaven; for certainly they had no teacher in the science, if you except the organ-swell of the wind, and torrent-voices sweeping down from the forest-clothed sierras in the not far distance, which might, perhaps, have given resonance and power to Luïsa's rich and ringing tones in the heroic chants celebrative of the exploits of El Cid Campeador; and that you also ignore, as a preceptive influence, the murmured melody of the Guadalquivir, stealing its bright way through perfume-breathing cistus and myrtle groves, of which even a dull ear might detect a silver echo in Katerina's *Romances Moriscos*.

But I must have done with this damsel-drawing, or I shall get carried off my feet into altitudes for which I have no wings

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—they went with my black hair and whiskers—and I turn, therefore, to Señor Juan Alvarez, a lithe, sinewy, black-eyed, black-haired, sallow, shrewd-faced individual of middle age, of neither repulsive nor prepossessing aspect and manners, according to my taste and impression. I was, moreover, very soon satisfied, as we strolled through his old-world cultivated vine and olive fields, that he possessed neither more nor less of aptitude for business than the generality of his leisure-loving countrymen, albeit there would a glimmer now and then shoot forth from his deep-set, cavernous, flurried eyes, which convinced me that he was by no means indifferent in the matter of profit, if obtainable without much personal effort. One thing I rather liked him for: he was evidently strongly attached to the orphan intrusted to his guardianship, and tenderly solicitous for her—Katerina's—welfare. This, admitting the story told of her family to be true, and that he had been a hereditary servitor of the decayed house, as in that case I supposed it to be, was no doubt attributable to the strong feudal sentiment still prevalent in Spain. Alvarez, certainly, in my judgment, loved her far better than he did his own child, and was at pains, one could see, to conceal the preference he felt, lest it might give Luïsa pain. But to resume this narrative: I found Alvarez to be in so unbusiness-like a mood, so impatiently indifferent to my instructions and explanations relative to an improved mode of preparing and packing olives for the London market, that I was at length fain to conclude that his mind was, for the present at all events, hopelessly preoccupied with the Alfonso and Katerina marriage affair (which I knew from Señor Manuel he was extremely anxious to forward and hasten), to the exclusion of more important matters. I was right. Clearly discerning the uselessness of further business discourse, I proposed returning to the house; and we had no sooner done so than the young people, with that singularly intuitive perception—common, I have observed, to all countries—by which, without a word being spoken, they become aware that certain interesting arrangements will be best furthered by their absence, stole quietly off, and I was doing the same, when Señor Manuel caught me by the arm, and said: 'I beg you will not leave us. You English, who, I have read, buy and sell your wives at market with halters round their necks—no offence, I hope; every country has its customs, and why not, by San Jago! Still, you must be cool hands at such bargains; and I shall be glad of your advice and assistance in a rather out-of-the-way affair of the kind. My friend Alvarez will, I am sure, have no objection.'

The quick furtive glance of 'my friend Alvarez' said: 'Every objection' quite plainly; but as his lips said: 'None in the world,' I reseated myself, lit a cigar, and assumed a listening attitude.

'You see,' began the merchant with some hesitation, as if hardly knowing at which end of the story to commence—'you see—that

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is, you will presently—that Katerina is not Katerina at all, but Constancia de Gonsalvo'——

'Doña Constancia de Gonsalvo,' interposed Juan Alvarez.

'Yes, yes, of course. Doña Constancia de Gonsalvo, whose honoured parents both died about fifteen years ago—one of grief, the other of gunpowder.'

'Enrique de Gonsalvo,' said Alvarez with dignity, 'colonel of cavalry in the forces of the heroic General Vidal, blew himself up rather than surrender to the troops sent against him by Ferdinand, who had dismissed the constitutional Cortes'——

'Yes, yes; we know all about that,' interrupted Manuel, who, unlike the majority of his class, was an Absolutist. 'He was a rebel against our lord the king, a setter-up of revolutions'——

'Of constitutions,' again interposed Alvarez. 'The English señor understands, no doubt.'

'Santa Maria, to be sure he does! It would be odd if he did not, seeing they all come from his country! But, revolutions or constitutions, the end is, that Colonel de Gonsalvo was a dead traitor, his wife and child proscribed outlaws'——

'No, no—disinherited outcasts, you mean.'

'Tell the story yourself, friend Juan; you will do it better than I shall. By San Jago! my head always spins round like a humming-top when I think of a sensible man risking his for such nonsense.'

Juan Alvarez did so, but with so much circumlocution, that I had better perhaps relate its substance in my own words. Colonel de Gonsalvo, the only son of Don Lopez de Gonsalvo, a fanatical royalist, he himself being an equally fanatical Exaltado, perished in Vidal's outbreak against the government of Ferdinand, having about two years previously espoused, against the wishes of the families on both sides, Constancia de Calderon. Her husband's death preyed fatally upon the youthful widow, who, when dying, intrusted her only child, a girl then nearly three years old, to Juan Alvarez, an attached servant of the Calderon family, with strict injunctions to keep its very existence a secret from Don Lopez, the grandfather, who, if he married again and had a son, would thereby nullify the otherwise indefeasible claim of the female heir to the Gonsalvo estates. This was done in the presence of a clergyman, one Juan Ortiz, since created a bishop, who had also at the same time witnessed and attested by his seal and signature a document drawn up in accordance with the dying wife's instructions, containing her wishes with respect to the future of the child, and a minute description of its person. About two years after this, Juan Alvarez, who was already a widower with a child of his own, of the same sex and age as that of his mistress —though it did not clearly appear to me that this fact was known to the mother of Constancia—came and settled in his present abode.

'The rest, which is plain sense,' said Señor Manuel, when we

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had got thus far, 'is soon told. My son, Alfonso, like a silly calf, as he and most young men are, chose to fall in love with, for aught he knew to the contrary, a moneyless, nameless Katerina. Parental watchfulness took the alarm, and I naturally insisted that the acquaintance should be broken off. What happened next? why this: my friend, Juan, very anxious, as he ought to be, to settle his charge handsomely in the world, for, after all, the Gonsalvo estates, which are terribly dipped too, I hear, are not hers yet—perhaps never will be, God knows; there is nothing sure in this world: well, I say, my friend Juan, considering these things, comes to me and tells this story; which I of course —for one must look at both sides of the cloth before buying—take time to consider. There is Don Lopez, I reflect, still in the prime of life'——

'Sixty-four, if he's a day,' interrupted Alvarez.

'You hear: a man scarcely ageing, and who may live, as I say, thirty or forty years longer. Then there is a varlet of a nephew, who knows, or at least suspects, that the heiress to the Gonsalvo estates is under the care of my friend Juan, and he may give trouble.'

'He lost his commission of captain of artillery, as I told you, whilst serving at Ceuta, for misconduct, more than a twelvemonth agone. Besides, he will have no right in the matter whatever, and is not worth a real.'

'Well, be it as it may, I have made up my mind to brave all chances, in consideration of Katerina's charming qualities, and Alfonso's ardent attachment to her, provided that you, Juan Alvarez, furnish me with instant and incontestable proof that the amiable girl is in very truth Doña Constancia de Gonsalvo, and heiress-presumptive of the estates—admitting, at the same time, as I unhesitatingly and unreservedly do—that she is a nobility and a fortune in herself. If you do this, Juan, it is my wish that the marriage be celebrated without delay.'

'The proof is easy and conclusive,' said Alvarez, as he unlocked an iron-bound box which he had placed upon the table. 'But, first, have you written to Father Ortiz—the bishop, that is to say?'

'Yes, and I have his letter in reply with me. He perfectly remembers the death of the Lady Constancia, and witnessing the document you speak of, although he can remember only its general tenor. This, however, by reason, as you shall presently hear, of the venerable man's praiseworthy precaution at the time of signing, can have no evil consequence whatever.'

'Is this like the signature in the letter?' said Alvarez, placing his finger upon a name at the bottom of a parchment he had unrolled.

'My eyes are not so good as they were. Have the goodness to compare the two signatures,' said Señor Manuel, placing the letter in my hands. 'Not that there is any doubt, my good friend, Juan,' he added, whilst I heedfully compared the two signatures,

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'of your truth and honesty. Very far from that; but all matters of form, no one is better aware than you, should be gone through with minutely and formally.'

'The signatures,' I said, 'which are very peculiar, are identical. There can, I think, be no doubt of that.'

'And there are no erasures, no blots, no alterations, Señor Inglese?'

'None whatever.'

'Then have the goodness, my dear sir, to read the document aloud.'

I did so. The first part related to some testamentary dispositions regarding the child; then came a list of some family ornaments. 'Here they are,' said Alvarez, taking them out of the box and placing them on the table. They precisely corresponded with the inventory. The next and important lines, in my view of the matter, described the child's person minutely: 'Brunette complexion, black eyes and hair, and long eyelashes; small feet, one pockmark over the right eyebrow, and two moles about an inch apart at the back of the neck.' Katerina, unquestionably! There could be no question upon the matter. She *was* a Goth, then, by descent! So much for my conceit in ethnological science.

'Capital!' exclaimed the merchant—'Katerina's exact portrait. The moles I saw half an hour since. Still, friend Juan, your document might be a forgery; nay, don't look so fierce, man: it *might*, I say, be a clever imitation of the original instrument, altered only in a material part—the description of the child, for instance.'

'Señor Manuel,' said Alvarez faintly, 'what, what can you mean?' The man's countenance was as white as a tombstone, either with consternation or anger, I could not for the moment decide which. Presently, I felt assured that it could have been from anger only.

'I say,' resumed Manuel, 'that such a charge, but for the forethought of the excellent bishop, might have been insinuated, especially by that scamp of a nephew, Antonio de Gonsalvo. But that will be hereafter impossible if you agree—and I am sure you will readily—to submit the parchment to another test.'

'Test! What test?' murmured Juan Alvarez, still white, trembling, nerveless, as it seemed.

'The bishop says in his letter,' replied Señor Manuel, 'that being strongly impressed with the importance of the document he was witnessing, and having no time to copy it, he took a penknife and cut off in a zigzag direction a strip of blank parchment about two inches wide, right across the top of the instrument, and just above where the writing commenced. He has preserved that strip. Now, if this your sheet or skin of parchment—which we see *is* cut zigzag (indented the lawyers call it) across the top—fits that in his lordship's possession, as well as matches it in grain, there cannot be the shadow of the shade of a doubt that we are in

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possession of the original *bona fide* document. Eh! friend Juan, is not that so?'

The man was breathing freely again, and the natural colour had returned to his cheeks. 'Certainly, certainly,' he said: 'the device was excellent, admirable. I remember, now it is mentioned, observing his lordship act as you describe, but without at the time comprehending the motive of what he was doing. The test can be applied as soon as you please.'

'Bravo, my friend! I knew you would say so. Thus, then, let it be: the bishop happens to be at Sevilla just now. Let the document be sent there, officially, for registration at the Chancellaria, which, I am advised, is in all cases the proper course: his lordship will then have an opportunity of verifying it. In the meantime, for I now throw all doubt and hesitation to the winds, let us have the marriage-contract drawn up, and signed and sealed without delay, according to the terms you proposed, and I cheerfully agree to.'

Juan Alvarez joyfully assented; and now all obstacles smoothed away, all doubts removed, Señor Manuel's self and cigar kindled into unwonted irradiation, as emitting an extraordinary cloud of smoke, and gallantly grasping a flask of wine, he exclaimed: 'Here's to the health of the bride, gentlemen! of the charming Katerina, the divine Constancia, the most beautiful maiden in all Spain! as I told you only yesterday, Señor Inglese. I should be proud of such a daughter-in-law, if she were as poor as a poet. Still, a handsome dowry does not come amiss. I shall give the sweet damsel a father's blessing directly she comes in. Her health, gentlemen!'

As she did come in very soon afterwards—and I have no taste either for fatherly or loverly raptures on such occasions—I slipped out, just to take a turn or two, and ask myself a few questions. What could be the true meaning of that which I had just seen and heard? That both Alvarez and Manuel were playing a part more or less deceitful, I had not the slightest doubt; and as to the latter, I guessed pretty well where *his* secret lay. *El Crónica de Cadiz* had informed him of the death of Don Lopez de Gonsalvo; and, having thoroughly satisfied himself that Katerina was the true Constancia, he was desirous of hurrying on the match before the news reached Alvarez, and induced him either to insist upon more onerous conditions, or possibly to break off the negotiation altogether. This I mentally booked as certain, with regard to Señor Manuel. But Alvarez puzzled me. My first vague impression had been, that he was endeavouring to palm off his own daughter upon the wealthy merchant as the Lady Constancia de Gonsalvo, under which hypothesis his conduct was intelligible, and might arise from a natural anxiety to provide handsomely for Katerina, in case the Gonsalvo house of cards fell to pieces. Yet the document I had seen—if verified by the attesting bishop, and, from the confidence exhibited by Alvarez, I had no doubt that it could be—

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seemed to establish beyond question that she was the true heiress; but if so, why was Alvarez so eager for the conclusion of the match? so desirous of uniting the representative of an illustrious house with a merchant's son? he, one of a nation, too, who for the most part are so absurdly prejudiced in favour of birth and rank? It was altogether too profound a puzzle for me; so I gave it up, comforting myself with the pleasant reflection, that Katerina, in whose favour I felt extremely prepossessed, would, however matters turned, have an amiable and attached husband, and a wealthy home. As to Alvarez and Señor Manuel, I cared but little how prosperously or otherwise their selfish ventures reached port or suffered wreck.

We—that is, Señor Manuel, his son, and myself—slept at San Lucar that night, and the next day the marriage-contract was drawn up and executed. Señor Manuel, Alvarez, and the lover, of course, were extremely anxious that the wedding should take place immediately after the messenger, who had been despatched to Sevilla with the precious document, upon which so much depended, returned with the bishop's authentication; and I also was, I confess, desirous that there should be no delay, which could not, it more fully struck me the oftener I reflected on the matter, work other than evil to one or both of the contracted parties. But Katerina—I beg pardon, Constancia de Gonsalvo—was inexorably determined on procrastination, and was warmly supported in her resolve by her friend and confidante Luïsa, upon the ground of some Spanish etiquette, decorum, or punctilio, which, they made clearly out to their own satisfaction, necessitated the delay of a month at the very least. We were obliged to yield the point, or nearly so; and it was finally settled that the 18th of October next ensuing should be the happy day.

Alas for the folly of human hopes and aspirations! The world had lived only to the morning of the 3d of that month, when a panting messenger informed me that my presence was requested at Señor Manuel's without a moment's delay. It occurred to me that possibly the gout, which I knew had attacked his pedal extremities, might have assailed the more delicate and sensitive machinery of his stomach; but the first glimpse of the merchant and his son dispelled this fear. Señor Manuel was stamping up and down the counting-house, upon his flannelled legs, in a towering passion, cursing, lamenting, and screaming with pain, all in a breath; and poor Alfonso, utterly aghast and woebegone, sat, statue-like, beside his desk, his sanguine complexion changed to the colour of the ashes of the half-consumed cigar lying neglected before him. Señor Manuel had an open letter in his hand. 'Read that, sir,' he exclaimed, checking the ebullition of his wrath sufficiently to be intelligible; 'read that, my good friend, and give your advice. By San Jago! my head turns round like a top; ha! ho!—and Alfonso there never had one. The infamous *carôjo!* the rascal! ho! ha! read, my friend—read!'

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I did as well as I could, but so ill spelt a scrawl took some time to decipher. It was, I found, from Juan Alvarez; and the confused and confusing purport seemed to be, that the writer had heard of the death of Don Lopez de Gonsalvo; that the deceased's nephew, Antonio de Gonsalvo, had arrived at San Lucar de Barrameda, and claimed the guardianship of Doña Constancia, notwithstanding the clause in the testamentary act of her mother which, by implication at least, conferred that right on Alvarez. He—the nephew—moreover, insisted that not only should the proposed marriage be deferred, but all intercourse between the parties be peremptorily forbidden. The note concluded with the expression of a wish, that some one in whom Señor Manuel could confide—El Inglese perhaps, as least liable to suspicion—should come over and confer with him, Juan Alvarez, as if upon business.

'Well, what do you say, my friend?' said Señor Manuel. 'I know that till your next letters arrive, you will have plenty of leisure; and as to expenses, I shall of course be liberal—ha! ho!'

Alfonso's miserable phiz influenced me more than the merchant's proffered liberality. The disappointment he was suffering under is, I quite well know, fatal only, like the *maladie de mer*, to excessively weak and sensitive organisations, but, like that also in another respect, it is cruelly distressing whilst it lasts; and I consented, after a little hesitation, to do my best to set the troubled course of true love smooth again. Two hours afterwards, I was on the road to San Lucar, it having taken Alfonso all that time to indite the voluminous love-epistle I had undertaken to place in Constancia's hands, but which, I rejoiced to think, it formed no part of my self-imposed mission to read.

I found Alvarez alone, and in very disconsolate, or, more properly speaking, oppressed mood. I don't know any other word that better expresses the sullen angry dejection he appeared to labour under; whilst the quick-glancing flurried expression I had at first remarked, shot more frequently than ever from out the depths of his dark, deep-set, cunningly-intelligent eyes. He appeared glad to see me; but so hesitating, disjointed, and often contradictory was his talk, that I had great difficulty in arriving at the following facts and semi-conclusions:—The nephew of Don Lopez was gone to Sevilla, to examine the document registered there, the authenticity of which he had the audacity, according to Alvarez, to dispute, notwithstanding the bishop's voucher, which, I have omitted to mention, had reached Señor Manuel in due course of post. If Katerina, however, *was* the daughter of Enrique and Constancia de Gonsalvo, then he, the nephew, assumed to be her legal guardian; and as to her marriage with a vulgar trader's son, however rich, that he would not hear of; and till the young lady came of age—and it wanted nearly four years of that—his, Antonio de Gonsalvo's word, would be law in the matter. He had also, I partly gathered by dint of a searching cross-examination, made other overtures and conditions, though of what precise nature

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Alvarez would not divulge; except that, for the present, the existence of the said heiress should be kept, as far as possible, after what had passed, a close secret from the world. 'You had better, therefore,' Alvarez was saying, at the close of a long, unsatisfactory interview, 'not attempt to see Katerina—Doña Constancia, I mean—as there is a servant left here who would no doubt inform his master. Ah! here he is! Prudence—silence!' he added in a hurried whisper, 'or all will go wrong.' This sudden break in our colloquy was occasioned by the entrance, by a gate opening from the Sevilla high-road, of a gentleman handsomely habited in deep mourning. It was Antonio de Gonsalvo, just returned from that city, and not looking, as it struck me from the slight glance I obtained of his jaundiced and bloated countenance, particularly well pleased with the result of his journey. He beckoned to Alvarez with the air of a master, and I heard the latter say, deprecatingly: 'An Englishman in the wine and olive trade, on business.' In another minute they disappeared within the house; and I turned away for a stroll through the grounds, but had not taken a dozen steps when Pedro, a sharp lad whom I had seen about the place, and who, I believe, was gardener, groom, waiter, errand-man, and housemaid to the establishment, smilingly confronted me. He had a remarkably speaking countenance, had Pedro—so much so that I instantly, in reply to his mute but quite intelligible query, said: 'To be sure I have a letter—here it is; and mind you tell the señoretta, to whom it is addressed, that I must have an answer within an hour from this, as I do not intend remaining later than that.' He nodded with quick intelligence, and disappeared, but returned again very shortly with a flask of wine, a bundle of cigars, and some choice fruit, which he arrayed upon a rustic table, near which I stood. This done, he merely said: 'You will have the answer, señor, in good time,' and once more disappeared.

I do not know when I have passed a much pleasanter hour than the immediately succeeding one. The weather was delightful—as fresh and much more balmy than an English June. The Atlantic gamboled and glittered in the far south: it seemed for my especial amusement, for not another soul was anywhere to be seen; and the silver estuary of the Guadalquivir did the same on my right. The wine was capital, the cigars superb; and thus circumstanced, it is not surprising that I quickly subsided into a state of single blessedness, which, in my opinion, the happiest husband would have no objection to find himself in now and then—that is, by way of change only. The woes and worries I have been relating were, it will be remembered, other people's—not mine; and that is a burden, I have remarked, which, other matters being pleasant, may be borne with equanimity. Presently I began to consider whether the firm in the City would, if they knew all, exactly approve of a man of business, as Alvarez had truly said, in the wine and olive line, mixing himself up with the affairs of distressed damsels and mysterious dons, and nobody knew what mischief besides.

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This train of thought again led naturally to Mrs Brown and the young barbarians all at play—if the weather were at all favourable—it being Saturday afternoon, at Highgate; and I had just finished a mental memorandum to the effect that it would be as well, on my return home, to draw it rather mild when talking of bright and black-eyed Luïsas, and Katerinas, and Constancias, when my drowsy ear became slowly conscious of the tones of Luïsa's rich voice, somewhat angrily sharpened, exclaiming: 'Hist! hist! Señor Inglese! *Madre de Dios!* he must be asleep. And at such a time, too! Señor Inglese! Englishman! hist! hist!'——

'I beg a thousand pardons, señoretta; but really this charming weather, and'——

'Hush! Step this way, if you please. They can see you from the house.'

I obeyed, and Luïsa placing a letter in my hand, said softly: 'From Doña Constancia-Isabella de Gonsalvo, for you know whom.'

'It shall be delivered safely, be assured; but you have some more important communication to make than any contained in the letter, or I misread the meaning of two of the brightest eyes in Spain.'

'No silly compliments, señor, if you please,' retorted the offended maiden. 'That which I have further to say,' she continued, after grave acceptance of my gestured apology, 'concerns, though as yet I have not spoken to her of it, the Lady Constancia-Isabella de Gonsalvo intimately, deeply.'

'Bless your pretty, affectionate punctilio!' thought I, as she ceased speaking. 'You would not, I think, abate a syllable of one of Katerina's new names and titles if they reached the length of a racer's pedigree.'

'I would say,' resumed Luïsa Alvarez in a quick beating voice, 'that a dark cloud menaces not only her so lately brilliant prospects, but'—the voice sank so low that I could hardly hear the words—'but her very life!'

'Merciful Heaven!'

'Listen to me. This Antonio de Gonsalvo is a bad, reckless man. I have overheard words that—I have overheard him, I say,' faintly continued the terrified girl, who was momently becoming paler and paler, 'make half suggestions to my father which induce me to believe that the least evil she may have to dread will be confinement, perhaps for ever, in a convent; and even if that were all, she has, I assure you, señor, not the slightest vocation for such a life.'

'That, I will be sworn, she has not.'

'I might say more; but this is enough to put you—her friends, I mean—upon their guard. Nothing must be done, however, rashly, as he is her legal guardian. Should there be necessity, I will send Pedro for you—for you, who would not perhaps be suspected; and if you were, you would not, I think, be afraid of

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this bad man, tiger as he seems? You English *hereticos*, I have heard my father say, are afraid of nothing; not even of—of the —— *Sancta Maria ora pro me!*' she added, crossing herself, suddenly breaking off, and hurrying away; but whether as an expiation for the thought which seemed about to pass her lips, or as a prayer for protection against Antonio de Gonsalvo, who, with her father, came a minute after in view, I could not easily determine. She had, I conjectured, heard their footfall; but they, it was plain, had not observed her when conversing with me.

'I will see you presently, and endeavour to conclude our bargain,' said Alvarez, as he passed me with his sinister-looking companion. I bowed, and they went away by the outer gate. Alvarez returned alone. He looked, it seemed to me, still more perplexed and cowed, and was certainly quite as unintelligible as at our previous interview; and all I could make out with tolerable distinctness was, that he, Alvarez, should be rather pleased than otherwise if the young people could manage to make a stolen match of it in such a way that he could not be suspected of complicity in the proceeding; but else, not for the world. Antonio de Gonsalvo had, he said, suddenly determined upon going to Madrid, and would not return before a fortnight had passed at the earliest.

The few scraps of information and conjecture with which I returned to Cadiz, greatly annoyed, as I anticipated, my expectant friends there. But as neither the angry irritation of Señor Manuel, nor the fretful despondency of his son, appeared likely to avail anything in the way of remedy to the actual state of things, I withdrew as speedily as I could from the bootless conference, half resolved in my own mind neither to make nor meddle further in the matter. This partially formed purpose did not hold; partly because I continued to have so much idle time upon my hands, but chiefly that a deeper interest, a more tragic foreboding, than is involved in the anxieties and crosses of lovers, however dismal and agonising they may be, gradually overgrew the action of the domestic drama in which I had become unwittingly a somewhat prominent actor, determining me to go through with my part to the end, whether it was written that the curtain should fall upon the *spectra* of a criminal court and a death-scaffold, or the festivities of a happy marriage and a wedding-supper.

We heard one day through Pedro, that Antonio de Gonsalvo had returned from Madrid before he was expected, and that a furious quarrel had immediately ensued between him and Juan Alvarez, which was, however, made up a few hours afterwards, and the two worthies had become more closely intimate than ever. Three days subsequent to this news, a hurried note reached Señor Manuel in Luïsa's handwriting, but not subscribed by her, stating, in general terms, that a great peril was suspended over the head of Lady Constancia de Gonsalvo, and that no time ought to be

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lost in extricating her from the custody of her unscrupulous guardian.

It was immediately resolved, in compliance with Alfonso's passionate entreaties, that an eminent lawyer of Cadiz should be consulted as to the steps it would be advisable to take. Alfonso and I—the gout still held the señor in durance—proceeded forthwith to the legal gentleman's office, and laid the entire matter before him as clearly and with as little prolixity as possible. The man of pleas and precedents listened to all we—I, rather, for Alfonso confined himself to the mute eloquence of pale looks and neglected hair—had to say; remarking, when I had quite finished, that it seemed a hard case for the young couple; but such wrinkles in one's lot always smooth out with time and patience; that Antonio de Gonsalvo bore, he knew, a very indifferent reputation, and might certainly, under the influence of so strong a temptation, exceed even our worst anticipations; nevertheless, he was undoubtedly the young lady's natural guardian; and he, Martino Gomez, did not at all see how she could be got out of his hands. 'Even this note which has so frightened you,' he added, 'is not, you perceive, signed; and if it were, it could not avail, confined as it is to mere vague, indefinite assertion.' This was cold comfort; but as nothing better seemed to be forthcoming, we were taking, quite chop-fallen, leave, when Martino Gomez, relaxing his wrinkles, said: 'Stay a moment. Why do you not apply to the young lady's maternal aunt, the Lady Inez de Calderon? She is, all Spain knows, very powerful at court—the queen-regent's favourite lady, in fact. She could interfere with effect; and it strikes me, from what I have heard of the character of Doña Inez, that she would do so.'

This was quite a new as well as luminous idea. Alfonso caught at it eagerly, and so did his father the moment we reported it, not a little thereby surprising me; for should the great court-lady interpose in behalf of her youthful niece, it would not be, I guessed, in order to marry her to Alfonso Manuel. This view of the subject I, however, kept to myself; and it was at length arranged that I should at once proceed to Madrid—obtain, if possible, an interview with this Lady Inez de Calderon—Señor Manuel to defray all expenses, of course—and endeavour to interest her in favour of the distressed lovers. Alfonso wished to accompany me, but this the merchant would not listen to, his presence being required in the counting-house; besides, he would do far more harm than good if he went, his father flatteringly added.

I had fallen in with this proposal the more easily, that I had a great desire to see the Spanish capital; and I did so for the first time on the 21st of November 1833, after a long and tedious journey; the discomfort, ay, and danger of which, only those who have travelled in Spain or in the Bedouin Desert can correctly appreciate. I speak of Spain as it was twenty years ago; what improvements have been since effected is of course another question,

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upon which I am not competent to offer an opinion. The day after my arrival in Madrid, I despatched, by one of the waiters at El Rey, near the Plaza Mayor, where I had taken up my temporary abode, a carefully and elaborately worded missive to the palace, addressed to Her Excellency the Lady Inez de Calderon. Three days passed without an answer—a fourth, up till a late hour in the afternoon, when I was met, on returning from a walk, with the intelligence that a court-messenger had been waiting upwards of an hour for me, and was stamping the floor with impatience. This was, I found, quite true; and the irate and hasty gentleman would not even allow me five minutes to change my dress—a short, rough, winter's coat, cloth knees, and continuations ditto—the Lady Inez de Calderon, who had just returned with the court from La Granja, would, he said, excuse my strange attire: she had been in England or Iceland, he hardly knew which, perhaps both, and knew how people dressed in those countries; and, at all events, to the palace I must go, *nolens volens*, and at once. I was preciously flurried, I know; and this feeling increased to an intensely uncomfortable pitch, as I hastily traversed the spacious quadrangle, ascended one of the magnificent staircases, and shuffled along the stately corridors of the gorgeously solemn palace; passing here and there, and occasionally glimpsing in the distance, a number of silent figures, looking, in their velvet mourning-dresses, like so many melancholy Hamlets gliding about in pursuit of invisible ghosts. At length, my conductor stopped at the door of an anteroom, and rang a small silver bell lying on a marble table just on the outside. A page admitted us, and in another minute I was in the presence of Doña Inez de Calderon and another lady, whose name I did not hear. The novel and imposing aspect of the magnificent apartment, with its pillars, statues, and massively gorgeous furniture, brilliantly lit up from innumerable antique candelabra, so dazzled and confounded me, that it was some minutes before I was fully conscious that the Lady Inez, painfully agitated, and holding my letter in her hand, was assailing me with an avalanche of questions, which, spoken as they were with intense volubility, and in a tongue which, though I knew very well, was not my own vernacular, I should have had considerable difficulty in following at any time. Presently, the speaker perceiving my embarrassment, gave herself breath and me a few moments to rally my bewildered faculties. I succeeded in doing so more quickly than I expected, and replied to the lady's renewed and still impetuous interrogatory pretty well. 'A strange story,' she murmured musingly, after exhausting every form of query she could think of—'a strange story. Constancia had reason whilst her uncle lived for not confiding in me, but that so many years should have been permitted to pass is —— I cannot,' she continued with quite audible abruptness, 'I cannot recognise any resemblance to the families on either side in the description you give of the supposed niece of mine. Have the

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goodness to follow me, and I will shew you an admirable likeness of my sister taken previous to her marriage.' Her companion, who, I comprehended, was an attendant in waiting, hastened to open a door at the further end of the apartment, through which the great lady—she was a handsome woman, and under forty I should say—sailed with stately grace, the attendant and myself following. The Lady Inez de Calderon led the way to a picture-gallery, and pausing before a full-length figure, said, in a slightly agitated voice: 'That is Doña Constancia de Gonsalvo's likeness, taken when she was, I think, not more than nineteen.'

I started with uncontrollable surprise, and blurted out: 'Good Heaven! why, that is Luïsa Alvarez!'

'Luïsa Alvarez!' echoed the lady. 'The daughter of the man you spoke of?'

'Yes, lady, so it is said; but this portrait—for the likeness is too complete, too unmistakable, to admit of a doubt on the matter—revives a suspicion I had before entertained, that Katerina is the true daughter of Juan Alvarez—Luïsa the true Constancia de Gonsalvo.'

'Yours is not a nation of plotters,' said the lady, after fixedly, almost sternly, regarding me for one or two embarrassing minutes; 'nor have you the air of either a dupe or a tool, or I should imagine —— But follow me: we will talk further on this matter, which shall, at all events, be thoroughly sifted.'

'I remember,' said the lady-attendant, as soon as we had regained the apartment into which I was first shewn, and Doña Inez was seated—'I remember that, about ten days, or, it may be, a fortnight ago, a gentleman, calling himself Antonio de Gonsalvo, called at the palace, and obtained permission to see the Lady Constancia's portrait.'

'Who gave permission in my absence, and without my leave?'

'The Camerera Mayor,' replied the lady.

'This is a significant circumstance coupled with—— But your letter, sir, states—and you confirmed the statement just now—that the paper or parchment, the authenticity of which the bishop, whose testimony cannot be for an instant questioned, vouches for, describes the person of Katerina with the nicest accuracy, even to a slight scar on the forehead, and moles in the neck.'

'That is strictly true; and, since I have seen the Lady Constancia's portrait, utterly confounds me.'

'There are no erasures in the document, you say? Clever tricks of that sort are sometimes played.'

'I examined it with scrupulous, I may say, suspicious care, and I am positive there are no erasures or alterations—no'——

A bustle at the entrance from the grand corridor, and the exclamation of the attendant, 'El Reyna Christina,' interrupted me; and a lady attired as if just returned from a carriage-drive, entered the apartment, followed by a number of attendants of both

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sexes. I trebled my distance, already sufficiently respectful, from Doña Inez, towards whom the queen-regent advanced with a kind and familiar greeting; but my movement was not executed so quickly as to escape her majesty's glance of surprise, followed, I was sure, by the query, though I could not hear the words, of whom the remarkable figure in drab shorts, and gaiters of the same, might be. At the same moment, all the other eyes in the room, among which there were at least a dozen of the brightest in Spain, glittered with the same expression; while I, frightfully isolated in about the centre of the brilliant apartment—there was nothing, not even a statue or a chair within half-a-dozen yards of me, remained helplessly rooted where I stood—the observed of all observers, and alternately a flame and an icicle, in a profuse heat or a cold perspiration. The queen's attendants formed a segment of a circle out of earshot of her majesty and Doña Inez, and I was about equidistant from both—the centre figure, in fact, of the stately tableau; and hang me if I knew, when I came to think of it, how to place my legs or what to do with my arms, notwithstanding I had the advantage of seeing every change of attitude I adopted, about every half-minute, I should say, or less, repeated with faithful instantaneousness by about twenty John Browns, brilliantly revealed by the tall mirrors as the central personages of as many courtly circles. This purgatory lasted about ten minutes, during which the queen and Doña Inez conversed with great earnestness upon, I rightly guessed, the subject which had brought me into my present distinguished position. I may here mention that, confused as I was, it instantly and forcibly struck me—and the truth of the impression I have since heard confirmed by persons who have had many opportunities of judging—that the queen-regent, at the time I saw her, about, I should suppose, seven or eight and twenty, greatly resembled in figure, face, carriage, and general expression, save that her complexion was a clear olive, and her features and person somewhat fuller, Miss Ellen Tree, the eminent actress, now Mrs Charles Kean. This, however, by the way. I was at length waved forward by Doña Inez, and had the honour of replying to a number of questions by her majesty, who appeared to take a lively interest in the Alvarez-Gonsalvo business. To add to my embarrassment, her majesty, whenever my Castilian halted a little, condescended to help me out by a sentence or two, of what must have been intended for English—I am a tolerable linguist, and quite sure it was not French, Italian, German, or Dutch—of which it was necessary to affect immediate and grateful comprehension. I, however, got through pretty well; 'Los Ingleses' were in high favour just then—thanks to the hostile proceedings of Don Carlos—at the Spanish court; and a dismissing gesture to that effect being at last vouchsafed, I backed away, as I had seen a mantled and feathered Don do just before, and with, I flatter myself, much imitative celerity, till brought up with a bump

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by one of the marble columns, in the shadow of which I remained in some sort *perdu* till the audience terminated.

The conversation between Christina and Doña Inez quickly terminated after I was done with, and I heard the queen-regent say, on rising to go: 'That, I think, will be the best, the most prudent course to take; and I will take care that the captain-general of Andalucia shall have orders to assist you to the utmost of his power.' Her majesty and train then disappeared, and I was once more in close conference with Doña Inez. The conclusion come to was, that I should set out the next day for Cadiz; and, on arriving there, inform Señor Manuel and his son that Lady Inez de Calderon would speedily follow, in order to the thorough investigation of the matter I had been deputed to lay before her; but I was not to say one word of the resemblance of Luïsa Alvarez to the portrait of the deceased Lady Constancia; it being of the utmost importance, in the opinion of Doña Inez, that no hint should reach Alvarez of the suspicion which that circumstance had engendered.

On arriving at Cadiz, I found the Manuels in a state of high excitement. Sure intelligence had reached them that Katerina—or Doña Constancia, as they of course still implicitly believed her to be—would never be Alfonso's wife if many days were suffered to elapse without bringing about the accomplishment of that great fact; and my news, that the Lady Inez, armed with the full powers of the captain-general, would shortly arrive, greatly stimulated the eagerness of both father and son to conclude the affair before so potent a personage arrived on the scene—a dim inkling of the view she would be likely to take of the plebeian alliance having at last dawned on their minds. Their plan, as detailed to me by Alfonso, was feasible and likely enough; and not later than the next day but one had, I found, been fixed upon for carrying it into execution. It was this: Luïsa Alvarez had been for some years accustomed to make a votive journey to the church of the convent of Los Gozos de Neustra Señora, on the anniversary of, I believe, her reputed mother's death. This was the day fixed upon, as no impediment—although *both* the damsels were now closely confined and watched—would be offered to her purpose, Alvarez having incidentally asked her at what hour she intended setting out and returning. Katerina was to dress herself in Luïsa's clothes, and, thus disguised, leave the house; and on her return from the convent—for it seemed that it could not be managed earlier—step on board a boat at a landing-place on the Guadalquivir, by which, without any risk of recapture, she would be conveyed across the water to the church of San Salvador, where the indissoluble knot would be immediately tied by a priest in waiting for the purpose.

I was a good deal startled by this bold project; but, even had I not been fettered by the promise insisted upon by the Lady Inez, I should not, I think, have hinted a word on the possibility of

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Katerina's turning out, after all, to be not a grandee of the first class, but simply Katerina Alvarez—the effect of which would, I well knew, have been to quench instantly Manuel senior's chivalrous enthusiasm in favour of the distressed and amply dowered damsel. Further reflection, moreover, suggested a doubt of the significance of the apparently careless question of Alvarez respecting his reputed daughter's journey. If the intention of the confederates were to carry her off, or if a darker purpose had been settled upon —for I was quite sure that Antonio de Gonsalvo knew, from the sight he had obtained of the picture in the palace at Madrid, which was the real Constancia—it would be much easier of accomplishment when she was away from home, and journeying by herself along the solitary road leading to the convent. The proposed substitution of Katerina for Luïsa would of course, if successfully carried into effect, mar the design of the conspirators, whatever it might be; and thus, albeit it was quite possible that the wedding-project would be frustrated, a sufficient delay might occur to permit of the arrival of Doña Inez and the interposition of the captain-general, who would, I nothing doubted, make short work of the matter.

The very next afternoon Doña Inez arrived in Cadiz, and I was instantly summoned to her presence. I found the captain-general —a fine soldierly man of the name of O'Donnel, and, I believe, of Irish descent—with her, and the mode of operation, trenchant and summary as I had anticipated, thoroughly agreed upon. The two damsels were to be seized and given over to the custody of the Lady Inez; Alvarez and Antonio de Gonsalvo, with the latter's two servants, were also to be secured and despatched to Sevilla, separately imprisoned there, and kept so till the exact and entire truth with regard to the alleged Constancia had been extracted from them. All papers, or other articles of a promising or suggestive kind, in Alvarez's house, or on his or his friends' persons, were also to be seized and impounded for the same purpose. I was meditating whether it might not be as well to inform these peremptory personages of the little wedding under-plot going on, when I was turned mentally topsy-turvy by the general's intimation, after a sentence or two in an under-tone with Señora de Calderon, that I was in the category of persons to be provisionally impounded. 'Not,' said the general with a grim smile—'not from any doubt of your good faith in this matter, but in order to guard against any possible indiscretion in your communications with the traders, who appear so very desirous of allying themselves with the nobility of Spain.' This was, I felt, after what had passed, very scurvy treatment; and I was coming out strong in the British-flag-and-freedom line, when my indignant eloquence was cut short by the general's 'Tut, tut, man; no insult or harm is intended you; and the moment the different parties are in custody, you shall be released—with thanks. Besides, you know the road and the fellows' persons, and can assist us in that way.—Lieutenant

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Davila,' he added, addressing an officer of lancers who entered the apartment in obedience to the summons of a hand-bell on the table, 'take charge of this gentleman, and see that he is properly accommodated. He sets out with us in an hour from the present time.' This was no doubt excessively annoying and impertinent; but as there was no help for it, I submitted, after the first ruffle of angry vexation had subsided, with tolerable cheerfulness to a restraint which, though quite real, was civilly enough enforced. Our party reached that evening about three leagues on the road to San Lucar; and at nine on the following morning we again set off, the captain-general and Señora Inez in a carriage, and I in the centre of the leading files of a company of lancers.

The weather was as sullen and scowling as I, suffering from a thin pair of trousers and the hardest-trotting brute a man ever bestrode, speedily became; and to this I attributed the sense of dismal apprehension which, for no definite or tangible reason, darkened over me as we approached, towards three in the afternoon, the dwelling of Juan Alvarez. Not a soul was to be seen in or about the house or grounds till the rattling cortège halted and drew up before the outer gate, when Pedro's wonder-widened mouth and eyes greeted us from a lower window. No ceremony was used. Señora de Calderon and the general quickly alighted from the carriage, and, preceded by an officer and a couple of privates, entered the house. I remained, with the bulk of the soldiers, just outside the door; and a very few moments passed before a loud, exultant, yet agitated scream proclaimed to me that the Lady Inez had found and recognised a niece in the breathing, glowing incarnation of the picture I had seen at Madrid. It was not long before I was sent for, and found the bewildered, blushing, weeping, half-terrified girl entwined in her aunt's arms, who was perusing Luïsa's handsome features with an intensity of love and grief that spoke eloquently for the tenacity of affection she had cherished for the memory of her long since deceased sister. Pedro had been caught, and was brought in at the same time; and he explained the cause of the absence of Katerina, and conjecturally that of Juan Alvarez. Katerina, habited as Luïsa Alvarez, had set out about two hours previously for the convent, and Juan Alvarez had followed by the same road about one hour afterwards, accompanied by the Señor de Gonsalvo. The two servants, Pedro had not seen all day. So perfectly satisfied was the lady that she held her true niece in her arms, that she merely smiled good-humouredly when Pedro, whom the sudden apparition of so many fierce-looking soldiers had terribly scared, blurted out 'that Katerina—he meant, Doña Constancia de Gonsalvo—was gone to be married to Señor Alfonso Manuel!' As it was, however, of the first importance that Juan Alvarez and his confederate should be captured without delay, Lieutenant Davila was ordered off with a party of the lancers for that purpose, accompanied and guided by myself and Pedro; Señora de Calderon, Luïsa, the

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general, and remainder of the troop, setting off forthwith, as evening was fast approaching, on the road to Sevilla.

Half an hour's smart trot brought us to a turn in the route, from which the east bank of the Guadalquivir and the road along it could be seen for a considerable distance. This was the way Katerina was to come; and we moved on more slowly and cautiously, keeping as much as possible within the shadow of the wood on our left. Presently, one of the men who rode with Pedro in advance, reined up, and pointed with his lance to the figures of two men on horseback, partially disclosed through the openings of the trees behind which they stood, intently watching, it was manifest, the path along the river from the convent. They were Juan Alvarez and Señor de Gonsalvo: there could be no doubt about that; but as they appeared well mounted, the lieutenant, instead of dashing forward into the open space which intervened between us and them, resolved upon the safer plan of making a considerable circuit, and coming upon them unawares from the rear. This movement occupied perhaps ten minutes; but almost immediately on our coming again in view of the two horsemen, they started off at a gallop towards the river-bank, just about there high, rocky, and steep. We also spurred swiftly but quietly on, the soft turf deadening the sound of the horses' hoofs, and permitting us, unfortunately, as it proved, to near them unobserved. We were quickly aware of the motive of this sudden movement. Katerina, habited in the dress—a peculiar one as to make and colour—usually worn by Luïsa, had reached a part of the high rocky bank, within, I judged, about fifty yards of the ordinary landing-place, and was waving a handkerchief and making eager gestures riverward, Alvarez and Gonsalvo vehemently shouting to her the while. They had approached within a short distance, when an answering cry was heard from the river, and Katerina, with her back to the pursuers, began to descend slowly the bank on the other side. Another minute or two, and she must have been safe in the boat which had arrived so opportunely; and the certainty that she would be so, no doubt determined Señor Gonsalvo to prevent her escape by any crime and at all hazards. Sharply reining up, and snatching a long cavalry-pistol from its holster, he, with at least the tacit consent of Alvarez, who rode close by his side, and might easily have struck his arm up had he so willed, levelled a pistol, fired—the explosion, and a piteous scream from the unfortunate girl as she toppled over the crag into the river, mingling with the fierce execrations of myself and the greater part of the soldiers with whom I rode, who were by this time close upon them. They turned, panic-stricken at the sound, and although taken at such disadvantage, made a desperate effort to escape. A sergeant and three men were briefly bidden to ascertain the young woman's fate, whom I should have accompanied but for a forbidding gesture of the lieutenant's; and we started in headlong chase.

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At the distance of about four miles from the scene of the frightful tragedy we had so unexpectedly witnessed—for no one who saw the shot had the slightest doubt that the girl was killed—we came up with and captured the two ruffians, who were immediately bound and placed apart. Peremptory orders were given neither to speak to nor answer any question that might be put by them; and Lieutenant Davila was about to give the word to advance, when I rather angrily intimated, that as there could be no further pretence for detaining me, I must be set at liberty forthwith. This was at once and decisively refused; the general, either from forgetfulness or design, had given no order for my liberation, and I must therefore proceed on to Sevilla, or, at all events, till we overtook the general. 'The devil take Sevilla and the general into the bargain!' I burst out in great wrath. But I might have spared my breath: the words, 'Alert!—forward!' were quickly given; the bugle sounded, and away I was painfully borne with the rest, bitterly lamenting that I had ever permitted myself to be mixed up in so unfortunate, so disastrous an affair.

We reached Sevilla on the third day of that detestable journey, from the effects of which I did not thoroughly recover for a fortnight. The captain-general whom we found there was pleased to express a polite regret for the unpleasant duress I had been subject to, excusing it, however, on the plea of necessity; pleasantly adding, that in the interest of justice it was necessary that I should remain for some time longer under the surveillance of Lieutenant Davila, who would treat me with every civility and consideration consistent with not permitting me, on any pretence, to communicate, even by letter, with a living soul. This cool insolence was really unbearable, and I flamed away at a great rate till I was out of breath—to all which the sole reply vouchsafed was, that the instant the trial of Alvarez and his confederate for the murder of the young woman by the Guadalquivir, for which my evidence was required, had concluded, I should be set at liberty! The sergeant of lancers and his men—Lieutenant Davila had informed me, previous to this interview—were arrived, and had reported that the assassin's bullet had pierced the brain of the unfortunate girl, and that death had consequently been instantaneous. It was not me alone that the high and mighty captain-general treated in this infamous manner. Señor Manuel—the lieutenant, two or three days subsequently, informed me—having arrived in Sevilla in obedience to the general's summons, bringing with him some letters that were wanted, was arrested the moment he entered the city, and, to his infinite surprise and indignation, placed in solitary confinement, which he was rendering incessantly vocal by ejaculations to all the saints in the calendar—San Jago, in particular—touching the astounding treatment to which he, a loyal and wealthy Spaniard, was so incomprehensibly exposed.

His expostulations, like my own, were only laughed at, and we

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both perforce waited for such explanation as time might bring of the extraordinary treatment to which we were condemned. It was not long before I pretty well guessed the motives of all this precautionary rigour. Neither of the prisoners, I heard from the lieutenant, who was tolerably communicative in some respects, had made any revelation beyond a declaration by Alvarez that the fatal shot was fired without his consent, and appealing with well-simulated pathos to all men who were fathers on the impossibility of the crime with which he was charged. The examining judge had then been careful to conceal from him as yet that it was Katerina, not Luïsa, he had been accessory to the destruction of, reserving that, I concluded, for a sudden blow at a later and more suitable part of the process; and it was in order, no doubt, that the effect of the announcement, which I very well understood, might elicit an involuntary confession of great importance for the determination of the legal claims of the Señora de Calderon's niece, should not be marred in consequence of its prematurely coming to his knowledge, that I and others likely to speak of the change of dress and persons on that unhappy afternoon had been temporarily secured and silenced: and yet there was, I felt, but slight necessity for such extreme caution. There was on my mind not the faintest doubt that whenever or however the terrible announcement was made to the miserable man, that he had in very truth been an accomplice, more or less active and consenting, in the murder of his own daughter—of that Katerina whom it was so easy to see he loved with such entire and passionate affection—the tempest of remorse and agony by which he would be convulsed and torn must rend asunder all disguises, sweep away all deceits, however cunningly contrived; and that especially the man by whose hand Katerina had actually fallen, would be instantly denounced, and the fraud with regard to Luïsa, by which the assassin's family, if not himself, might thereafter profit, would be exposed with vengeful promptness.

This, however, was clearly not the opinion of the Lady Inez and her counsellors; and it was soon, moreover, quite plain to me, that the object of the investigation going forward was, but in a very inferior degree, the conviction and punishment of Katerina's murderers, even as regards the officials, high and low, of the Seville Chancellaria. The chief aim manifestly was to obtain judicial proof that Luïsa was the legitimate Gonsalvo heiress, and this purpose was, I must say, worked out with equal skill, audacity, and perseverance. They examined me very slightly with respect to the shooting by the Guadalquivir, but with elaborate minuteness as to the conversations I had with Alvarez relative to the Señor de Gonsalvo, with a view, it seemed, to shew the *animus* of the confederates. Josè Perez was brought from Madrid for the same purpose, and deposed to the conversation on the Puerta del Sol, already given.

At last I was informed that most of the preliminary forms

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having been gone through, the trial of the prisoners was about really to commence, and that myself and other witnesses would be present to hear our evidence read over, that it might be confirmed in the presence of the accused. I do not know whether this is the ordinary mode of judicial procedure in Spain, and I am the more inclined to doubt that it is, from what subsequently occurred, leading to a suspicion that the chiefs of the Chancellaria had been induced, in order to gratify a lady possessed of great influence at head-quarters, to vary somewhat the mode of trial.

The Hall of Justice at Sevilla is, or was, a large heavily-fitted place, impressing one with a solemnity and awe that hardly required to be increased by the grave and imposing costume of the principal officials, and the black velvet hangings and other mourning paraphernalia, set up in memory of the late King Ferdinand. There was no public, properly so called, only about twenty or thirty persons beside the witnesses, and all, I observed, admitted by especial favour; amongst whom, Lady Inez de Calderon and the captain-general were conspicuously placed. Myself, Josè Perez, and Pedro—who whispered that he also had been imprisoned from the moment of his arrival in this incomprehensible city, why or what for he could not even guess—sat together, and were presently cautioned by a black-browed alguazil, who had just before been beckoned to by the president-judge, not to speak one word except in answer to such questions as he, the president, might himself put to us; the said alguazil taking his seat in our midst for the purpose, I presumed, of enforcing if necessary the command of which he was the bearer. By and by, my coat-collar was seized from behind and shaken violently, a proceeding but confusedly interpreted by the hardly recognisable tones of Señor Manuel's voice—so fear-suppressed, yet fierce, angry, and indignant were they: 'Ha! ha! I say, Señor Inglese, John Brown, Englishman'—these three words comprised my friend's entire stock of English, and were not brought into requisition except when he was extremely angry and inclined to be impertinent—'you are in the hole yourself, are you? I am glad of it with all my heart; and, I say, my friend, you may take that account for the journey to Madrid to those who shewed you the picture, for, by San Jago'——

'Silence! silence!—That way, sir!' called out our alguazil friend, at the same time pushing Señor Manuel with some violence in the direction indicated by his staff-armed fist. The poor señor, whose face was purple with rage and perplexity, did as he was ordered; and I observed him a few minutes after seated nearly opposite, and every now and then indulging in a pantomimic demonstration, which, except in its expression of fury and bewilderment, was altogether unintelligible to me.

The prisoners were at length brought in separately, and placed at a baize-covered railing, and the questioning process by the president commenced after the reading of the depositions, during which the witnesses stood erect, and once more declared, with the

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right arm raised and pointing upwards, that we had spoken the truth as in the presence of God and his saints.

Antonio de Gonsalvo was the first interrogated. He answered in substance, that the pistol had gone off unintentionally; that he had merely meant to frighten the girl; and no one could more lament the fatal result than he did—a result in which he could have had no sinister interest whatever. 'Had it, indeed, been the young person known as Katerina, who was reported to be the heiress of the Gonsalvo property'——

He was stopped by an exclamation of rage from Señor Manuel, which brought upon that witness an instant sentence of removal to a distant and obscure part of the *sala*, with the intimation, that if he presumed again to offer the slightest comment upon what was said, he would be immediately sent to prison.

'Had it been,' resumed the prisoner, 'the young person known as Katerina, who, it was asserted, had claims, whether ill or well-founded was another matter, to the Gonsalvo estates and honours, there might have been some colour for the heinous but utterly unfounded crime; but, under the actual circumstances, none whatever existed.' A meaning smile glanced, as the accused spoke, towards the Lady Inez and the captain-general from the president-judge, but no commentary in words followed the coolly audacious statement.

It was soon Juan Alvarez's turn, and after much inconsequent interrogatory, to which he mainly replied—exhibiting all the while an affectation of intense grief—that whether the pistol was discharged by accident, as he believed, or by design, he, Juan Alvarez, was entirely innocent thereof; his sole purpose in galloping towards his daughter (whose strange position and action, in making signals to somebody on the river, he had, from accidentally passing that way, beheld with astonishment) being to inquire the meaning of such conduct—the real business of the *audencia* commenced.

'The time is at length arrived, Juan Alvarez and Antonio de Gonsalvo,' said the presiding magistrate with grave solemnity, 'when it is necessary that I should inform you both, that we are aware of a circumstance which entirely destroys the very slight plausibility of your statements. You, Alvarez, attempted to substitute your own child for the one placed in your charge'——

'Ha!'

'Ay, now, that is a natural movement and expression. This cheat Antonio de Gonsalvo discovered, taxed you with, and finding further deception vain so far as he was concerned, you agreed with him to confine Luïsa in some remote place, by virtue of your usurped authority of father; or—and this, from what subsequently passed, has a more horrible likelihood—you finally, perhaps reluctantly, consented to a darker purpose'——

'Never, never! I swear by the holy saints!' exclaimed Alvarez,

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whose features, like those of De Gonsalvo, were changing to the hue of ashes. 'Never, I swear!'

'Listen, unhappy man. I have another and much more terrible revelation to make: she whom you met, at whose life your confederate in crime levelled his murderous pistol—with your consent, I can hardly doubt—was in very truth your own child, Katerina, who'——

A wild frenzied cry from Alvarez interrupted the magistrate. But for the flashing eyes, from which lightning had seemed to leap as the president's words fell in thunder upon his brain, one might have thought the wretched man had been suddenly changed to stone, so white, rigid, motionless, were his aspect and posture. I glanced towards De Gonsalvo. He also was strongly agitated, but in a much less degree of course, and was wiping his clammy forehead with a handkerchief. At last he said, after three or four efforts which had died upon his parched and twitching lips: 'It is a trick, Juan—a trick, be assured!' Alvarez heard him, turned slowly round, and fixed his burning eyes for a few moments upon De Gonsalvo's face, then closed them, and pressed the palms of his hands forcibly over the lids, as if to calm himself, and rally his bewildered faculties by the extrusion of exterior objects. 'You know your daughter's writing?' said the president, after a lengthened and unbroken silence. De Gonsalvo, I should state, had been removed, in obedience to a sign from the judge.

The question was repeated three times without eliciting an answer. At last an attendant alguazil shook the prisoner roughly by the arm, and repeated it in a harsh, menacing tone. 'Yes—yes,' Alvarez slowly said; 'I do.'

'Then read this letter, and convince yourself of the truth of what you have just heard.'

A letter—one from Katerina to Alfonso Manuel, detailing the scheme arranged with Luïsa for a change of dresses—was handed across the court, and placed in the accused's hands. He glanced at the lines, shuddered, the paper dropped from his nerveless grasp to the floor, and he said faintly: 'I know the character. It is Ka—— hers. Read for me: my eyes dazzle.'

His request was complied with. During the reading, it would have seemed, from the long-drawn agonising groan which accompanied it, that a sword was passing slowly through the body of the writhing wretched man, whose head had sunk down upon the railing in his front. There was another long oppressive pause, terminated by the president saying: 'I will remove any doubt that may yet linger in your mind. If the project mentioned in the letter had not been persisted in, you would have met Luïsa, as you believed you did, instead of Katerina. Let the former lady be brought in,' he added with a sign to an attendant, 'and confronted with the prisoner. Now, Juan Alvarez, look up, and disbelieve if you can the evidence of your own senses.'

As the president's voice ceased, and amidst a breathless

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stillness, the prisoner's head was gradually raised and directed towards that part of the hall where the swinging of a door and the shuffling of feet announced the entrance of the new-comer. A renewal, but much weaker, of the terrible cry which the first intimation of the truth had wrung from Alvarez, proclaimed his recognition of the supposedly slain Luïsa. It was followed by a convulsive but vain effort at articulate speech, and the next moment he had fallen across the railing without sense or motion.

The sitting of the tribunal was immediately suspended, and the prisoner removed, and a buzz of excitement pervaded the auditory for perhaps half an hour, when the president resumed his seat, and the murmuring hum of voices subsided once more into profound silence, to hear a communication read by one of the officers who had gone out with the accused. Juan Alvarez, it was formally stated, had volunteered, the instant he was restored to consciousness, to make a full confession upon all matters connected with the present inquiry. Antonio de Gonsalvo *had* discovered the fraud with respect to Doña Constancia, and a scheme had finally been matured for the disposal of that young lady, who was to have been taken and kept out of the country by her reputed father. For doing so, Alvarez was to have received a very large reward, with which, he said, he believed the Señor Manuel could have been induced to consent to his son's marriage with Katerina —a union which he, the deponent, believed to be necessary to her happiness. The firing of the pistol had been wilful, malevolent, the words used by De Gonsalvo, as he drew the trigger, having been: 'She shall not escape by ——, let the consequence be what it may.' 'As to the description of the child's person on the parchment, which it could be seen had been written in a separate paragraph, apart from the body of the writing as it were, an alteration had been effected in the following manner by one Pasco, a singularly skilful caligraphist, residing at Lagos, in Algarve, Portugal. He had carefully pumiced out the original words, and written those descriptive of Katerina over them. But he, Pasco, had told deponent that, if the super-writing were carefully removed, and a moderate heat applied to the parchment, the original words would distinctly reappear.' This was the substance of the confession; and it may be as well to state at once, that the experiment suggested was afterwards successfully performed, and Luïsa's right to the name of Constancia-Isabella de Gonsalvo, and the solid appurtenances thereto belonging, established beyond question.

The agitation which followed the reading of Alvarez's confession was of an altogether exultant kind with nearly all the persons present, and it certainly could not be denied that the affair had been cleverly managed; but with one, and more especially poor Pedro, whose grief for the fate of Katerina was bitter and vehement, the feeling was a very different one; so much so, that when the Lady Inez—sweeping triumphantly past, accompanied by her niece, who looked, I was perfectly shocked to see, radiantly,

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proudly happy—requested me to call on her the next day, that she might, in some degree, compensate me for the inconvenience to which I had been put, the choking emotion of anger I felt would, I am pretty sure, have been expressed in very unwise words, but that the great lady was gone before I could fashion the indignant rebuke which trembled at my heart into articulate utterance.

Señor Manuel's morose peevishness jumped better with my irritated humour; and hearing that, like myself and others, he was at last released from surveillance, I waited, with weeping, heart-broken Pedro, for him in an anteroom, through which he would necessarily pass. Nor had we long to wait: he came up very quickly, his features still swollen and spotted with angry dismay.

'Ha! ha!' he burst out again the instant he caught sight of me—'you, Inglese, John Brown, Englishman! you have been shut up, too, I hear; and by San Jago! I am glad of it, with all my heart!'

'You are disposed to be insolent, Señor Manuel, and I am not at all in the mind to brook it patiently. So terrible a catastrophe should, one would suppose, make a serious impression upon the most stolid, wooden natures. Your son, I am sure, must be suffering poignantly.'

'My son, be hanged! He suffering poignantly!—pooh! It is I, sir, that am suffering poignantly—I, that am heart-broken, overwhelmed, desolated, destroyed by this atrocious business!'

'Atrocious, indeed, and horrible beyond measure, that a father should have been the originating cause of poor Katerina's dreadful fate.'

'Katerina's dreadful fate! By San Jago!—— But what do you mean by Katerina's dreadful fate?'

'To be shot or drowned may surely be called so.'

'Fiddle-de-dee! shot or drowned! Married and made her fortune, you mean! Why, San Jago! what are you dreaming about? Didn't you know, then, that the confounded puss got only a fright and a ducking, and married Alfonso the very next morning?'

Pedro and I had set up a simultaneous and joyous whoop that might have been, and I daresay was, heard half a mile off. I could hardly believe that I heard aright; and we both assailed the indignant merchant with a torrent of questions, the chief result of which was to increase his angry consternation.

'Where are they, do you say? How can I tell? Spending the honeymoon and my money in Madrid or Paris—who knows? They set off like a prince and princess directly after the ceremony, and I have been locked up, for my share, almost ever since! And Luïsa turns out to be the true De Gonsalvo, after all; and Katerina, confound her! that villain Juan's portionless daughter! And you, Señor Inglese,' he continued, blazing up into fierce wrath—'you knew or guessed all this when you were in Madrid;

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for which journey I was to pay, too; but by San Jago! if ever I give a maravedi, I wish '——

Here Pedro and I bolted off, half suffocated with laughter, and pursued by the old gentleman's fierce vituperation, which, however, gradually died away as we threaded the tortuous passages of the old place towards the street; and before ten minutes had passed, Pedro and I were seated, jolly as sand-boys, over some excellent wine, and smoking, laughing, shouting, and by and by dancing—Pedro that is commenced a fandango to his own music till stopped by the host—like two maniacs. The whole matter was clear to me now: the locking us all up; the despotic conduct of the captain-general—it was all explained; and very cleverly, I fully agreed, had the thing been managed. Alvarez, I concluded, as nobody had been killed, would, partly for Katerina's sake, be let off pretty easily; and that rascal, De Gonsalvo, for other reasons, be permitted to escape with comparative impunity. I was right in both instances. The ex-captain of artillery was not long afterwards released; and to shew his gratitude for the queen-regent's clemency, immediately joined the motley ranks in arms for Don Carlos, in which company he ultimately received his reward in the shape of a bullet through the head. Juan Alvarez returned to his place near San Lucar, but not to survive very long. The shock he had experienced had broken him down both physically and morally: he never completely rallied; and a plain cross, in the tombyard of Los Gozos de Neustra Señora, inscribed with his initials and the date of his death, marks the grave which, it may be truly said, his own hands had prematurely prepared.

I did not fail to wait upon Lady Inez de Calderon, as she had requested, and was so kindly and handsomely compensated for my share of the happily accomplished work, that the numerous stirring appeals to the British Lion which I had prepared during my *quasi* captivity being thereby rendered useless, were forthwith committed to the flames. From Doña Constancia de Gonsalvo, whose rank appeared to sit as easily upon her as if she had been to the manner bred as well as born, I received remembrances, presents, keepsakes, and a letter at least as long as this narrative for the young Señora Manuel; all of which I promised should be faithfully and personally delivered.

This promise I was enabled to redeem about three weeks after my return to Cadiz, during which interval of time I had sedulously avoided meeting with Señor Manuel. I approached his country-house one Sunday afternoon with considerable anxiety as to the position, under all circumstances, of the recently wedded couple. I was not long in doubt. The notes of a guitar, accompanying one of the sweetest voices in the world, in one of the most pleasing of the *Romances Moriscos*, to which I had seen the elder Manuel beat enthusiastic time on my first visit to the house of Juan Alvarez, quite satisfied me that the simple graces which had enthralled the son, had produced their natural effect upon the

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father, and that I was about to enter a reconciled and happy household. It proved so; and I remained till rather a late hour. Just before leaving, Señor Manuel and I happening to be alone for a few moments, he said quickly and in an under-tone: 'Ah, that's right. Business must be remembered, after all. Do you send me to-morrow, my friend, your expense-account to Madrid, you know: I shall pay it, by San Jago! with all my heart!'

'What! as a reward for not telling you who I believed to be the real Constancia de Gonsalvo?'

'Pooh! Katerina is worth all the Gonsalvos in Spain, and a dozen over the market. Here's her health once more, in her absence, eh?—fashion of Englishmen, my boy!'

'With all my heart. Señora Katerina's good health, and the little one's when it comes!—Hip, hip, hurra! And now, good-night!'

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MONTENEGRO AND THE MONTENEGRINS.

WAR and diplomacy are great contributors to geographical and ethnographical studies, inasmuch as they bring into notice many an interesting corner of the earth, which peace had left buried in obscurity. Such is the case with Montenegro, a country of no more than about sixty English miles in length, and thirty-five in breadth, but which, in consequence of late events, has assumed so prominent a position in the political press, that many of our readers may very likely feel disappointed on learning, that on the map of Europe it occupies so small a space. Insignificant, however, as Montenegro is in point of geographical extent, the inhabitants have for centuries been able to maintain their independence against the mighty subjugators of many of their Slavonic brethren; and if at present they recognise the protectorate of a greater power, it is by the sympathies of race and religion, and by the arts of diplomacy, they have been brought into this state of semi-subjection, not by the force of arms.

In early times, the wild mountain region which now bears the name of Montenegro—and which is bounded on the north, south, and east by the Turkish provinces Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Albania;

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and on the west by the Circolo di Cattaro, a district of Austrian Dalmatia—formed part of the principality of Zeta or Zenta, dependent on the great Slavonic empire of Servia, but governed by its own princes. When this empire—embracing the whole of ancient Illyricum and the northern division of the Græco-Slavonic peninsula—succumbed to the victorious arms of the Moslems towards the close of the fourteenth century, Zeta became independent; and although its princes, subjected to the repeated attacks of the Turks, were forced gradually to abandon part of their territories, and to withdraw into the more mountainous districts of their dominions, and the country was at one time, nominally at least, incorporated with Turkey, the inhabitants never recognised the sovereignty of the Porte, and continued to resist with unflinching bravery the numerous Turkish armies sent into their country to bring them to submission. In 1516, the then ruler of Montenegro, who had married a Venetian lady, was persuaded by her to abandon his wild mountain home for the sweets of civilised life in her native city; and, with the consent of his people, ceded the supreme rule of the country to the metropolitan. Since that period, Montenegro has never had other rulers than its bishops, or *vladikas*, as they are called in the language of the country. Notwithstanding their ecclesiastical character, the vladikas approved themselves worthy of being the rulers of so warlike a people, and the struggle for independence was as energetically persisted in under their rule as before. With a view to weakening their foes, the vladikas entered repeatedly into alliance with the enemies of Turkey; and thus the Montenegrins took part in all the wars between the Venetian republic and the Ottoman Porte, and also subsequently joined Russia in her attacks upon the latter power.

Actuated by sympathies of race and religion—for the Montenegrins belong to the Slavonic race and to the Greek Church—as well as by a desire to strengthen themselves against the hereditary foes who had so often brought havoc and devastation over their country, the Montenegrins declared themselves, in 1712, subjects of the Tzar Peter the Great of Russia, who, being fully alive to the important assistance he might derive from this little people in carrying out his plans upon Turkey, accepted their allegiance, and promised his protection. But although the Russian monarchs have ever since that period continued to exercise this nominal protectorate, and have fully availed themselves of the assistance of the Montenegrins in their wars against Turkey, they have never, on concluding peace with the latter power, endeavoured to secure the independence of their brave allies; and the benefits conferred by them on Montenegro have been limited to some pecuniary assistance afforded the vladikas, and honorary distinctions bestowed on some of the chiefs of the nation, all with a view to maintaining an influence over a people and a country which may in time prove of the utmost importance to Russia with regard to her action upon all the Slavonians of the south. The geographical configuration

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and position of the country render it, indeed, a natural fortress, which has proved, and may still prove, of the utmost strategical importance to Russia in case of a war with the surrounding countries. A steep mountain-range which begins near Cattaro, and winds its sinuous length first in a north-easterly direction as far as the 43d degree of latitude, and then, turning towards the south-west, continues its course in this direction until it loses itself in the plains of Albania, divides the little principality from Herzegovina in the north-west, and Upper Albania in the north-east, and along the latter tract in particular, offers almost insurmountable obstacles to military operations against the country. On the third side, facing the south-west, and bordering on Austrian Dalmatia, the Montenegrins are in possession of the mountain heights; and here also, therefore, their position is almost impregnable. The fourth or south-eastern side, however, presents towards Albania an open front, formed of six large valleys, each watered by a foaming mountain-stream; but although the difficulties which an attacking enemy has to overcome here are comparatively few and insignificant, they are in reality great and numerous, for the intervening mountain-ridges which separate these several valleys from each other are as impassable and as inhospitable as the two principal ranges which guard the north-western and the north-eastern frontier; and the commanding general will always be placed between the disagreeable alternatives of dividing his forces, and entering all the six valleys at once, or of attacking one valley at a time, in which case his flanks towards the intervening ridges will be strategically uncovered. In addition to this, he will have to contend with the difficulties presented by a number of smaller valleys running in a transverse direction to that of the greater ones, and likewise traversed by mountain-torrents, which at certain periods of the year, or after great rains, swell into very formidable dimensions.

To the natural strength of this position, more even than to their bravery, the Montenegrins owe their escape from the yoke which has been laid upon so many of their race; but the full independence which Russia failed to secure for them, they effected for themselves in 1796, by one of the most brilliant achievements in the military annals of modern Europe. In that year, the pacha of the province of Scutari, bordering upon Montenegro, received orders to march into that country with a large army, and to conquer or exterminate the population. But the Montenegrins, nothing daunted, met the invaders under the command of their vladika, Peter Petrovich; and acting on a stratagem devised by him, part of their forces engaged the enemy in front, while the rest succeeded in turning the invading army, and attacking it in the rear. The Turks, thus hemmed in between two enemies, and having their retreat cut off, fought during three days and nights with the courage of despair, but ultimately succumbed. About 30,000 Turks perished in this deadly encounter, which affords a

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true picture of the general character of the conflict maintained for ages between these two half-barbarous nations. Since that time, the Turks have never ventured to penetrate into the country of the Montenegrins; but border forays between the two countries, carried on in the most barbarous spirit, have never ceased; and the wild character and depredatory habits acquired by the Montenegrins during centuries of constant warfare, render them most formidable neighbours to all the surrounding countries.

The name of Montenegro, which is an Italian translation of the Slavonic Tzernagora (the Black Mountain), is generally assumed to be derived from the dark pine-forests supposed to have once covered this mountainous region; but such a fact is not mentioned in history, nor is the assumption borne out by the present aspect of the country; and it is therefore more likely, as has been suggested by the German traveller Kohl, that in this case, as generally among the Slavonians of Turkey, as well as the Turks in the Slavonic countries, the term 'black' has been used to denote the wild and intractable character of the mountaineers, and the name given in hatred has been accepted in defiance, and has been applied to the country as well as to the inhabitants.* Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who visited Montenegro a few years ago, describes the aspect of the country as that of a succession of elevated mountain-ridges, diversified here and there by a lofty peak, and in some parts looking like a sea of immense waves turned into stone. Trees and bushes, among which pine-trees are in a minority, grow in the fissures among the rocks, that are all of limestone, and therefore not of a dark hue. All travellers seem to agree that nowhere have they beheld rocks and mountains tossed about in such wild disorder as in Montenegro; and the people themselves account for the rugged character of their country by a jocose tradition. When God, they say, was distributing stones over the earth, the bag in which he held them burst when over Montenegro, and they all fell upon that spot.

As we have seen, high mountain-ridges descending in abrupt declivities mark the natural as well as the political boundaries between Montenegro and Austrian Dalmatia on the one side, and Turkish Herzegovina and Upper Albania on the other; but the southern frontier meets that of Turkish Albania in the fruitful levels surrounding the Lake of Scutari; and here the boundary-line varies with the fortunes of war, the lake itself, which abounds in fish, being often an apple of discord between the unruly borderers. Into this lake, towards the north-western extremity of which its mountains and valleys shelve down, run all the water-courses of Montenegro; and the country may be said to turn its face towards the lake, and its back towards the Adriatic, into which sea the Montenegrins might almost fling a stone from the summits of some of their mountains, so near are they to it, yet

* Tzernagorki is the Slavonic name of the Montenegrins.

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from which they are completely cut off by the narrow strip of Austrian territory called the Circolo di Cattaro.

The high mountain-ridge overlooking this territory is comprised in the district Katunska, one of the four districts or *nahias* into which what may be called Montenegro proper is divided, and the first that entirely emancipated itself from the Turks. The three other districts which, together with this, must be considered as forming the stable nucleus of the state of Montenegro, gradually joined the Katunska nahia in the course of the last century; and in the present, four other districts, called the Berdas, have been added to the dominions of the vladika. The last of these districts joined Montenegro so late as 1831; and in 1840, the inhabitants of the valleys of Grachovo also made themselves independent of the Turks, and though not allowing themselves to be incorporated with Montenegro, entered into intimate relations with that country. The number of *uskoks*, or deserters from the Turks, has also greatly increased of late; but, on the other side, defections among districts or tribes belonging to Montenegro also sometimes take place; and the denomination of Montenegro must, therefore, be considered as in a measure applying to a fluctuating extent of territory.

The name Katunska is said to be derived from the Albanian word *katun*, meaning cattle-shed; and, so far, it is very appropriate to the district, which, being the most elevated in the country, is the alpine pasture-land of Montenegro. The Katunska nahia is neither the most fertile nor the most populous, nor is it the richest in natural products; in all these respects it is, on the contrary, greatly surpassed by the smiling lands on the banks of the Lake of Scutari, where the vine, the fig, and the olive are cultivated; but it is the most important, inasmuch as it constitutes the stronghold of the country. Here dwell the poorest, but most warlike tribes of the people, to whom the country has been more than once indebted for its rescue from the Turkish armies that were laying waste the more fruitful territories, but who never succeeded in penetrating into these mountain fastnesses. Here, also, is Tzetinie, the residence of the vladika; and still higher up in the mountains, Niegush, the birthplace of his family. With the exception of the very fertile tracts in the vicinity of the Lake of Scutari and a few of the lower valleys, the country is but little suited for agriculture; but notwithstanding their warlike and depredatory habits, the people are not wanting in industry, and every little patch of arable land found among the rocks is cultivated and made to contribute to their subsistence. Many of these patches are not more than thirty or forty feet square; but these little oases, in which grow, perhaps, only a few cabbages or potatoes, appearing in the midst of steep and barren crags, relieve the sterile monotony of the mountain tracts, and tell pleasantly of the industry of man. The cultivation of the potato was introduced into Montenegro at an earlier date even than into Germany;

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and so sensible were the people of the benefit thus conferred upon them, that the vladika who made them acquainted with this nutritious root was for this, and several other signal services rendered to his countrymen, placed by them among the saints. At present, Montenegro not only produces potatoes sufficient for home use, but supplies the whole consumption of the Bocca di Cattaro, and, moreover, exports large quantities through these ports. Besides potatoes, the chief exports of Montenegro are smoked mutton, called *castradina;* salt fish, principally from the Lake of Scutari, called *scoranza;* hides, tallow, wool, cheese, butter, wax, honey, silk, and tobacco, besides Indian corn, and various fruits and vegetables; and fowls, sheep, and pigs, with which they supply the markets of Cattaro. The city of Cattaro is indeed in a great measure dependent on Montenegro, for the flat lands that surround the Bocca di Cattaro produce nothing but oil and wine and a few garden-fruits, while the mountain-slopes belonging to Austria, which close them in on the land-side, are utterly barren and sterile; but beyond the mountains, in the fruitful valleys around the Lake of Scutari, are produced the various items mentioned above, and these are brought to Cattaro across the steep mountain-passes of Montenegro. So suspicious, however, are the Cattarenses of their wild neighbours, even in their commercial character, that only on condition of deposing their arms at the gates, are they admitted within the walls of the city; and they, therefore, generally prefer transacting their business in the bazaars in the suburbs, where they may strut about in the warlike accoutrements they so much affect.

Of towns, strictly so called, Montenegro has none; but the number of villages is reckoned at between 200 and 300. The largest of these does not comprise above 1200 inhabitants; and the houses, which are of stone, and generally covered with thatch or wooden shingles, are rarely ranged side by side so as to form regular streets, but in most cases are scattered about, looking more like detached farmhouses than like the component parts of a town. Even Tzetinie, the seat of government, would make but an indifferent appearance at the side of many of our English villages. On a rocky eminence, forming one of the side-walls of the largest and most verdant valley of the district Katunska, is situated a monastery, and at the side of this a church. Above the monastery, on a higher ledge of the rock, frowns an old square tower, while further down, almost on the level bottom of the valley, is an oblong building of respectable dimensions, and two stories in height, in which the vladika resides. These various buildings, together with the large courtyards attached to them, are surrounded by a pretty high wall. In front of the monastery, and just beyond the cincturing wall, is a large open space surrounded by some two dozen houses, and from which extend two broad roads or streets lined with miserable hovels. Such is Tzetinie.

In the remotest mountain regions, the huts, which are only a

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few feet high, are built either of wicker-work or of loose stones piled one upon the other without cement, and covered in with the coarsest thatch. The interior arrangement of the houses is as primitive as the outward structure; the three or four monasteries in the country only, and a very small number of dwelling-houses, among which is the vladika's residence, having two stories, and resembling in other respects the dwelling-houses of civilised countries. One or two rooms on the ground-floor, with a loft above, to which access is gained by means of a ladder and a trap-door, is all the generality of the larger houses contain; while the smaller ones can boast of one room only, which is at one and the same time kitchen, parlour, and sleeping-room, though not in every case bedroom; for among the poorer people beds are an unknown and an unwished-for luxury, the floor of the hut, or the bare mountain-side, serving the same purpose, and being as much to their liking. In the better kind of houses there is, however, a rude bench running along one of the side-walls, which serves as bedstead, and on which are spread mattresses and blankets, but no sheets; while neither these houses nor the humbler ones are provided with chimneys. The fire burns on a raised hearth on the floor, but the smoke is left to escape as best it may. A few wooden tables, chairs, and stools, in addition to the bedstead aforementioned, complete the furniture of an ordinary Montenegrin dwelling; and, with the exception of the vladikas, who, for the last three generations, have been highly-educated men, few even of the chiefs can boast of being better housed or accommodated.

The villages are not, as might be supposed in a country so constantly exposed to invasion, perched on the rocks in the most impregnable positions, but are, on the contrary, mostly situated on the slopes of the mountains, and in the open valleys and hollows; and nowhere throughout the country is there the slightest attempt at fortification. For the defence of their country, the Montenegrins depend upon their own bravery, and upon nature's fortresses—the mountains; and to guard their treasures they need no walls, for their herds and flocks are easily driven higher up into the mountains; and whatever other valuables they may possess, they always carry about their persons.

That a people living in so rude a style cannot have attained any very high degree of mental culture, is a matter of course; and, indeed, even the most rudimentary knowledge of reading and writing is said to be an unusual accomplishment among the Montenegrins; and their manners are as primitive as their houses. Kohl describes as follows his reception in the house of a relative of the reigning vladika:—'The hut, which was built of rough stones, was very low, and also dark, as but slight provision had been made for letting in the light. We were, however, first received in a kind of open vestibule or veranda, the roof of which was supported by trunks of trees, and round which was placed a row of benches. The old master of the house first welcomed us

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with a glass of brandy, with which we were offered a bit of dry bread; but subsequently we were invited to enter the hut to partake of a sheep, which had been butchered and roasted for us. The repast was served on a low round board—a large mutton-bone, with a quantity of meat attached to it, being placed before each guest.'* The cheer was found excellent, the mutton being peculiarly juicy, owing to the sheep having been roasted whole; and as soon as the friendly and attentive host perceived that any of the company had finished his share, another bit was seized by the bone, and laid before him.

The Montenegrins are generally tall of stature and well-proportioned, and their picturesque costume sets off their handsome person to the best advantage. The dress of the men consists of a pair of full blue trousers, reaching a little below the knee, over which the white shirt is worn; a red vest; a white or yellow caftan reaching to the knee, and held round the waist by a broad sash; and a red or green jacket without sleeves, but richly embroidered, as is also the vest, which is visible, as the caftan is open in front: over all is thrown a scarlet *dolman* bordered with fur, and hung upon one shoulder in the fashion of our hussars. The head, which is shaved in front, is covered with a red cap, round which is wrapped a white or coloured shawl in guise of turban, and from under which escapes the hair from the back of the head, which is allowed to grow long.

The female dress consists of a frock or pelisse of white cloth, without sleeves, open in front, and reaching to the ankles. This frock is trimmed with various devices in braiding or coloured cloth and tassels, and in front are several gold ornaments. Round the neck the women wear numerous chains and collars and strings of gold coins, and their ears and their plaited locks are also adorned with pendants of gold. The headgear of the girls is a red cap, covered in front with a mass of silver Turkish coins, lapped one over the other like scales; and over this cap is thrown an embroidered veil, which falls upon the shoulders. The red cap of the married women, instead of the coins, has a border of black silk, and on gala-days a bandeau of gold ornaments, generally half-covered with a veil, fastened on the top of the head by a gold-headed pin. The long loose sleeves and fronts of their shirts are embroidered with gold thread, or with silks of various colours; and when an apron is worn, it is usually of coloured woollen-cloth, with a deep fringe along the bottom. Round the waist the women wear a girdle studded with red cornelians, and on their feet worsted socks embroidered in various colours, and sandals, called *opanche*, also worn by the men.

The ornaments most prized by the men of Montenegro are their arms, which they never lay aside, and which consist of a long gun, a pair of pistols, and a yataghan—a kind of long knife, equally

* Kohl: *Reise in Montenegro.*

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serviceable for cutting and thrusting. This, as well as the pistols, is worn in the girdle, from which also hang several small pouches containing cartridges, balls, &c. The guns and pistols are frequently of a very ornamental character, inlaid with fine steel or mother-of-pearl; and a Montenegrin never prides himself so much upon his weapons, as when he is able to relate that they have been won in battle by himself or his fathers, or obtained by pillage; for the constant border forays against the Turks have so inured this people to war and pillage, that robbery and incendiarism are considered honourable even in times of peace. The ring of blackened ruins which encircles the foot of their 'black mountain' home, and the high walls which protect all the Dalmatian country-houses in their vicinity, tell, indeed, a terrible tale of their character as neighbours.

The whole population of Montenegro is calculated at about 105,000 souls; but the number of individuals capable of bearing arms is proportionately very considerable. This number, however, depends greatly upon circumstances. If the Turks make an inroad into the country, even old men, cripples, and young boys take to arms. There are thus instances of boys of ten years of age having distinguished themselves in the wars of their country; and among other incidents of the kind, an anecdote is related of one Giuro Lottocich, who, though confined to bed with a broken leg, on hearing that the Turks had entered the country, insisted on being carried out to a rock whence he could fire on the enemy, and who remained there three hours at his bloody work, never ceasing until he was informed that his countrymen had gained the victory. If all such occasional warriors be reckoned among the fighting-men of the country, the number of these is of course considerably swelled; but if there be a question of a regular force capable of taking the field, it is different. By some, the *pushkis** of Montenegro are said not to amount to more than 15,000; others state the number to be 35,000. However, the vladika, who must be considered the best authority, told Mr Kohl, in 1850, that he could at any moment raise from 20,000 to 25,000 well-armed men for the defence of the country. These must not, however, be supposed to be regular disciplined troops; for in reality they are only men trained from infancy to the use of arms by their fathers, as they are taught to lisp the language of their country by their mothers. Their mode of warfare is indeed by no means that of civilised nations, but is described as follows by an eye-witness, a Russian officer, doing service on board the Russian fleet in 1806, when the Montenegrins were induced to join the allies against France:†

'Being inured to hardships and privations, they perform, without fatigue and in high spirits, very long and forced marches. They

* Men armed with a gun.

† Quoted by Count Valerian Krasinski in his recent work, *Montenegro and the Slavonians of Turkey.*

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leap over wide ditches, supporting themselves on their long rifles, and pass over precipices where bridges would be absolutely requisite for every other kind of troops, and they climb the steepest rocks with great facility; they also bear with the utmost patience hunger, thirst, and every kind of privation. When the enemy is defeated and retiring, they pursue him with such rapidity that they supply the want of cavalry, which it is impossible to employ in their mountainous country. When the enemy is in great force, they burn their villages, devastate their fields, and after having enticed him into the mountains, they surround and attack him in a most desperate manner. When the country is in danger, the Montenegrins forget all personal feelings of private advantage and enmity; they obey the orders of their chiefs, and, like gallant republicans, they consider it a happiness and a favour of God to be allowed to die in battle. It is in such a case that they appear as real warriors; but beyond the limits of their country they are savage barbarians, who destroy everything with fire and sword. Their ideas about war are entirely different from those adopted by civilised nations. They cut off the heads of those enemies whom they take with arms in their hands, and spare only those who surrender before the battle. The property which they take from the enemy is considered by them as their own, and as a reward of courage. They literally defend themselves to the last extremity. A Montenegrin never sues for mercy; and whenever one of them is severely wounded, and it is impossible to save him from the enemy, his own comrades cut off his head. When at the attack of Clobuch, a small detachment of Russian troops was obliged to retreat, an officer of stout make, and no longer young, fell on the ground from exhaustion: a Montenegrin perceiving it, ran immediately up to him, and, having drawn his yataghan, said to him: "You are very brave, and must wish that I should cut off your head; say a prayer, and make the sign of the cross." The officer, horrified at the proposition, made an effort to rise, and regained his comrades by the aid of the friendly Montenegrin. They consider all those taken by the enemy as killed. They carry out of the battle their wounded comrades on their shoulders. Arms, a small loaf of bread, a cheese, some garlic, a little brandy, an old garment, and two pair of sandals made of raw hide, form all the equipage of the Montenegrins. On their march, they do not seek any shelter from rain or cold. In rainy weather, the Montenegrin wraps around his head the *strooka*—a shawl of coarse cloth—lies down on the ground, and, putting his rifle under him, sleeps very comfortably. Three or four hours of repose are quite sufficient for his rest, and the remainder of his time is occupied in constant exertion. It is impossible to retain them in the reserve, and it seems that they cannot calmly bear the sight of the enemy. . . . When there is no enemy in sight, they sing and dance, or go on pillaging, in which we must give them the credit of being perfect masters. . . . If they are in great force, they conceal themselves in ravines,

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and send out only a small number of shooters, who, by retreating, lead the enemy into the ambush. Here, after having surrounded him, they attack him, usually preferring on such occasions swords to firearms, because they rely on their personal strength and bravery, in which they generally have the advantage over their enemies. When their numbers are inferior, they choose some advantageous position on high rocks, where, pronouncing every kind of abuse against their enemies, they challenge them to combat. Their attacks are mostly made during the night, because their principal system is surprise. However small their force may be, they always try to wear out the enemy by constantly harassing him. . . . The tactics of the Montenegrins are confined to being skilful marksmen. A stone, a hole, a tree, offers them a cover from the enemy. Firing usually in a prostrate position on the ground, they are not easily hit, whilst their rapid and sure shots carry destruction into the ranks of a regular army. They have, besides, a well-practised eye for judging of distance, and thoroughly understand how to take advantage of the ground; and as they usually fight retreating, the French, who took it for a sign of fear, constantly fell into their ambush. As for themselves, they are so cautious, that the most skilful manœuvres cannot deceive them. It may be said, that they perceive the enemy by scent, and they discover him at distances at which his movements can scarcely be discerned by others by means of a telescope. Their extraordinary boldness frequently triumphed over the skill of the experienced bands of the French. . . . However, the advantages of their courage in assisting the Russian troops, and the fruits of victory, were lost by their want of order. During the siege of Ragusa, it was never possible to know how many of them were actually under arms, because they were constantly going to their homes with spoils, whilst others joined the army in their places, and after a few days of indefatigable exertion, returned to the mountains, to carry away some insignificant trifle. . . . The Montenegrins disperse, and deliberately firing from a lying position on the closed ranks of the enemy, are not afraid to attack columns composed of 1000 men with numbers not exceeding 100 or 150. In a pitched battle, their movements can be discerned only by the direction of their standards. They have certain signal-cries, which are uttered when they are to join in a compact body for attacking the weaker points of the enemy. As soon as such a signal is given, they rush furiously onwards, break into the squares, and at all events succeed in creating great disorder in the enemy's ranks. It was a terrible spectacle to see the Montenegrins rushing forward with the heads of their slaughtered enemies suspended from their necks and shoulders, and uttering savage yells.'

This custom of cutting off and carrying away the heads of their enemies, is still in full force; and when Sir Gardner Wilkinson visited the country in 1847, he beheld the heads of many Turks garnishing the walls of the old ruinous tower in the neighbourhood

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of the residence of the vladika, who, however, expressed his utter abhorrence of this barbarous custom, and his great desire to see it abolished. That the savagery and valour of the Montenegrins in war have not abated during the present century, is furthermore attested by the manuscript diary of an eye-witness of many of their encounters with the Turks, which was given to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and from which the following is an extract:—

'BIELOPAVLICH, *June* 16, 1839.—At about an hour's journey from the village of Chinvilaz are a score of huts, inhabited by Montenegrin shepherds. The Turks of Spûss made a sortie, and going round three miles, set fire to them in two places, at three o'clock A.M. The unfortunate shepherds defended themselves as well as they could, until the people of Chinvilaz, seeing the fire, came to their assistance, 100 strong. In this first encounter the Montenegrins lost eight killed and forty-six wounded; but the Turks only succeeded in carrying away one head. It was impossible to ascertain the Turkish loss, as they fought on the banks of the river Zetta, which divides theirs from the Montenegrin territory. The Montenegrins then valorously attacked a body of 3000 men with their small band, and sent nineteen Turkish heads to Tzetinie, and forty-nine guns, ornamented with silver. The same morning, the Turks made another attack, on the opposite side of the river, when the Montenegrins, in number about 100, scarcely fired their guns, but fought hand to hand with their yataghans, and routed the Turks on every side. This battle lasted three hours, and the Montenegrins took no less than thirty-six heads; three standards; three beautiful horses, with their equipments in silver; three sabres, silver mounted; more than seventy firearms, large and small; and nine yataghans, all mounted in silver.

'TZETINIE, *June* 17.—Monsignore* immediately sent to Bielopavlich, to order the captain to bring the Turkish heads, and the arms, banners, and horses to Tzetinie, which command was immediately executed. They entered Tzetinie, each man bearing in triumph the heads of the Turks he had vanquished, with shouting and firing of guns. The same day, after dinner, the vladika ordered that every one should bring his heads to the plain of Tzetinie; and forming a great circle, Monsignore placed himself in the midst, with the president and all the senate, called out the warriors one by one, and, embracing each, hung round his neck a silver medal by a red cord, in the name of our holy religion, our country, and our emperor,† Nicolai Pavlovich; and this honour he bestowed, to the intent that they might know how to defend themselves bravely against the rascally Turks.'

Even the women of Montenegro seem to partake of the warlike and ferocious spirit engendered by the long struggle of this people to maintain their independence, and many instances are recorded of the courage and bravery evinced by them. Among these is an

* The vladika. † The emperor of Russia.

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incident related by Colonel Vialla de Sommières, of a sister and four brothers who, being on a pilgrimage to the shrine of some saint, were waylaid by seven Turks in one of the narrow rocky defiles so common in the country. Being hemmed in by the surrounding rock-walls, retreat was impossible, and the brothers could only determine to defend their sister to the last, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible. After a short but desperate struggle, in which they killed six of their adversaries, the Montenegrins were defeated, though heroically assisted by their sister, who, having seized the gun of the first brother who fell, kept up a constant fire, until the last sunk to the ground, pierced to the heart by the yataghan of the only surviving Turk. On seeing this, she stood aghast for one moment, then, feigning great terror, sued for mercy. This was promised, but on the most revolting conditions only; and the maiden, though pretending to listen, was only watching for an opportunity to consummate her revenge. No sooner was her enemy thrown off his guard, than she buried her dagger in his breast, and turned to fly; but the relentless Turk, plucking the dagger from the wound, was about to renew his attack upon her, when, seizing him with the strength of despair, she hurled him down a neighbouring precipice, just as one of her own people came up to the rescue.

Another instance of female bravery, but unfeminine ferocity, is related in one of the songs of the country. 'An outlaw laments on the mountain: "Poor Stanisha, accursed am I, who have let thee fall unavenged;" and in the Valley of Zusa the wife of Stanisha hears that voice, and learns that her husband has fallen. The fiery Christian woman at once seizes a gun, and rushes forth, following the green path along which had come down the murderers of her husband—fifteen Turks, and their leader, Chengish Aga. She discovers the aga, fires, and kills him on the spot. The other Turks, frightened at the boldness of the heroic woman, fly, and leave her unmolested to cut off the head of their leader, which she takes to her home.

'Fatima, the wife of Chengish, writes to the widow of Stanisha: "Christian woman, thou didst tear out both my eyes when thou killedst my husband. If thou art a real Tzernagorka, thou wilt come to-morrow alone to the frontier, where I will meet thee also alone, that we may see which of us will approve herself the best wife."

'The Christian woman puts away her female garments, and clads herself in man's attire—the spoils of Chengish. She takes his yataghan, his pistols, his splendid rifle, and, mounted on his prancing steed, she flies along the paths of Zusa. On passing by each rock she cries: "If a brother lies here in ambush, kill me not; I am not a Turk—I am a child of the black mountain." Arrived at the frontier, she finds that the faithless Turkish woman has brought with her her husband's brother, who, mounted on a mighty black steed, rushes madly on the young Christian woman;

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she awaits him without fear, sends an unerring bullet through his heart, and then severs his head from the body. She then pursues Chengish's widow, binds her, and leads her captive to her home, where she is obliged to rock asleep the orphan children of Stanisha. When Bula (the Turkish woman) has served her thus for fifteen years, she sends her back to her own people.'*

One maiden is mentioned in the traditions of the country, who, on a trying occasion, evinced so much bravery that she was ever after allowed to bear arms; and if this fact be authentic, no stronger proof could be given of the extraordinary esteem in which this people hold valour, for to bear arms is considered a man's chief dignity, and in Montenegro, women are by no means deemed worthy of sharing the dignity of the stronger sex. The position of women in this little country is indeed strangely anomalous, they being considered in some respects little better than beasts of burden, and in others so sacred that their presence is sufficient to hold the most reckless in check. A man never speaks of his wife without making some apology for introducing so undignified a subject, as some nations apologise for mentioning an unclean beast; and on entering his presence, the wife demurely kisses the hand of her lord, and even of honoured guests of the male sex. It is averred by travellers, that it is no uncommon sight in Montenegro to see a strong and robust man mounted on a horse or a mule, riding comfortably along, while his wife trudges on foot by his side, laden with the goods which her better-half has purchased in the market; and even lovers are said to travel together in this way, the man stooping now and then to give his sweetheart a kiss, but never offering to give her a lift, be the road ever so steep or so stony. All the hard work in the country, with the exception of the tillage of the soil, is done by the women; and when a Montenegrin is in want of a little cash to purchase a supply of tobacco for the pipe, which hardly ever quits his mouth, or some balls and powder for the rifle, which is not only his weapon in war but his plaything in peace, he thinks little of loading a sack of potatoes or of Indian corn on the back of his wife, and of sending her off with it to market—sometimes a distance of many miles, and along roads the best of which are described as being merely a kind of zigzag track, as rough as the paths through one of the original forests in America, where the interlaced and gigantic roots of thousands of trees obstruct the passage—with this difference only, that in Montenegro the roots are stones.

But although in these respects treated with so great a want of consideration, the women of Montenegro are not, as in many other countries, regarded as the playthings of the men: they are, on the contrary, never treated with levity; and to offer an insult to a woman, is looked upon as an action unworthy of a man, and one for which her relatives would be bound to seek prompt revenge.

* Cyprien Robert.

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So sacred, indeed, is even the most helpless among the sex held, that a young girl is considered the most efficient guard for travellers through even the wildest and most lawless districts of the country, where a passport from the vladika might prove of little use in securing the property or the life of the traveller. Be there peace or strife among the men, women are allowed to pass backwards and forwards unmolested, and even Turkish women may enter Montenegro without fear of injury. If a woman be devoted to you, willing to speak and act for you, and, in case of need, to shield you with her body, you may venture among the most reckless bandits of Montenegro without fear, for no man among this people would raise his hand to slay a woman, unless it be his own wife, whom he has detected in infidelity, in which case the usages of his country justify him in avenging on the spot his outraged honour. It is said that, relying on the sacred character of the weaker sex, some Montenegrins, who, some years ago, were meditating an attack upon an Austrian corps, made a woman march in their van; and that, on finding that the Austrians, who were held back by no sensitive scruples, fired and killed the woman, their fury knew no bounds.

The mode of government and the constitution of society in Montenegro were originally what, according to the phraseology of our day, would be termed purely democratic. The vladika,* the civil governor, and the military chiefs or *serdars*, were all elected by the chiefs of the villages, called *kniaz* or *glavar*, who were in their turn elected by the people, and when assembled in council represented the latter. To the assembly of these chiefs, held in the open air in the plain of Tzetinie, in front of the vladika's residence, were submitted all matters of public importance. The discussions were often of a very noisy character; but, notwithstanding the pugnacious propensities of the people, it was not usual, on these occasions, to come to blows: when the bells of the adjacent monastery of Tzetinie gave the signal for silence, order was at once restored; and, as the answer to the vladika's question, whether the assembly approved or disapproved of the measure proposed, was invariably: 'Let it be as thou wishest, vladika,' one might suppose that the noise was more the result of a love of talk than of a love of opposition. However, notwithstanding this apparent submissiveness, the vladika's power over his people was in reality merely nominal, or at least only a moral power, no Montenegrin thinking himself bound to submit to any law or authority save that of his own will; and the vladika possessing no means of compelling his subjects to obedience, except by threatening them in his ecclesiastical character with excommunication. Happily for the country, however, the late vladika and his immediate predecessor were men of remarkable abilities, and, in point of education, greatly superior to their

* The word vladika signifies lord, not bishop.

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people; and they availed themselves of the influence this superiority secured to them, to establish, at least in some measure, law and regular government in the country.

During the rule of the first of these reforming vladikas, Peter Petrovich I., the office of governor, which had in course of time become hereditary in a certain family, was abolished, in consequence of the treachery of the person then holding the office; and the accession of power thus gained by the vladika was used by him for good purposes. On his death-bed, Peter Petrovich, who died in 1830, and was subsequently canonised, bequeathed to his nephew and successor a plan for the reform of the government, which was eventually carried out by the latter. In accordance with this plan, a new governing body was introduced, in the form of a senate, consisting of sixteen members, chosen from among the chiefs of the country; and, in subordination to this, a body of so-called guardians, composed of 135 members, intrusted with the execution of the decrees of the senate, and with the administration of minor affairs. In addition to these officials, a certain number of young men, chosen from among the most influential families, were appointed to form a body-guard for the vladika, with a view, not to protect his person, for this was not necessary, but to give greater impressiveness to his orders. According to Count Krasinski, the senate of Montenegro, notwithstanding its high-sounding title, 'bears a much stronger resemblance to a council of North American Indians than to the House of Lords in this country. The palace of the senate—or, as it is simply called, the senate—is an oblong stone building of one story, covered with thatch. It has two doors, one of which leads to an apartment used as a stable for oxen and donkeys, the other conducts to two separate apartments. On entering that on the right, you will find it filled with bedsteads covered with straw, for the use of the senators, whose rifles hang about the walls. The apartment to the left forms the state-room: a stone-bench runs along one of its walls; and in the middle there is a fireplace, round which the deliberations of the supreme council are generally held, and the dinner of its members cooked. When the vladika is present at the deliberations, he usually occupies a seat on the stone-bench, covered with a rug; the senators sit near him on the same bench; whilst those who cannot find room there, as also litigant parties, occupy low wooden stools or stones round the fireplace, and carry on their deliberations smoking their pipes. Whenever anything is to be committed to writing, the secretary of the vladika is called in, and he either composes the necessary document in the convent, or writes it in the assembly, after the Turkish fashion, on his knees.'

The chief difficulty in the way of the establishment of the supremacy of law in Montenegro, is the custom of blood-revenge which this people have in common with all half-barbarous nations, and which, being intimately interwoven with all their notions of

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right and justice, has always proved most difficult to eradicate or to supersede by a regular system of justice. Among the Montenegrins, as among our Saxon forefathers, and indeed among all European nations in the same stage of development, there are established certain rates of money-fines or compensations for various offences. A homicide may, for instance, be paid off with a sum of 120 ducats; and a wound in the arm, in the foot, in the ear, &c., has each its price. But the parties who are the sufferers by the offence, are not bound to accept of such compensation; and the law of retaliation being more in accordance with the character of the people, this is, in spite of all the vladika's exertions, even in the present day, much more frequently resorted to; in consequence of which, not only individual families, but whole villages, are often engaged in deadly feuds, transmitted from generation to generation.

According to the rules of the law of blood-revenge as it exists among the Montenegrins, the right and duty of revenge devolves upon the nearest male relative of the person who dies by the hand of another, or in consequence of the machinations of another. If, at the death of a father, the son be not of an age to bear arms, the right of revenge being held as a sacred inheritance, is not assumed by his uncles or other grown-up relatives, but is reserved for him. The child is brought up by his mother to look upon himself as his father's avenger; and the bloody deed by which the latter fell, is kept constantly before his mind. If the son is beyond the age of infancy, it is customary for the widowed mother to hold his father's bloody garments before her boy, and to make him take a solemn oath upon them in presence of his nearest kinsmen, and sometimes even of a priest, to remember the death of his father when he shall have attained the age of manhood. If, on the contrary, the son who inherits the dread office of avenger be still an infant, and consequently incapable of understanding the duty, the mother places the father's blood-stained shirt, or a handkerchief dipped in his blood, on the child's cradle, and takes the oath in his name; after which ceremony, the blood-stained memorial is hung up in the hut, to await the day of vengeance; in the meanwhile, the tale of the evil deed which brought desolation over her home, is frequently repeated by the widow to kinsmen and visitors with many tears and lamentations. An incident which took place so late as the year 1851, is strikingly illustrative of the early age at which the minds of the children among this people are familiarised with the idea of bloodshed, and the duty of revenge. In a suit pending before an Austrian court of justice in one of the towns of the Bocca di Cattaro, a pretty and intelligent-looking boy was called as a witness by one of the parties. The judge put to him the usual question: 'What is your name?'—'Savva Markovich,' was the answer. 'How old are you?'—'Seven years.' 'Who is your father?'—'Marko Gregorevich: he is no longer among the living.' 'When did he die?'—'He did not die.' 'How so?'—'He was

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murdered. We all know it; he was murdered by Spiro Jurovich from Saroschi; and when I am a man, I will shoot Jurovich.' 'How, now, my little fellow—how can you think of such a dreadful thing?—who put that into your head?'—'O yes, I will kill Spiro Jurovich. I must do so. My uncle, the priest, Peter Gregorevich, has told me so. I will shoot him with the rifle that hangs in my uncle's room. When I am a man, my uncle will give me the rifle, that I may avenge my father, and punish his murderer. This is truth.'

Another case, shewing how much the laws of honour are bound up with this principle of the duty of private revenge, was brought before the same tribunal during Mr Kohl's stay in the country. A young man, of very mediocre fortune, had been engaged to a pretty young girl during four years, and was still without prospects of being able to marry. At this juncture, another young man, in a more favourable position in life, succeeded in alienating the girl's affections from her engaged, and having proposed and been accepted, married her. The deserted lover, though burning with indignation, determined to postpone his revenge for a time; partly because he was undecided what form to give it, and partly because his successful rival belonged to a more numerous and more influential family, and caution was consequently necessary. Anger and shame, however, gnawed at his heart, and the more so as he perceived that his acquaintance began to look askance at him. He found that on Sundays, when he met his former associates at church, they shunned him, evidently ashamed of being seen in company with one who was mean-spirited enough to submit to a great injury without seeking revenge. At length, even his most intimate friends openly taunted him, and told him that he had met with no more than his cowardice deserved; while his brothers and other kinsmen complained bitterly of his bringing shame on the whole family by his tame submission. Still time passed on, and he seemed not to be able to make up his mind to action. One day, however, a cry of anguish was heard to proceed from the house of his rival—it was the young wife, who had found her husband lying dead and covered with wounds in the garden behind their house. Suspicion at once fell upon the man whom she and her husband had so grievously wronged, and he was cited before the tribunals; but no proofs could be adduced against him, and he resolutely denied having committed the deed—such denial in a court of justice being not considered derogatory even by the bravest among the people. To the kinsmen of the murdered man it had, however, been reported that the murderer had vaunted himself of the deed, but they would not appear as witnesses against him, for had they done so, he would inevitably have been condemned, and they were by no means anxious to see his punishment taken out of their own hands; besides which, it is considered cowardly and dishonourable to take revenge on an enemy by witnessing against him in a court of justice.

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As the Montenegrins, as well as their neighbours, the Bocchesi, or inhabitants of the Bocca di Cattaro, not only love revenge, but are at the same time very prudent and cunning, it frequently happens that a much longer interval of time even than in the above case may elapse before they attempt to execute their plan of vengeance. Except in cases where the most violent passions are excited, they do not pursue their revenge to the exclusion of all other objects; and as the person who has committed the offence will, of course, try to avoid the presence of the avenger, an opportunity for the latter to consummate his purpose may long fail to present itself. Even if the enemies meet, it may be under circumstances that render it impossible to prosecute a private feud, and thus, as has been said, years may elapse before the plan of vengeance can be carried out. But though deferred, it is never forgotten nor given up, and sometimes the avenger will even follow his victim to a foreign land, to consummate his fell purpose. An instance of such long-deferred vengeance is also told by Kohl. A Montenegrin, who was serving as herdsman, heard one night a great noise in the cattle-fold, and on getting up beheld a man, who had broken into the fold, in the act of carrying off a sheep. The Montenegrin at once levelled his gun at the thief, and shot him dead on the spot. The kinsmen of the man thus killed, laid the case before the vladika, and the latter declared that the man, having been caught in theft, had deserved his fate, and that his family could therefore neither claim compensation nor demand blood for blood. The late vladika, Peter Petrovich II., was held in too great reverence by his people for the complainants in this case to venture openly to demur against his decision; but the thirst for vengeance was concealed in their hearts like the fire smouldering under the ashes, and when, after some years, the vladika left the country for a short while, the flame burst forth. A brother of the man who had been killed, one day approached stealthily the faithful servant, who was tending his master's herds, and slew him on the very spot where the detected thief had fallen. The murdered man was not without kindred, ready in their turn to avenge his death; and this feud may therefore be transmitted to future generations.

Notwithstanding the ferocity and barbarous contempt for law exhibited in this system of blood-revenge, in their mode of warfare, and in their constant infringements of the rights of property, the Montenegrins are by no means an uncouth and violent people in daily intercourse. Towards travellers they generally evince much cordiality and courtesy; and notwithstanding their love of pillage, they religiously respect the person and the property of the stranger who places himself under their protection, by entering their country as a friend. The mode of expressing kindness, and of wishing the stranger welcome, is, however, somewhat embarrassing to persons unaccustomed to very demonstrative manners. On the approach of an expected guest, the men who have assembled to

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greet him on his arrival, receive him with a salute of muskets, 'which, pointed downwards, and fired with ball among the rocks, through which he is slowly pursuing a winding path, may, by the glance of a bullet, as easily be his death-warrant for the next world as a sign of welcome in this.' However, the ceremony which awaits him on joining his hospitable entertainers may, perhaps, to many a western European of reserved habits, prove more startling still, for the guest is expected to kiss on the lips every man present belonging to the family of his host; while the women kiss his hand. This ordeal of kissing has indeed to be gone through pretty frequently. Sir Gardner Wilkinson relates, that having once made a present of a bit of candy-sugar to a little child, he was in return kissed by every member of the family.

Towards each other the Montenegrins are polite, but reserved and cautious; many an imprudent word, which in more civilised societies might be passed by unnoticed, as having escaped the speaker in the heat of discussion or during a moment's irritation, being among this people accounted an offence calling for serious redress. Abusive terms are not at all tolerated, being considered almost as offensive as a blow with a stick; and the latter is looked upon as so injuring to the honour of him who receives it, that such a blow has in several instances been the origin of a case of blood-revenge. A blow with the fist is not considered so humiliating as a blow with a stick, but worst of all is a blow struck with the tube of a tobacco-pipe. The money-compensation for this latter offence is almost as high as that for homicide. Not only in Montenegro, but in all the adjoining Slavonic provinces, the same feelings prevail with regard to a blow with the tube of a pipe, and may probably arise from the fact of this form of personal aggression being peculiar to the hated Turkish race. It is usual for the Turks, when not in the act of smoking, to stick their pipes down at the back of their neck, between the dress and the body, and hence it is easily snatched when the ire of the owner is provoked, and used to belabour him who has called forth this ire. To an act of this kind the vladika of Montenegro owes an accession to the number of his subjects, for, as must always be the case where two hostile and semi-barbarous nations border on each other, whenever a contiguous Slavonic tribe feels itself particularly aggrieved by its Turkish masters, it transfers its allegiance to the vladika of Montenegro; and, on the other hand, instances have not been wanting of dissatisfied Montenegrin subjects transferring their allegiance to the hereditary foes of their country. In the instance alluded to, a Turkish bey, or landed proprietor, in one of the valleys bordering on Montenegro, who had for a long while proved himself a severe and unjust master to the Christian Slavonians subjected to his authority, was one day, in harvest-time, so exasperated by what he deemed the negligence and indolence of one of these people, that he drew out his pipe and struck the Christian with it across the shoulders. The insult was rendered doubly galling by

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its being inflicted under the Slavonian's own roof, on his own hearthstone; and, stung to the quick, he seized a hatchet that was near at hand, and stretched the Moslem at his feet. He then rushed out of the hut with the blood-stained weapon in his hand, and calling together the inhabitants of the village, told them how he had been treated, and how he had retaliated. The long-nourished hatred against the Turk broke forth in rage and imprecations on all sides; and foreseeing that if the Turks retained the power, they would soon take revenge, not only on the man who had slain the bey, but on all the tribe, they unanimously resolved to take to arms, to exterminate as many of the Turks as they could lay hands on, and then to join the Montenegrins.

In Montenegro itself, a bloody and most disastrous feud originated, a few years back, in a blow struck with a pipe; yet in this case the offender was of the same race and religion as the sufferer. A pope, or priest, belonging to one of the principal families in the country, being engaged in a dispute with another Montenegrin, likewise belonging to a leading family, in the heat of the discussion struck his adversary with the tube of his pipe, for in Montenegro priests smoke and fight as do their flocks, and, with few exceptions, are as ignorant as the mass of the people. The blow was not returned on the spot, but it was well known that the family of the man that had received the insult was plotting revenge. The vladika being very anxious, as before said, to put an end to the private feuds, exerted his influence to the utmost to bring about a reconciliation; but although the fear and respect which he inspired held the parties in check for awhile, the dishonour that had befallen the family of him who had received the blow was held in bitter remembrance, and when, after some time, the vladika went on a visit to St Petersburg, the pent-up flame burst forth, and a feud ensued, which ended in the almost total extermination of both families. On hearing of this event on his return, the vladika is said to have wept, as well at the unconquerable barbarism of his people, as at the loss of so many of the best men of the country.

The mode of proceeding against culprits adopted by the government of Montenegro, after the introduction of the reforms alluded to above, shews how low in the scale of civilisation must be the people among whom such means are resorted to for establishing anything like a wholesome fear of the law. To gain possession of the culprit's person, even when the crime committed was of the darkest hue, was found quite impracticable, as no one would deliver him up to justice, and a regular police force does not of course exist in the country. The government was therefore obliged to have recourse to the expedient of burning down the dwellings and confiscating the property of persons who were proved guilty of murder, the confiscated property being divided among those who would undertake to put the sentence into execution. This last bait it is that tempts the people to assist, at

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least so far, in carrying out the ends of justice; but though many, lured by the prospect of gain, present themselves to aid in the execution, great reluctance is always evinced as to taking the lead. The outlawed murderer, deprived of house and property, generally seeks refuge in some mountain cave or rocky fastness, where he leads the life of a robber; and thus, while the authority of the law is upheld on the one side, the number of those who live by breaking the law is increased. Sentence of death it is almost impossible to get executed in Montenegro, for, fearing to render themselves liable to blood-revenge, the people resolutely refuse to lend their aid; and on one occasion the government was obliged to have recourse to the strange expedient of assembling together several hundred men from various parts of the country, and belonging to different tribes, to shoot two malefactors condemned to death, in order that by this means it might remain dubious whose ball hit the culprits.

Language and literature—that is to say, traditions and popular songs—the Montenegrins have in common with the Servians; and among them, as among the latter people, it is customary to chant the popular poetry to the accompaniment of an instrument called *gusla*—a kind of primitive cithara, with one string only, and played with a bow, from which a plaintive but monotonous sound is drawn. In addition to the songs and traditions of Servia, Montenegro has, however, also many that date from a period subsequent to the separation of the country from the rest of the Servian nation: the number of these, indeed, daily increases, for there is not an event of any importance that is not recorded in the verses of the bards; and the gusla-players, who recite in poetic language the events of the day, thus not only represent the chroniclers, but likewise the daily press of Montenegro. As is generally the case among nations in this stage of civilisation, the poetry of the Montenegrins is of an earnest and serious, and sometimes even of a deeply melancholy character. The events narrated being chiefly of a tragic nature, such as the feuds with the Turks, the cruelties and oppression practised by this people on their Christian subjects, the death of some renowned hero, &c., are in themselves calculated to awaken painful feelings; and as the bards recite the poetry with much earnestness and dignity, and a kind of suppressed pathos, it is said not to be unusual to see the warlike Montenegrins burst into tears at the songs of some favourite gusla-player.

A peculiarity among the Montenegrins which must produce a strange effect upon a foreigner travelling in their country, but which they have in common with their Slavonic brethren in all the surrounding countries, is the power they possess of making their voices and the words they pronounce distinctly audible at distances which to us seem perfectly incredible, and thus they are enabled to carry on conversations from mountain to mountain, as we only can converse face to face. On these occasions, the voice is not elevated to any extraordinary pitch, but is, on the

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contrary, made to emit tones described to be like a kind of suppressed howl, the words being pronounced slowly and with a peculiarly drawling accent, experience having proved that in this manner the voice reaches furthest, and the words fall most distinctly on the ear of the distant interlocutor, although even to those standing near to the person thus speaking, the words seem to come from afar. However, it requires habit to understand the words coming thus from a distance, as well as to pronounce them so as to make them distinctly audible to others; and travellers assert, that although they have frequently heard mysterious sounds floating around them in the air, they have never been able to distinguish the words.

If a shepherd in Montenegro feels lonely in the mountain where his flocks are browsing, he raises his voice in the way above indicated, sure that the winds or the echoes will carry it to the ears of some other solitary herdsman, who, thus invited, gives a response; and thus commences a conversation across vale and mount, which solaces the solitude of both. If no more important subject presents itself, they inquire, perhaps, the number of each other's flocks or herds; whether they are straying or not; whether anything particular is taking place within sight of either. If it so be that some traveller is passing by, and he is found to be a stranger, a person of importance, or one bearing a suspicious character, and who might be an enemy of the country, the inquiries and descriptions enter into the minutest details; and then also the person who receives the information will in all likelihood deem it too important to be kept to himself, so he turns in another direction, and delivers the message to the winged messengers of the air, who bring it to other ears, and thus it is transmitted from mountain peak to mountain peak, until the whole country is alive with the news; therefore, when a stranger arrives in a village, he may find the whole population on foot to receive him, though he is not aware that any notice has been given of his coming, and that the mysterious sounds which he heard at times floating around him in the air, were conveying to distant localities a *signalement* of himself more faithful than that of many a *viséd* passport.

If nothing of moment or of interest be occurring within sight of the watchful mountain-shepherds, their attention will sometimes be turned inward, and their communications to the distant listener will then refer to their own thoughts and feelings; and thus have no doubt arisen many of those poetic dialogues of so frequent occurrence in Servian poetry, for the talent of improvisation is common among the people, and the gift of poetry is by no means an exclusive endowment of the bards by profession.

But it is not only for idle gossippings or for poetic outpourings, nor even for purposes of police, that the Montenegrins and the other kindred nations of Illyria avail themselves of this power of transmitting articulate sounds to far-distant places; they render the talent available in a still greater degree for all the common

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purposes of life. All kinds of messages relating to the practical business of the populations are transmitted in this way with wonderful celerity and accuracy; and the mountain-echoes which thus help to promote internal communication have, in one respect at least, placed barbarous Montenegro in advance of the most civilised countries of Europe, for this mode of communication was in use there ages before the electric telegraph was dreamed of. In illustration of the useful purposes to which these winged words are put, we may cite an incident which occurred to a traveller engaged in a journey through the Illyrian provinces. On arriving at a certain village, he found that a mule which was ordered as a relay, and on which he was to continue his journey, had been sent to the pastures several miles up in the mountains. The owner, however, expressed no kind of dismay at this *contretemps;* but assuring the traveller that the mule would be ready for him at the appointed hour, went out into the open air, and turning in the direction of the mountain, called out: 'Hoho! hehe! listen to me, people of the village of Bielizza. High up on the mountain Glinbotich, close to the great beech-tree with the withered branch, my little boy, Janko Jessipovich, is tending my white-footed mule. Tell *him* to bring down the mule without delay.' 'Hoho! hehe!' then holloed out the people of the village of Bielizza, taking up the message—'the mule of Janko Jessipovich is pasturing in the mountain Glinbotich, close to the great beech with the withered branch. Let it be brought down without delay.' And thus the message went from mouth to mouth, until it reached Janko Jessipovich; and by the time appointed, the white-footed mule was ready to convey the traveller further. In like manner, a traveller, for whom relays have been bespoken, may, if he changes his plan of proceeding, easily give notice of the fact, and secure the means of conveyance in the new direction which he intends to take, and he may also thus bespeak beforehand the hospitality of the villages he means to visit.

In Montenegro, this system of throwing their words to the winds is, above all, important on the frontiers, particularly those towards Turkey, whence acts of aggression may at any time be expected; and here, therefore, the roving shepherds are always on the look-out, and occasions for giving the alarm are very frequent. A troop of Turkish marauders, for instance, pass the frontiers, invade a secluded valley, murder a herdsman whom they find there, and carry off his cattle; but a little shepherd-boy witnesses the irruption and the deed of violence from an overhanging cliff, and suddenly the cry of alarm resounds through the valley: 'Wo, wo! the Turks have come stealthily upon us. They have murdered Juro Markovich, and carried off my white cow and the rest of the cattle, and also our sheep.' And on all sides the cry is taken up: 'Wo, wo! listen, men—listen! The Turks have stolen a march upon us; they have killed Juro Markovich, and carried off the white cow and the rest of the cattle. Wo, wo! Let

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whoever can carry a gun, and who is not a coward, hurry to the rescue!' In an incredibly short time, the valley swarms with armed men, who, without stopping to consult about a plan, hurry down the mountain-slopes in pursuit of the robbers, overtake and slay them, and return in triumph to the valley with the white cow and its companions, and perhaps with a few Turks' heads on their pikes.

The vladika Peter Petrovich II., to whom we have repeatedly alluded as the great social reformer of Montenegro, unfortunately for his country, died in October 1851, still in the prime of manhood, broken down in health probably by the strange anomalies of his position. This prince, who once described himself as being when among his countrymen a civilised man among semi-barbarians, and as feeling himself when in the society of western Europeans as a semi-barbarian among civilised men, formed indeed a striking contrast to his people, for only the former half of this description of himself was true. Educated partly in Dalmatia and partly in Russia, being possessed of natural abilities of a rare order, coupled with a highly poetic temperament and great sensibility, and having spent his youth among the refined society of European capitals, he was suddenly, in his eighteenth year, called to reign over a people so sunk in barbarism, that, in order to govern them, he was obliged in a measure to lower himself to their level. How many a hard and bitter struggle must this prince have gone through during his rule of twenty years!—how many a disappointment must he not have endured in the course of his many attempts to civilise his obstinate and prejudiced people!—yet he persisted unswervingly in his endeavours to the last, sustained, not by the love of fame and glory, for he was of a gentle, unambitious turn of mind, but by true patriotism and benevolence. The discordance between this vladika's position and his character has been well summed up, by one who knew him personally, in the following words:—'He is a poet, who in literary taste and judgment greatly exceeds many of our literary men, and he is at the same time a statesman, a legislator, and a ruler; he is a shepherd of the Christian Church, and at the same time the leader of an army of 20,000 warriors armed to the teeth; he has a taste and love for all that is beautiful, and is peculiarly open to gentle impressions, and his only companions are his wild *perianichi* or guards; he is young and handsome, and longs for domestic ties and the joys of family life, and he is a monk and a hermit; he has travelled much, and is familiar with the luxury of civilised life; and a large metropolis, full of treasures of literature, science, and art would probably be the most congenial place of residence to him, but fate has bound him, like Prometheus, to a barren rock, where even his dwelling comprises none of the comforts or elegances so dear to a refined mind, and where he can enjoy no mental companionship whatsoever.'

As regards his relations to the princes of Europe, the vladika of

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Montenegro was in an almost equally constrained and painful position. His dominions are situated at the extreme point of contact of the three great empires of Eastern Europe, neither of which has as yet officially recognised Montenegro as a legally constituted independent state, having a claim to be treated in conformity with all the rules of the law of nations relative to such. Turkey, on the contrary, looks upon the Montenegrins as rebels, whom it is the duty of the government to bring into due subjection whenever an opportunity offers; and such was thought to exist a few months ago, and was eagerly seized, but once more without avail. This time, however, it seems that the Montenegrins owe their safety to Austrian intervention as much as to their own bravery; and the position of Austria with regard to Montenegro is indeed such, that at first sight she might be deemed the natural protector of these hardy mountaineers. As a Christian power, and one which has at various periods suffered severely from the attacks of the Osmanlis, Austria cannot but feel a deep interest in this little rocky country, against which the waves of Moslem invasion have always broken in vain; and she cannot be supposed to be blind to its importance as a breastwork of defence, as well as an advanced post of attack, against a power with which, as a near neighbour, she is always more or less exposed to come into hostile collision; and her recent intervention in the quarrel between Montenegro and Turkey, proves, indeed, that the attention of her statesmen is awake upon this point. There are, however, various circumstances that prevent the establishment of a perfectly cordial understanding between the two countries. In the first place, the circumstance of the Montenegrins being overfond of depredatory incursions into the territories of their neighbours, and not very scrupulous as to whether the neighbour be called friend or foe, Austria or Turkey, keeps up a constant feeling of irritation against them among the Austrian authorities; and besides this, the Montenegrins have one point of political ambition which clashes directly with the interests of Austria. During the European war at the commencement of this century, the Montenegrins held for a time possession of the seaports on the Adriatic called the Bocca di Cattaro, and were fully alive to the facilities thus opened up to them for commercial intercourse with the rest of Europe; and although the Congress of Vienna transferred these ports to Austria, and again caged up the Montenegrins in their mountain fastnesses, the latter have not ceased to look upon the littoral at the foot of their mountains as a territory which ought by right to be theirs; and these views are rendered the more threatening to Austria, as the kindred Slavonic tribes of the Bocca di Cattaro are said not to be adverse to the idea of joining Montenegro. Besides this, there exist strong religious sympathies between the subjects of Austria belonging to the Greek Church and the Montenegrins, who pretend that their vladika is the legitimate ecclesiastical head of the Greek and Austrian Albanians; and should this supremacy ever be recognised

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by the latter themselves, they would thus not only be held in a kind of subserviency to Montenegro, but also to Russia, whose religious supremacy the Montenegrins have practically recognised since it became usual for the vladikas to proceed to St Petersburg to receive the episcopal consecration, instead of, as originally, to Servia. These circumstances of course necessitate, on the part of Austria, not only a friendly, but also an energetic bearing towards Montenegro, and has rendered her desirous of obtaining a more favourable position towards that country than is afforded even by the present frontier regulations, which were established in 1840, and which, though affording the Austrians greater advantages than before, still leave the Montenegrins in possession of the heights commanding the littoral, where it is Austria's ambition to plant her standard.

Of the existence of this desire on the part of the Austrians, the Montenegrins are quite aware, and have thus come to look upon that people with feelings almost as hostile as those they entertain towards the Turks; while to Russia—so distant that their independence, it would seem, can hardly be threatened by her—they look for protection where their own bravery does not suffice. But here, as elsewhere, it is by stealthy diplomatic means that Russia prepares her conquests; and in addition to the influence which the tzars have enjoyed in Montenegro ever since the establishment of the nominal protectorate over the country, the Russian government succeeded in placing the late vladika in a state of pecuniary dependence, by inducing him to accept of an annual subsidy of 40,000 gulden, to enable him to defray the salaries of the senators, the perianichi, and the serdars, and to establish an influence over the chief families, without whose aid he could have but little hope of carrying out the reforms he contemplated. That in her advances towards Montenegro, Russia is chiefly mindful of her own interests there can be little doubt; and however gratified the Montenegrins may feel at the friendship of their mighty Slavonic kinsman, this friendship is therefore but a new danger that threatens their independence. When we take into consideration all the circumstances here alluded to, and remember what political events are probably preparing in the territories amidst which Montenegro is situated, and what are the strategical advantages of this situation, we may easily conceive the importance which this country, though so insignificant in point of geographical extent, has attained in the eyes of the statesmen of Europe; and we learn to understand why it is that a new feud between the Montenegrins and the Turks should for a moment almost have assumed the character of a European question.

For some time, the Montenegrins have been anxious again to separate the civil from the ecclesiastical rulership in their country, in order to be able to establish an hereditary dynasty; but Russia, fearing thereby to lose some of her means of influence, for a long while refused her consent to the innovation. Of late, however,

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she has changed her policy on this head, and has consented that Daniel Petrovich, of the family of Niegush, the nephew of the late vladika, Peter Petrovich, and who was by him designated as his successor, shall be recognised as the legal sovereign of Montenegro, without receiving the ecclesiastical investiture. Prince Daniel, who is only twenty-five years of age, may thus marry, and transmit his dignity to his sons.

In conclusion, we will give the account of an eye-witness* of the return of Prince Daniel to Montenegro last year, after a visit to St Petersburg, whither he had gone to solicit the sanction of the tzar to his succession under the altered conditions—an account in which all the characteristic traits of the Montenegrins stand prominently forward:—

'The Montenegrins had been informed that their young prince would soon be there; and the president of the senate, Pero Petrovich—brother of the late vladika, and uncle of Prince Daniel—together with many of the chiefs, elders, and other Montenegrins, proceeded to Cattaro, on the 1st of July, to receive him. The *woiwode*, or captain of Niegush, and the senator Ivo Nadovich, were despatched to Castelnuovo, to welcome the prince immediately on the steamer entering the Bay of Cattaro. When the steamer approached Cattaro, the president of the senate, Pero, went on board and embraced the prince with these words: "Hail now and evermore!" Immediately afterwards the whole bay was covered with boats hurrying towards the steamer, and from which the Montenegrins fired joyful salutes, which were answered from other swarms on the sea-shore until the prince gave orders that they should cease. All then hurried up the sides of the steamer to greet the prince. The crowd became still greater when Daniel landed. Some kissed his hand, others the hem of his garment, as they were able to press forward.

'In this manner the prince was conducted with the liveliest demonstrations of joy to the house that had been prepared for him. I observed among the chiefs and elders of Montenegro, Noviza Cerovich, from Drobniah, who in 1848 commanded the uskoks who attacked and killed the brave but unpopular Turkish chief, Smail Aga Tschengich, in Drobniah, for which reason he was obliged to fly to Montenegro, where he now holds the position of senator.

'The following morning, we commenced the journey to Tzetinie. The prince, his uncle Noviza, and some few more, travelled on horseback up the winding mountain-path; the others climbed on foot, and with the agility of chamois, up the rugged sides of the mountain, which is about the same height as Mount Vesuvius. The number of men forming the procession was so great, that the last had not left Cattaro when the first was already half-way up the mountain. The firing of rifles was incessant, as is the case on

* A South Slavonian correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*.

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every festive occasion among these manly children of nature. On the summit of the mountain, the prince was received by fresh troops of Montenegrins, who also greeted him with volleys from their rifles. Here the mass separated. The greater number proceeded to Niegush, the birthplace of the prince's family; but Daniel and the chiefs entered the house of the captain of Niegush, Prorokovich, where he was to dine. Now, you must not picture to yourself a great European banquet, or a banquet of any kind according to the fashion of modern times, but rather a Homeric hero's, or, if you will, a shepherd's meal—simple and frugal. In a large room, without a stove, the guests were first served with cold water, coffee without milk, and *raki*—a kind of spirits. After this, a table, formed of rough planks, low, and as long as the room, was laid with a cloth, and round it were placed very low wooden benches. Prince Daniel sat at the head of the table; and he and those who sat nearest him were provided with the ordinary European appurtenances of a dinner-table; but further down the table several guests had to share plate, goblet, and spoon, all of wood: every one used his own knife, and forks there were none. The first dish served up consisted of lamb stewed with rice; then came boiled mutton; after this, roast lamb and ham, and then cheese. On retiring from table, the greater number of the guests fired off their rifles, saying: "We must thank our host, or it would look as if we were not pleased with the cheer, or were ungrateful."

'Prince Daniel next proceeded to the village of Niegush, where he visited each one of his relatives, and in each cottage, wine, coffee, and melons were offered to the visitors. On the further journey from Niegush to Tzetinie, the prince was received on every new mountain-ridge by troops of his subjects, who, as usual, fired off their rifles as a salute. In the plain of Tzetinie, outside the village, the vice-president and several members of the senate, together with a crowd of less distinguished Montenegrins, came forward to wish him welcome; and here they were not content with rifles, but a few cannon-shots were fired in his honour. The next day divine service was performed in the church; and as the prince and the notables attended, the people crowded thither in such numbers that the church could not hold one-tenth part of them. After the service, the vice-president of the senate read to the people assembled outside the prince's dwelling, a document addressed to Prince Daniel by the Russian government, in which it was said: "that, in consideration of the petitions of the senate and people of Montenegro, his majesty the emperor of Russia had consented that Prince Daniel should not enter the ecclesiastical order, but might, nevertheless, continue to be the chief ruler of the state." Prince Daniel was further permitted to select another to be bishop in his stead, who should have the exclusive direction of the ecclesiastical affairs of the principality; and he was exhorted to live in harmony with his Turkish and

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Austrian neighbours, &c. After this document had been read out aloud in the Russian and the Servian languages, the prince distributed the orders and medals which he had brought with him from Russia.

'When this was over, Daniel returned to his residence. This is a house, two stories high, built by the late vladika, and containing some nine or ten rooms, two of which only, together with the adjoining billiard-room, are occupied by the prince, who follows herein the example of his predecessor; the other rooms are occupied by the secretaries, aid-de-camp, &c. The billiard-room or *billiarda*, as it is called by the people, serves as assembly-room, council-room, court-hall, and audience-room; and when more serious matters are not going on, also as dining-room and smoking-room, &c. The furniture consists of a billiard-table in the middle of the room, a sofa covered with leather, one arm-chair, a table in one corner, several small chairs, and a wooden bench along one of the walls. Even into this place the crowd followed the prince, and in a little while the room was full to overflowing with people who wished to see him and to speak to him. He conversed with them regarding the manner in which he meant to conduct the government, about the obedience and submission he expected from them; and he listened to the complaints that were brought before him, and was even obliged, in some cases, to give judgment upon the spot. One person present, for instance, complained that he owed a dollar to a perianic, and had been by law enjoined to pay it back, but instead of doing this he had pledged his gun; but now that he brought the dollar and wanted his gun returned, the perianic refused to give up the gun unless he paid the interest on the money, as well as the principal. The prince's judgment was to the effect, that the perianic should give up the gun, and that he had no just claim to interest, as he had not lent the other man ready money.

'Fatigued by this constant talking, the prince at length left the house, and went into the open air, but here again the people flocked around him. If he sat down on one of the stone-benches outside the houses, some of the leaders among the people directly seated themselves beside him and opposite to him, and the rest formed a circle around them, the foremost squatting down on their heels to allow the others a full sight of him; and then recommenced the same scenes as in the billiarda.

'The words of Prince Daniel to his subjects on these various occasions were pretty nearly as follow:—"From this day forward, no man shall be assassinated or executed in the dark of night, after the fashion of bandits; but when a Tzernagorki has deserved punishment of death, and the punishment is to be executed, the people shall be informed of his crime, and of the mode and time of his execution. Secret denunciations will hereafter not be tolerated. He who denounces another, shall not be allowed to withdraw until he has been confronted with the accused. He who, when in the

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judge's seat, receives a bribe, if it be only of the value of a *para*, I will immediately dismiss from his office, whether he be a senator, serdar, or perianic—and such a man must give up all hope of ever again obtaining office. In like manner I will punish every perianic who, when sent out to execute the sentences of the law, or to levy taxes, or to discover crime, shall demand or receive more than is legally due to him. Such things have already taken place. Thus, for instance, the perianic Ivo Radonich, and one of his companions, have extorted from a man some goats, that were worth five times as much as the legal claim upon him."

'On hearing these words, Ivo Radonich rose from the bench on which he was seated, at some distance from the prince, took off his cap, and said: "True it is, prince, that I have done this; but had any one then spoken to us as you have now done, I would never have ventured to do such a thing. At that time each one only thought of how he could best fill his house and his purse. In truth, I did not otherwise than others."

'The prince continued, telling them that in future justice should be evenly dealt out among all Montenegrins, not even excepting his own nearest relatives, for that all Montenegrins were equal; and he furthermore announced, that it was his intention to publish a new book of laws, by means of which he would be able to do them much good, and would be prevented from doing them any injustice; and also that, in future, each tribe should elect a perianic from among its members, instead of the perianic being, as before, nominated by the prince. The prince also expressed a strong desire to live at peace with his neighbours, and said that he would forbid his subjects, under heavy penalties, to make inroads on the Turkish frontiers.

'At the time, no one contradicted him, but the displeasure of those who had hitherto lived by war and rapine was very evident; and one man in particular, who was known to the prince as one of the greatest depredators, said: "Heyday! what are we, then, to live on? Why, this is our ploughing and our sowing, our digging and our harvest; in a word, it is our only source of income."

'I also heard Prince Daniel say, that he would introduce a tax, which every Tzernagorki should pay, according to his means; adding, it was not he, but the country that required the money, and that for the benefit of the country it would be applied. He would thus, he said, establish popular schools, introduce from abroad able schoolmasters, let the children be educated at the expense of the state, extend and improve the existing printing establishment, build roads, &c.

'During all the days that I remained in Tzernagora, and, as I have learned, during a whole month after that, new troops of people came daily to see and talk to their young prince, who, besides speaking to them in the most friendly manner, gave each a small present of money. One day, however, when the people had flocked around him, the prince, who is small of stature, but

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who is very active, and of a lively, energetic temperament, said to them: "Look well at me, for, small and insignificant as I now appear among you, I will, if you do not obey me, approve myself to you greater and heavier than the mountain Lootje. If you prevent me from becoming celebrated for my goodness, I will be so for my severity."'

Such of our readers as are acquainted with Greek literature, have no doubt been struck with the resemblance between these wild mountaineers of the present day and the Greeks of the time of Homer; and, apart from the grave political considerations which attach to the position of Montenegro, this little country and its inhabitants, indeed, derive their chief interest from the living picture which they afford of that semi-barbarous state of society through which every people has passed on its way to a higher degree of civilisation, and from the light which their condition thus throws upon the past history of many nations. So struck was Mr Kohl with the resemblance of the Montenegrins to the Greeks of the Homeric period, that he advises all artists who would furnish illustrations to Homer's poems, and all philologists who would write commentaries upon these poems, first to pay a visit to Montenegro and the Montenegrins.

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SPIRIT OF THE ILIAD.

NO less than seven cities of ancient Greece contended for the honour of having given birth to Homer: in these modern days, it is denied that Homer was ever born. The Ithacans and Colophonians disputed in which of their territories the poet became blind: German critics maintain that they are all blind together, in not seeing that there was no such poet to lose his eyesight among them. Which, then, are we to believe?—the ancients or the moderns.

The English Bentley first hinted, the Italian Vico then more broadly asserted, and the German Wolf at great length maintained, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are not two poems by one

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author, but only two collections of favourite old ballads, strung together with more or less art by editors to whom Peisistratus, in the sixth century before Christ, intrusted that duty; as if, in our own day, Queen Victoria should appoint the Camden Society, or the Roxburgh Club, to gather all the ballads on Robin Hood that are floating about the country, and weave the best of them into a connected story. Between this and the old orthodox view, there are a thousand shades of opinion, which it would only lead to confusion to mention. It is enough to say, that, one and all, they are grounded chiefly on the inequalities and inconsistencies of the two great epics, and on the supposed impossibility of any one conceiving, composing, storing in his own memory, lodging in the memory of others, and so conveying safely to after-times, without the aid of writing, works of such a wide compass and intricate structure as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Thus, even as Troy, built by the gods, was pillaged and burned by men, the tale of Troy, sung by a divine poet, is ravaged sacrilegiously by the critics.

We may be thankful that these unruly winds of doctrine have not yet burst upon this country, or at least not with any violence. It is true, that Mr Henry Nelson Coleridge has a strong leaning to the Wolfian theory, but—if we rightly remember—he is unwilling to pronounce decidedly in its favour; and the most illustrious of our heretics, Mr Grote, is not very far astray, and defends his position with no great assurance. Perhaps we are too apt to regard this orthodoxy as a mark of our good sense and good taste, when, doubtless, it is also very much owing to our incapacity. Fifty years ago, while these controversies were raging in Germany, the Greek scholarship of this country was little more than Greek grammar—an affair of words and various readings; so that, with few exceptions, we were utterly unable to appreciate the large discussions into which we are now being drawn when their fury is all but spent. On the whole, these discussions are daily leading to greater unanimity; and after all the erudite mining for evidence, the skilful detection, and the careful weighing of the same at home and abroad, it is likely that, in falling back on the old faith in a real Homer as the alone author of both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Colonel Mure, the latest historian of Greek literature, has delivered the judgment to which all these learned researches bend. The old belief, it may be conceded, is beset with difficulty, like a ship in distress; but the modern unbelief, which would lead us to break up the goodly vessel into myriad rafts and buoys, can only make matters worse.

It is freely admitted, however, by the firmest believers in Homer, that we know little or nothing about him. Even Herodotus, the first of the Greek historians, who was not a mere annalist, could only make a rough guess that the poet flourished about 400 years before the then epoch. In fact, we know less of him than of Ossian, for he never speaks of himself. He is called by the three names of Melesigenes, Mæonides, and Homer: he is

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said to have belonged to the Greek colony of Ionia, in Asia Minor; and he is understood to have travelled far and wide. Such is the entire biography of our poet.

The *Iliad* is a narrative of events which happened in the Greek army during the siege of Troy or Ilion. The poet, however, professes to sing not the tale of Troy, but the wrath of Achilles; and the poem therefore is, properly speaking, an Achilleïd, not an Iliad. The fact that it has received the latter, not the former name, is merely a proof that, in the time of Homer, authors made as free with a title as in the days of Sir Walter Scott.

Of the ten years during which the Greeks laid siege to Troy, the story of the *Iliad* is spread over but fifty days in the early part of the last. It relates not the end, but the beginning of the end, and this in a very simple manner. Achilles, the bravest of the Greeks, enraged with his commander-in-chief, Agamemnon, withdraws himself and his Myrmidons from the contest against Troy. By ordinance of Heaven, the Greek army suffers in his absence a most disastrous defeat, so that Agamemnon is brought to beg a reconciliation. But these offers are spurned, and the effects of the continued absence of Achilles are more disastrous than ever. His dear friend Patroclus, however, who had followed him into retreat, grieves to see the Greek armies slaughtered like oxen, and with tears beseeches Achilles for the use of his armour, and for permission to battle in his stead. The hero consents, and the result is, that his friend is brought back to him a corpse. Then, in the agony of his mind, he pants for the battle and revenge; he makes peace with Agamemnon, enters the fight, at once turns the tide of victory, and kills Hector, the chief glory of the Trojans. Having thus killed the enemy who had slain Patroclus, he shews his love to his friend by a splendid funeral, and by wreaking vengeance on the body of his destroyer, until at last, after much entreaty, he is induced to restore it to Priam, that it may be buried. And here ends the tale—a very simple one. In the above hasty outline, it is as simple as a gossip's story by the fireside, without surprises, without manœuvrings, without the slightest complication—all natural, straightforward, plain as in ordinary life. We often sneer at the meagre plots of certain three-volumed publications of the present day, but the most meagre of them might court a comparison with that of the *Iliad*. The framework of *Paradise Lost* is even simpler: a man and woman find themselves in a garden, begin stealing the apples, and are driven out. In fact, intricacy of plot is seldom attempted by the epic poet; all that is needed is a coherent framework on which his thoughts may gather and crystallise. It might even be said, that the intricacies which delight us in *Tom Jones* would be entirely out of place in an epic poem; at anyrate, the labour bestowed upon them would be labour in vain. For it must be borne in mind, that the leading idea which distinguishes the Homeric *epos*, and epics formed upon the Homeric model, from other narrative poems, is

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the continual recognition of a Great First Cause in all the events of life. Secondary causes are slurred over, and the most trivial actions are traced back to decrees of the Eternal. In describing a dream, for example, Homer never, like a novelist, presents us with the train of thought by which the dreamer in falling asleep is gradually led from one image to another, until at length the remarkable vision rises full upon his fancy: association of ideas may be all very true, but to him the grand fact is, that the dream has come from Jove, and upon this alone he dwells. Thus in every event of life beholding a special Providence, and not only beholding, but also preaching it, he must evidently take little account of the circumstances by which, to our seeming, this or that result has come to pass. To him, circumstances are mere cords and pulleys which the gods use at their pleasure. Intricacy of plot, therefore, is out of the question, where plotting is of no avail, and where the lightning comes direct from the hand of the Supreme.

It is needful to insist upon this point, as it is very much overlooked in modern criticism, and as only by keeping it in view will the reader be prepared to understand how it is that in this poem we so constantly meet with the gods, see them at every turn rubbing shoulders with men, and influencing, one might almost say meddling with, all the little affairs of life. But it is time to make some selections from the poem itself.

Professor Blackie thinks that the best English metre for a translation of Homer is the trochaic of fifteen syllables, in which Tennyson has written *Locksley Hall*—

For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs ;
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.

This opinion is entitled to the greatest weight, as coming from one whose version of Æschylus may without hyperbole be reckoned the very best translation in the language; and it is to be hoped that he will favour us not only with his opinion regarding an English Homer, but also with his example. In the meantime, we must put up with Chapman, Hobbes, Pope, and Cowper; and to give some faint idea of the measure in which the original is composed, there may be no harm in rendering the first few lines into English hexameters. It will be observed, that in the fifth line is sounded that doctrine of a special Providence which is the key-note of the *Iliad*. Observe also the Homeric idea of man, indicated in the fourth line, where, after the souls of the heroes have departed, their bodies are spoken of as the heroes *themselves*—

Wrath of Pelides, O Goddess, sing of the wrath of Achilles ;
Wo was the havoc ! and griefs unnumbered it heaped on Achaians ;
Yea, full many the stalwart spirits of heroes it hurried
Down into Hades, allotting themselves for a prey to the bandogs
And all carrion fowls (but the purpose of Jove was aworking),
E'en from the time when at first these twain contended and quarrelled,
King among men, Atrides, and kin to the Godhead, Achilles.

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BOOK I.

To break the monotony of the siege of Troy, the Greeks made a descent upon some of the neighbouring towns, and, amongst other valuables, carried off certain damsels who had found favour in their eyes. Of these, Briseïs fell to the lot of Achilles; and Agamemnon, or, as he is often called, Atrides, took possession of Chryseïs, the daughter of Apollo's priest at Chrysa. These were the apples of discord which separated the heroes; and it is here the poem commences, by shewing how the quarrel arose.

Apollo's priest comes to the Grecian camp with costly gifts, to beg his daughter back, but he is repulsed ignominiously by Agamemnon. As he wends homeward, he prays his god for vengeance; and the god hearing his cry, comes down among the Greeks, and for nine days assails them with his deadly arrows. On the tenth, Achilles, by the inspiration of Juno, who mourned for the loss of her favourite Greeks, calls a council, and invites Calchas, the chief of the Grecian soothsayers, to declare the cause of all this mortality and suffering. He declares that it is caused by the refusal of Chryseïs to the priest of Apollo. Agamemnon storms at the insinuation, but ends by saying, that although he loves the girl far more than ever he loved his wife at home, he is willing, for the sake of the common good, to give her up, provided he gets another in return from some of his brother princes. Achilles chides the king for his selfishness; but the king is determined not to lose his prize for nothing, and insists upon it, that if he gives up Chryseïs, some one else must repay him by giving up a captive—why should not Achilles give up Briseïs? Raging at the very idea, the latter vows to fight no more for Agamemnon—

> 'What cause have I to war at thy decree?
> The distant Trojans never injured me. . . . . .
> Hither we sailed, a voluntary throng,
> To avenge a private, not a public wrong:
> What else to Troy the assembled nations draws,
> But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
> Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;
> Disgraced and injured by the man we serve?
> And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away,
> Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
> A prize as small, O tyrant! matched with thine,
> As thy own actions if compared to mine.
> Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
> Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
> Some trivial present to my ships I bear:
> Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.

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But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore:
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests shall Atrides gain?'

Agamemnon pretends to laugh at the threat, and he declares that he will have Briseïs, and no other. On this announcement, Achilles would have drawn his sword, but that he is withheld by Minerva, who bids him put it up, and trust to his tongue alone. He therefore pours a volley of abuse on Agamemnon, beginning thus—

'O monster! mixed of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!'

Concluding, however, with a promise to give up the damsel, as he is resolved never again to fight for any woman, be she Helen or Briseïs. And so the council is broken up.

Chryseïs is now sent back to her father, and the plague ceases. At the same time Briseïs is taken from Achilles to supply the place of the other slave in the affections of the commander. When Achilles is vexed at heart, he has a habit of going down to the shore, and comforting himself by listening to the moaning of the sea. That is a fine trait in his character—a feeling in which many strong minds indulge when they abjure everything else that is sentimental. In the case of Achilles, however, it is connected with the fact, that his mother is Thetis, one of the ocean deities. And upon her he now calls, as he paces the beach, and begs that she will use her influence with Jupiter to avenge his wrongs. This she promises to do if he will only have a little patience, for

'Jupiter went yesterday to feast
Amongst the blameless Æthiops.'

Accordingly, at the end of twelve days Thetis mounts up to Jove, urges her suit, and obtains his promise to assist her son.

He spake; and his black eyebrows bent; above his deathless head
Th' ambrosian curls flowed—great heaven shook.

When the sculptor Phidias was asked whence he had derived the idea of his master-piece, the Olympian Jove, he is said to have answered by repeating these lines.

The above meeting between Thetis and Jupiter took place in private; but Juno, ever a jealous and meddling wife, saw the silver-footed nymph steal away, and begins to upbraid her husband in the sharpest terms. There follows a curious domestic brawl, Juno scolding, Jupiter commanding, their son Vulcan trying to soothe; the description of which, however, must be omitted, as its drollery is entirely lost in the translations.

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BOOK II.

To feed the revenge of Achilles, Jupiter sends a dream to Agamemnon, a false dream, inciting him to attack the Trojans on the morrow, with the assurance of victory. Next day he relates this vision to a council of the chiefs, proposes to act upon it, but first wishes to try the temper of the army by proposing the very opposite—namely, that they should immediately take to their ships, and return home. Little he thinks that Jupiter, the king of gods, is practising upon him the very same deceit which he, the king of men, is about to practise on his army. Holding in his hand a sceptre, he goes forth to meet the army, and proposes immediate flight. Terror-stricken, they at once agree, run in confusion to prepare the ships, and would have left Troy, had not Minerva descended, by order of Juno, to stay their flight. This blue-eyed goddess instructs Ulysses how to act, and he, seizing the sceptre of Agamemnon, goes about the fleet giving hard blows to those who will not listen to reason, and assuring all that the king was only making proof of their temper. Again the council is assembled, and there is dead silence, only that Thersites cannot hold his peace—

> A most disordered store
> Of words he foolishly poured out; of which his mind held more
> Than it could manage: anything with which he could procure
> Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been sure
> To touch no kings: t' oppose their states becomes not jesters' parts.
> But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
> In Troy's brave siege: he was squint-eyed, and lame of either foot;
> So crook-backed, that he had no breast; sharp headed, where did shoot
> (Here and there 'spersed) thin mossy hair.

Ulysses, however, chastises him both with words and blows for his insolence, and in a long speech incites the Greeks to persevere in the war. This is their final resolve; and after sacrificing to the gods, the heralds proceed to summon the men to arms. Minerva appears among the host while—

> The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
> Blazed on her arm, and lightened all the field:
> Round the vast orb a hundred serpents rolled,
> Formed the bright fringe, and seemed to burn in gold.

She moves among the myriads, furnishing every man with strength and courage, until they no more sigh for home, but pant for the combat to commence—

> And as a fire upon
> A huge wood, on the heights of hills, that far off hurls his light,
> So the divine brass shined on these, thus thrusting on for fight:

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Their splendour through the air reached heaven: and as about the flood
Caïster, in an Asian mead, flocks of the airy brood,
Cranes, geese, or long-necked swans, here, there, proud of their pinions fly,
And in their falls lay out such throats, that with their spiritful cry
The meadow shrieks again; so here, these many-nationed men,
Flowed over the Scamandrian field, from tents and ships: the din
Was dreadful, that the feet of men and horse beat out of earth.
And in the flourishing mead they stood, thick as the odorous birth
Of flowers, or leaves bred in the spring; or thick as swarms of flies
Throng then to sheepcots, when each swarm his erring wing applies
To milk 'dewed on the milkmaid's pails: all eagerly disposed
To give to ruin th' Ilians. And as in rude heaps closed,
Though huge goatherds are at their food, the goatherds easily yet
Sort into sundry herds; so here the chiefs in battle set,
Here, tribes; here, nations: ordering all.

That is a truly Homeric description. Mark how closely one simile treads upon the heels of another!

BOOK III.

The Greek and Trojan armies being drawn up in battle-array, Paris, the lover of Helen, steps forth and challenges the bravest of the enemy to single combat. Menelaus, her injured husband, prepares on the part of the Greeks to accept this challenge, at once leaps from his chariot, and advances to the charge. Shaking with fear, and pale as death, Paris flies at the very sight of him; but only to receive the sharp chiding of his brother Hector, who is astonished at such cowardice, and whose mockery draws from Paris a deliberate proposal that Menelaus and he shall fight singly for Helen, and that the issue of the combat shall decide the issue of the war. This is finally resolved upon by both armies.

While they are settling the preliminaries, Iris, the rainbow-goddess, brings Helen from her embroidery to the towers where old Priam and other hoary heads are sitting.

And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grasshoppers
Sit chirping, and send voices out that scarce can pierce our ears
For softness, and their weak faint sounds; so talking on the tower,
These seniors of the people sat: who when they saw the power
Of beauty, in the queen ascend, even those cold-spirited peers,
Those wise, and almost withered men, found this heat in their years,
That they were forced (though whispering) to say: What man can blame
The Greeks and Trojans to endure for so admired a dame,
So many miseries, and so long?

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They could not choose but welcome her, and Priam asks her to point out to him some of the Greeks. She points out Agamemnon—

'That's Agamemnon, Atreus' son, the great in empery;
A king, whom double royalty doth crown, being great and good;
And one that was my brother-in-law, when I contained my blood,
And was more worthy.'

She also points out Ulysses and Ajax Telamon; but

'Two princes of the people yet I nowhere can behold;
Castor, the skilful knight on horse, and Pollux, uncontrolled,
For all stand-fights, and force of hand; .....
My natural brothers: either here they have not followed
From lovely Sparta, or—arrived—within the sea-borne fleet:
In fear of infamy for me in broad field shame to meet.'

And now that the sacrifices have been offered, the lists appointed, the lots drawn, and everything ready, the combatants go forth to meet each other; one of them, Paris, in very showy armour. The result of the contest is, that Menelaus drags away Paris by his helmet, almost strangling him; but the young gallant escapes by the help of Venus, who loosens the helmet from his head, and carries him off in a cloud to his palace in Troy. Then, to solace him for his misfortune, the goddess proceeds to bring his Helen, who had witnessed his disgrace, to cheer him with her presence. What a man must he have been who could be so cheered at such a time! Helen is disgusted, and refuses to see him; but yields on being threatened by the goddess with the loss of her charms. At first she upbraids, and then begins to caress her hero:

'Is this the chief, who, lost to sense of shame,
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?
O hadst thou died beneath the righteous sword
Of that brave man whom once I called my lord!
The boaster Paris oft desired the day
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskilled
Shouldst fall an easy conquest on the field.'

So at last they become friends, and forget their annoyances in their passion.

BOOK IV.

The scene is now changed to heaven, where sits a council of the gods in judgment upon Troy. From the preceding lay, one carries away the idea that the Trojan war turns upon a very simple point, and might very easily be settled, as Paris proposed, by a duel between himself and Menelaus. In this council of the gods we

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are made to feel that there are other and greater issues at stake, which no mortal knows. The Greeks and Trojans fight for Helen, and fight in earnest; the gods and goddesses regard her as a mere bone of contention, tossed among animals that they may tear each other in pieces. And why? To appease the wounded vanity of rival goddesses. Paris had pronounced Venus more beautiful than Juno or Minerva; Venus rewarded him with Helen, the most beautiful of women, and the slighted goddesses seek their revenge in the utter downfall of Troy. It is therefore decided in heaven, that the poor mortals be not allowed to settle their quarrel so quickly and easily as they proposed; that the truce which they established for the sake of the single combat be at once broken, and that the war burn fiercer than ever.

Minerva, in the guise of a Trojan, persuades Pandarus to break the truce by aiming an arrow at Menelaus, which, however, she takes care does no serious injury. The troops immediately engage in battle, and a dreadful scene of carnage ensues. The poet gives, not a mere general description of it, but delights to dwell on the prowess of some individuals, and the bloody fate of others. Thus, Diores falls by a rock hurled from the hand of Pyrus—

> Full on his ankle dropped the ponderous stone,
> Burst the strong nerves, and crashed the solid bone:
> Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,
> Before his helpless friends and native bands,
> And spreads for aid his unavailing hands.
> The foe rushed furious as he pants for breath,
> And through his navel drove the pointed death:
> His gushing entrails smoked upon the ground,
> And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

BOOK V.

This lay is devoted to the exploits of Diomed, son of Tydeus, in the battle still raging. Inspired by Minerva, he performs prodigies of valour, and fights with deities as well as with men, the goddess having purged his eyes from earthly mists, that he may see the heavenly powers mixing in the mortal encounter. Amongst others, he wounds Venus—

> Her heavenly veil he strook . . . . .
> Quite through, and hurt the tender back of her delicious hand:
> The rude point piercing through her palm, forth flowed th' immortal blood;
> Blood, such as flows in blessed gods, that eat no human food,
> Nor drink of our inflaming wine.

The goddess flies to heaven for healing, and is told by her father Jove that war is no business of hers—

> She should be making marriages, embracings, kisses, charms;
> Stern Mars and Pallas had the charge of those affairs in arms.

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To wound Venus is but a sorry triumph for a warrior; and he wins greater glory by attacking Mars himself, and plunging a javelin in his flesh.

Mars bellows with the pain:
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heaven rebellow to the sound.

Instead of revenging himself, the god runs home to his father, to complain of the audacity of mortals.

This, however, is mere blood-letting, so far as the gods are concerned, and no doubt good for their health; it is nothing to the horrible trade of butchery that is plied at the same time in the slaughter of men, by Diomed and others. Here is the death of Pedæus—

When Meges in the rear
Full in his nape infixed the fatal spear;
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

Diomed hurls his dart at Pandarus—

Full in his face it entered, and betwixt
The nose and eyeball the proud Lycian fixed;
Crashed all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point looked out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground:
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound.

Let us finish with the following—

Not with less fury stern Tydides flew;
And two brave leaders at an instant slew; . . . . .
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyïdus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamus, who, wise and old,
Could fate foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
The youths returned not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father tried his arts in vain;
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determined by Tydides' spear.

BOOK VI.

The first day's battle is not yet ended; but the poet in the present lay gives us a little respite from the toils and horrors of war. The gods leave the scene of human conflict, allowing the mortal combatants to dispute the field among themselves; and the Greeks so carry everything before them, that, as the only hope for

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the Trojans, the augur Helenus bids Hector return to Troy, and appoint a solemn procession of the queen and Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat the goddess to remove Diomed from the fight. This gives rise to the two episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

The former is the account of an incident which happens while Hector is on his mission to the city. Glaucus and Diomed encounter each other, hold a parley, discover that their ancestors were friends, refuse to fight, and, in token of amity, make an exchange of armour.

The charm of the book, however, lies in the other episode, which relates to the meeting of Hector with his wife Andromache, on the ramparts of Troy. It is tantalising to find that the simple pathos of the original is almost entirely lost in the translations. Hobbes, crabbed old man as he was, gives the most pleasing account of their first meeting—

> Now Hector met her with their little boy,
> That in the nurse's arm was carriêd;
> *And like a star upon her bosom lay*
> *His beautiful and shining golden head.*

Andromache weeps to think of the danger her husband incurs in the battle, and asks what will become of her if he should perish, for all her kindred are dead, and he is everything to her;

> 'I see
> My father, mother, brothers, all, in thee.'

Hector comforts her the best way he can, and then turns to caress his son—

> This said, he reached to take his son: who of his arms afraid,
> And then the horsehair plume, with which he was so overlaid,
> Nodded so horribly, he clinged back to his nurse, and cried.
> Laughter affected his great sire; who doffed, and laid aside
> His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about it light;
> Then took and kissed his loving son; and (balancing his weight
> In dancing him) these loving vows to living Jove he used,
> And all the other bench of gods: 'O you that have infused
> Soul to this infant, now set down this blessing on his star:
> Let his renown be clear as mine; equal his strength in war;
> And make his reign so strong in Troy, that years to come may yield
> His facts this fame, when, rich in spoils, he leaves the conquered field
> Sown with his slaughters:—These high deeds exceed his father's worth.'

And then they part—he to the battle-field, his princess to the loom.

> On went his helm; his princess home, half cold with kindly fears;
> *And every fear turned back her looks; and every look shed tears.*

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BOOK VII.

Hector now enters the field of battle, bringing with him Paris.

And as the weather-wielder sends to seamen prosperous gales,
When with their sallow polished oars, long lifted from their falls,
Their wearied arms, dissolved with toil, can scarce strike one stroke more;
Like those sweet winds appeared these lords to Trojans tired before.
Then fell they to the works of death.

And Pallas—that is, Minerva—seeing the Greeks fall, arranges with Phœbus Apollo that, to stay the carnage, Hector shall be incited to challenge the enemy to single combat. This he does, while

Phœbus and Pallas flew up to the tree—
The high beech-tree that sacred is to Jove—
I' th' likeness of two vultures, thence to see
How the two armies looked from above.
As when a west wind ruffled has the main,
It black and horrid to the eye appears,
So looked the Greeks and Trojans on the plain,
Grisly and dark with helmets, shields, and spears.

Nine Greek princes offer to accept the challenge; and having cast lots for the honour, Ajax Telamon is chosen.

On earth with ample pace,
He boldly stalked, and shook aloft his dart with deadly grace.
It did the Grecians good to see; but heartquakes shook the joints
Of all the Trojans. Hector's self felt thoughts, with horrid points,
Tempt his bold bosom: but he now must make no counterflight;
Nor (with his honour) now refuse, that had provoked the fight.

They fight: first they dart their lances at each other, then hurl great stones; lastly, draw their falchions, and rush on to a closer conflict. Night, however, falls, and they are separated by the heralds, after they have exchanged gifts as a remembrance of the encounter. That night, it is said, as the Greeks feasted after the toils of the day—

Ajax Telamon the king fed past the rest
With good large pieces of the chine.

Next day the Trojans call a council, when it is proposed by Antenor that Helen be delivered to the Greeks. Paris objects, but offers to restore her wealth; and, accordingly, Priam sends a herald to Agamemnon to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning

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the dead. The truce is granted, but the offer indignantly rejected. The funeral rites are now performed—

Priam commanding none should mourn, but in still silence yield
Their honoured bodies to the fire, and only grieve in heart.

Meanwhile, the Greeks erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades.

BOOK VIII.

The scene once more changes to the abode of the gods on Mount Olympus, and Jove is heard threatening the heavenly powers with dire punishment if any of them dares to assist either Greeks or Trojans.

'And if you will my power by trial know,
Put now into my hand a chain of gold,
And let one end thereof lie on the plain,
And all you gods and goddesses take hold;
You shall not move me, howsoe'er you strain.
At the other end, if I my strength put to't,
I'll pull you gods and goddesses to me—
Do what you can—and earth and main to boot—
And let you hang there till my power you see.'

This said, his brass-hoofed winged horse he did to chariot bind,
Whose crests were fringed with manes of gold; and golden garments shined
On his rich shoulders; in his hand he took a golden scourge,
Divinely fashioned, and with blows their willing speed did urge,
Midway betwixt the earth and heaven. To Ida then he came,
Abounding in delicious springs, and nurse of beasts untame;
Where, on the mountain Gargarus, men did a fane erect
To his high name, and altars sweet; and there his horse he checked;
Dissolved them from his chariot, and in a cloud of jet
He covered them, and on the top took his triumphant seat;
Beholding Priam's famous town, and all the fleet of Greece.

Now had the Grecians snatched a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.
Troy roused as soon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:
Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground:
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound;
And now with shouts the shocking armies closed,
To lances lances, shields to shields opposed,

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Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;
Victors and vanquished join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dyed,
And slaughtered heroes swell the dreadful tide.

And so the battle rages, the Trojans putting the Greeks to flight, while Jove, seated on Mount Ida, assists the former with his thunders. The Greeks, having been thus driven into their trenches, make supplication to Jupiter, and are encouraged to renew the battle. The first who rushes forth is Diomed; Agamemnon, Ajax, and others follow; the ninth is Teucer.

Hid with the shield of Ajax Telamon,
His mighty brother, to the field he went,
Which Ajax lifting, Teucer chose his man,
And, having at him aimed, and shot and killed,
As children to their mothers, back he ran,
And hid himself behind his brother's shield.

Ten times he shoots, and every time kills a man, the tenth arrow killing the charioteer of Hector, who leaps in anger from his car.

Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
And rushed on Teucer with the lifted rock.
The youth already strained the forceful yew;
The shaft already to his shoulder drew;
The feather in his hand, just winged for flight,
Touched where the neck and hollow chest unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief discharged the craggy stone:
The bow-spring burst beneath the ponderous blow,
And his numbed hand dismissed his useless bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad shield displayed,
And screened his brother with the mighty shade;
Till great Alaster, and Mecistheus, bore
The battered archer groaning to the shore.

Thus, again, the Trojans carry everything before them, and drive the Greeks to their intrenchments. That night, indeed, they are so assured that the Greeks will hasten away in their ships, that they light fires all over the plain of Troy, and keep watch, to prevent them from doing so by stealth.

During the battles of this day, the goddesses once and again attempt to interfere, but are restrained by the threats of Jupiter.

BOOK IX.

As the Trojans expected, Agamemnon now proposes to his companions in arms that they at once quit the siege and return to their native country. Diomed strongly opposes this, and declares

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that, if no one else, at least he and Sthenelus will stay and fight till death. He is seconded by Nestor, who says that the proper course for Agamemnon is to make his peace with Achilles. This Agamemnon attempts to do by sending to the injured hero an embassy, and through it offering the richest presents, the restoration of Briseïs, and the hand of one of his daughters, with a very large dowry. The ambassadors find Achilles playing on the harp, are kindly welcomed, and address him in long and moving speeches. He is deaf, however, to all their entreaties, and they return to Agamemnon, their mission unfulfilled.

This lay is one of the most important in the poem, but in the translations it presents no very striking passages.

BOOK X.

In this fytte is told the night adventure of Diomed and Ulysses. The two brothers, Agamemnon and Menelaus, unable to sleep, arouse some of the princes—Nestor, Diomed, Ulysses, and others—to consult as to their plans. The description of the sleeping warriors, as Agamemnon goes from tent to tent to awaken them, is very picturesque. Thus Diomed—

> Him they found armed in the open field,
> His soldiers sleeping lay about him round,
> And on his buckler each one had his head,
> The but-ends of their spears fixed in the ground,
> Whereof the points like lightning glittered.
> But he himself slept on a good ox-hide,
> His head upon a purple tapestry laid.

Having thus assembled, they pass their intrenchments in order to consult.

Beyond the dike, they chose a place free as they could from blood; and the result of their interview is, that Ulysses and Diomed go forth to spy in the Trojan camp.

> Both the kings their dreadful passage bore
> Through slaughter, slaughtered carcasses, arms, and discoloured gore.

At the same time, Hector sends a spy to the Grecian camp—young Dolon. The two Grecian spies discover him coming, get behind him, and chase him towards their camp.

> As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind;
> Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind;
> Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
> And from the herd still turn the flying prey:
> So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew;
> So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

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Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls.

Having obtained from him all the tidings they can, they first behead and then strip him. Guided by his information, they proceed to that part of the camp where the Thracians, lately arrived, have pitched their tents; murder thirteen of them in cold blood while they are asleep, and, amongst others, the king.

Tydides' falchion fixed him to the ground.
Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent—
A warlike form appeared before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore:
So dreamed the monarch, and awaked no more.

All this wanton bloodshed is for the sake of the beautiful snow-white Thracian horses, the finest eye had ever seen, and which they carry away to their camp with no small pride.

BOOK XI.

And now the day breaks, but only to renew the fight, Agamemnon leading on the Greeks. The arming of the commander is thus described:—

And first he cased his manly legs around
In shining greaves with silver buckles bound;
The beaming cuirass next adorned his breast,
The same which once King Cinyras possessed: . . . . .
Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,
Whose imitated scales against the skies
Reflected various light, and arching bowed,
Like coloured rainbows o'er a showery cloud
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Placed as a sign to man amidst the skies).
A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder tied,
Sustained the sword that glittered at his side:
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath incased
The shining blade, and golden hangers graced.
His buckler's mighty orb was next displayed,
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crowned:
Tremendous Gorgon frowned upon its field,
And circling terrors filled the expressive shield:
Within its concave hung a silver thong,
On which a mimic serpent creeps along,

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His azure length in easy waves extends,
Till in three heads the embroidered monster ends.
Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he placed,
With nodding horsehair formidably graced;
And in his hands two steely javelins wields,
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.

Under his leadership the fight waxes hotter than ever—

As reapers standing one rank 'gainst another,
A field of barley or of wheat to mow,
So Greeks and Trojans mow down one the other.

Jove, enthroned apart, looks on, and with pleasure surveys

The city so adorned with towers, the sea with vessels filled;
The splendour of refulgent arms, the killer and the killed.

The chief of these killers is Agamemnon, who slays two sons of Priam, and bears everything before him, so that Hector is commanded by Jupiter to decline the engagement till the king shall retire from the field wounded, and then to come forth and fill his arm with death. Amongst others, he kills Iphydamas; and Chapman's rendering of the incident gives a good idea of the manner in which Homer, when relating such a fact, digresses into an account of the hero's history—

He fell and slept an iron sleep; wretched young man, he died,
Far from his newly-married wife, in aid of foreign pride,
And saw no pleasure of his love; yet was her jointure great:
An hundred oxen gave he her, and vowed in his retreat
Two thousand head of sheep and goats, of which he store did leave:
Much gave he of his love's first-fruits, and nothing did receive.

At length Agamemnon is wounded, and retires; Ulysses, Diomed, Ajax, and other men of might are also in turn wounded, and forced to retire. Ajax was in a very perilous position, surrounded on all sides by the enemy. The rough vigour of the original description is best preserved by Hobbes:—

As when a lion, coming from the wood
Down to a pasture on a cow to prey,
Is hued by dogs and peasants in the night,
And hungry, sometimes goes and sometimes stands,
But cannot have his will for all his might,
So many spears are flying from their hands,
And flaming brands which put him in a fright,
Keen as he is, then sullenly he goes
Back to the wood, and comes no more in sight;
So then retired Ajax from his foes.
Or as an ass, in spite of many boys,
Enters a field of corn and there abides,
Though they upon him fall with blows and noise,
And many cudgels break upon his sides,

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For he the force of boys but little feels,
And hardly will be driven out though filled,
And now and then kicks at them with his heels:
So Ajax at the last went off the field.

In the meantime, Achilles from his ship surveys the battle; and seeing Nestor pass with some one wounded in his chariot, sends his friend Patroclus to inquire who the sufferer is. Nestor takes this opportunity of stirring up Patroclus either to prevail upon his friend Achilles to join the battle, or himself to do so, clad in his friend's armour. It will be found that this well-timed advice has afterwards a decisive influence on the action of the poem.

BOOK XII.

The Greeks having retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but as it is impossible to pass the ditch, the Trojans quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Grecian wall is assaulted and defended with great fierceness.

And as in winter-time, when Jove his cold sharp javelins throws
Amongst us mortals; and is moved to white earth with his snows:
(The winds asleep) he freely pours, till highest prominents,
Hill tops, low meadows, and the fields that crown with most contents
The toils of men, seaports and shores are hid, and every place,
But floods (that snows fair tender flakes, as their own brood, embrace)
So both sides covered earth with stones, so both for life contend,
To shew their sharpness: through the war, uproar stood up on end.

Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall. Hector also, casting a stone of vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Greeks even to their ships. It is said of Hector, that 'his eyes were furnaces.'

BOOK XIII.

The fight never slackens; but Jupiter now turns away to the far-distant land of the Hippomolgians—men that live on mare's milk, and are famed for their innocence and great age. Neptune takes advantage of his absence to come to the assistance of the Greeks in spite of the threats of Jove, and thither drives his chariot through the waves.

From whirlpits every way
The whales exulted under him, and knew their king: the sea

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For joy did open; and his horse so swift and lightly flew,
The under axletree of brass no drop of water drew:
And thus these deathless coursers brought their king to th' Achive ships,

where the battle rages within the Grecian wall.

An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour locked, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.

It is needless to give details, one fight is so like another, and most modern readers are by this time tired of the fighting. Here is an interesting comparison—

The arrow of the son of Priam struck
Atrides' hollow corslet, but the reed
Glanced wide. As vetches or as swarthy beans
Leap from the van and fly athwart the door
By sharp winds driven, and by the winnower's force,
So from the corslet of the glorious Greek
Wide wandering flew the bitter shaft away.

This homely reference to pease and beans will be quite a relief to those who are sated with the far-fetched and high-flown similes of modern poesy; most of which remind one of the nuts and other dainties offered by the fairies to Bottom, the weaver, when he, good man, as he declares, would rather have had a peck of provender, a handful or two of dried peas.

BOOK XIV.

Notwithstanding the clandestine aid of Neptune, however, the Greeks are worsted; and Juno now determines to abet the designs of the sea-god, and enable him to assist his friends more openly, by attempting to lull her husband Jove to sleep.

What methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her power; resolved to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares: . . . . .
Touched with her sacred key, the doors unfold:
Self-closed, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, perfumed, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all the aërial way:

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Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breathed of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied;
Part on her head in shining ringlets rolled,
Part o'er her shoulders waved like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flowed,
That rich with Pallas' laboured colours glowed:
Large clasps of gold the foldings gathered round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumined with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new-fallen snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.

Thus attired, and having, by a false tale, obtained from Venus the loan of her *cestus*, or love-inspiring girdle, she speeds to Jupiter, bringing with her the god of Sleep. She ascends Mount Ida, where Jove is reclined, while

Sleep went up into a high fir-tree,
And there he sat in likeness of a fowl,
Called Chalcis by the gods, by us an owl.

Jove is enamoured of her charms,

And, kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddess threw.
Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clustering lotos swelled the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heavenly pair,
Steeped in soft joys and circumfused with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length, with love and sleep's soft power oppressed,
The panting Thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.

Sleep now hastens to Neptune, and announces that Jove is in slumber. The sea-god puts forth all his power.

The dreadful clamour rose
To such a height, as not the sea, when up, the North-spirit blows
Her raging billows, bellows so against the beaten shore:
Nor such a rustling keeps a fire, driven with violent blore,
Through woods that grow against a hill, nor so the fervent strokes
Of almost bursting winds resound against a grove of oaks,
As did the clamour of these hosts, when both the battles closed.

The result is, that Hector is carried from the field stunned, and that the Trojans, in great distress, are compelled to give way.

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BOOK XV.

But suddenly Jove awakes, sees the Trojans discomfited, and begins to rebuke his wife for her misdemeanour. This rebuke, which, if administered by any one less than high Jove, would be called a scold, is rendered with great force by Hobbes, who, indeed, of all the translators of Homer, is unrivalled whenever he has to deal with passages chiefly remarkable for a homely and straightforward simplicity of manner.

Then Jove on Juno fiercely looked and said:
'Juno, I see all this is done by you;
And if you for it with a whip were paid,
'Twould be no more than for your work is due.
Have you forgot how once you swung i' th' air,
And had two anvils hanging at your feet,
Your hand with a gold chain tied to my chair?
Though sorry were the other gods to see it,
Yet had I any seen but go about
Your manacles or shackles to untie,
I from the sill of heaven had thrown him out,
And strengthless made him on the earth to lie.'

The queen, however, appeases him by her submission, and Jove admits her into his confidence by announcing his purpose to accomplish in due time the death of Hector and the downfall of Troy. He then orders her to go to heaven, and send him Iris and Apollo. The errand of Iris is to command Neptune to leave the field of battle. The duty of Apollo is to recover Hector and reanimate the Trojans. Again, therefore, the tide of battle turns, and this time against the Greeks. The Trojans urge them to the fleet, rush over the wall, and fight under the prows of the vessels.

No room to poise the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded, they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shortened darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground.

They even attempt to set fire to the fleet, but are as yet repelled by Ajax Telamon.

BOOK XVI.

It will be remembered, that Patroclus was sent by Achilles to inquire about some one whom Nestor was seen carrying wounded from the field. His return was delayed by the sight of another

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wounded hero, to whom he gave assistance, and from whose tent the near noise of battle now draws him. Seeing the desperate condition of the Greeks, he hurries, weeping, to Achilles, and implores him to take pity on his countrymen—

'O gods, let never anger in me dwell
Like this of yours! . . . . O cruel man!
The noble Peleus sure was not your father;
Born of the goddess Thetis you were not.
Sprung from the raging sea I think you rather,
And that by some hard rock you were begot.'

He entreats that Achilles will at least allow him the use of his armour and the command of his Myrmidons, that he may fly to the rescue of the Greeks. This Achilles permits, charging him at the same time not to pursue the enemy, nor to attack Hector, but to be content with relieving the fleet.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around the chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;
When some tall stag, fresh slaughtered in the wood,
Has drenched their wide insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorged with slaughter still they thirst for more.
Like furious, rushed the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.

The Trojans had by this time set fire to the fleet, but now, at the sight of Achilles' armour, are seized with dismay, and are beaten off from the vessels, Hector himself flying. Rejecting the counsel of Achilles, Patroclus pursues the enemy to the walls of Troy. Here, amongst others, he slays Crebriones, and contends with Hector for his dead body.

And Hector pulled the dead man by the head,
Patroclus by the heels the other way.
Meanwhile the Greeks and Trojans fighting stood,
As when between two hills two great winds fight,
On both sides strongly shaken is the wood,
And boughs beat one another with great might,
And with a horrid noise together clash,
And many lusty limbs then broken are
Of barky corme, broad beech, and lofty ash;
So did it with the Greeks and Trojans fare.

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About Crebriones stuck many a spear,
And many a fledged arrow from the bow,
And many shields by great stones broken were,
While he along in bed of dust lay low,
And quite forgotten had his chivalry.

At last Apollo lays his hand upon Patroclus and disarms him; Euphorbus wounds, and Hector kills him.

BOOK XVII.

The whole of this lay is an account of the contest for the corpse of Patroclus. Now the Greeks, now the Trojans, are triumphant; but the result is, that Hector bears away the divine armour of Achilles, which had been lent to his friend, while the Greeks, although put to flight, carry off with them the body of the hero.

There are two passages well worth quoting; the first as being a truly Homeric description—

But round the corse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are covered o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes.
As when a slaughtered bull's yet reeking hide,
Strained with full force, and tugged from side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er
The extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
So tugging round the corse both armies stood;
The mangled body bathed in sweat and blood.

The other is the celebrated prayer of Ajax Telamon, when the Greeks are fighting and dying in the thick darkness sent by Jupiter—

'O Jove, give us once more a sky serene;
Remove this mist that we may see to fight;
Or, if to kill the Argives all you mean,
O father Jove! *yet kill us in the light.*'

BOOK XVIII.

The news is now brought to Achilles, as he sits by the fleet, that his friend Patroclus is fallen in battle; and he gives way to the most frantic sorrow, so that far away in the abysses of the ocean he is heard by his mother Thetis, who answers groan for groan.

The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.

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Thalia, Glaucè (every watery name),
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodocè were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panopè appear,
Thoä, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
Agavè gentle, and Amphithoë gay:
Next Callianira, Callianassa shew
Their sister looks; Dexamenè the slow,
And swift Dynamenè, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
These Orythia, Clymenè, attend,
Mæra, Amphinomè, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheïa with her amber hair.

These are beautiful and high-sounding names, such as Milton is fond of stringing together; and the nymphs follow Thetis to the Trojan strand. There she attempts to comfort her son, and promises to go straight to Vulcan and procure from him new armour to replace that which had been lent to Patroclus and carried away by Hector. Then she dismisses her train of sea-nymphs, whilst she herself mounts to Olympus to the abode of the god-smith.

In the meantime the battle is still raging, and the Greeks are still worsted. Iris, therefore, appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks, and by ordinance of Juno, the sun sets. The reader must be reconciled to this last circumstance, miracle though it seem, or he will fail to understand Homer. The sun sets, not as a matter of course, nor even according to the natural inclination of the sun-god, but at the behest of a higher will.

And now Thetis arrives at the abode of Vulcan. She found him—

Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bathed in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claimed:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed,
That placed on living wheels of massy gold,
(Wondrous to tell), instinct with spirit rolled
From place to place, around the blessed abodes
Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,
In moulds prepared, the glowing ore he pours.

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His wife Charis first discovers the goddess, and apprises Vulcan of her presence.

Then from an anvil rose
Th' unwieldy monster; halted down, and all awry he went.
He took his bellows from the fire, and every instrument
Locked safe up in a silver chest. Then with a sponge he dressed
His face all over, neck and hands, and all his hairy breast:
Put on his coat, his sceptre took, and then went halting forth,
Handmaids of gold attending him, resembling in all worth
Living young damsels, filled with minds, and wisdom, and were trained
In all immortal ministry; virtue and voice contained,
And moved with voluntary powers: and these still waited on
Their fiery sovereign.

Thetis then begs the god to make new armour for her son; and Vulcan, in remembrance of former services, cheerfully complies. There follows a long description of the shield of Achilles, and the wonderful devices wrought upon it.

BOOK XIX.

At break of day Thetis brings to her son the armour of Vulcan. She finds him lamenting over the body of his friend, and bids him at once make peace with the Grecian princes, and declare his anger at an end. This he does; Agamemnon makes large presents to Achilles, returns Briseïs, and the two warriors are reconciled with great solemnity. After the morning repast, which, however, Achilles, eager for the fight, refuses to share, the troops get into battle-array, Minerva miraculously strengthening the hero for the toils of the day. As he is rushing to the combat and encouraging his horses, Xanthus, one of them, begins to speak, and forewarns him of death. But Achilles heeds him not; he is all along conscious that his destiny is to die sooner or later, and never more to revisit the home of his father; yet in this fate he acquiesces, and now, come life, come death, he rushes on to victory.

BOOK XX.

Jove at length calls a council of the gods, and permits them to join in the battle, and to fight as they please for the Greeks or for the Trojans. Juno, Pallas, Neptune, Mercury, Vulcan, rush down to assist the former; Mars, Apollo, Diana, Venus, Leto, and Xanthus, the river-god, fly to the assistance of the latter. A

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fearful conflict ensues, Homer's magnificent description of which is thus roughly rendered by Chapman—

The call
Of Mars to fight was terrible, he cried out like a storm,
Set on the city's pinnacles; and there he would inform
Sometimes his heart'nings; other times, where Simois pours on
His silver current, at the foot of high Callicolon.
And thus the blessed gods both sides urged; they all stood in the mids,
And brake Contention to the hosts. And over all their heads
The gods' king in abhorred claps his thunder rattled out.
Beneath them Neptune tossed the earth, the mountains round about
Bowed with affright, and shook their heads: Jove's hill the earthquake felt,
(Steep Ida) trembling at her roots, and all her fountains spilt:
Their brows all crannied. Troy did nod, the Grecian navy played
(As on the sea): th' infernal king, that all things frays, was frayed,
And leaped affrighted from his throne; cried out, lest over him
Neptune should rend in two the earth; and so his house, so dim,
So loathsome, filthy, and abhorred of all the gods beside,
Should open both to gods and men. Thus all things shook and cried
When this black battle of the gods was joining.

The chief incidents of the lay are the encounters which Achilles had with Æneas and with Hector. He would have killed them one after the other, but that they are rescued by the gods—Hector by Apollo; and Æneas by Neptune, who, although fighting for the Greeks, has a liking for the Trojan hero. Achilles, however, still advances, spreading murder wherever he goes.

As fire, fallen in a flash from heaven,
Inflames the high woods of dry hills, and with a storm is driven
Through all the sylvan deeps, and raves, till down goes everywhere
The smothered hill: so every way Achilles and his spear
Consumed the champain, the black earth flowed with the veins he tore.
And look how oxen (yoked and driven about the circular floor
Of some fair barn) tread suddenly the thick sheaves, thin of corn,
And all the corn consumed with chaff: so mixed and overborne,
Beneath Achilles' one-hoofed horse, shields, spears, and men lay trod,
His axletree and chariot-wheels all spattered with the blood
Hurled from the steeds' hoofs and the strakes. Thus to be magnified,
His most inaccessible hands in human blood he dyed.

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BOOK XXI.

The Trojans fly before him, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander; he falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to be sacrificed to the shade of Patroclus, and kills Lycaon and Asteropeus. Many more had fallen, but that the angry river-god took the form of a man and attacked Achilles, complaining that his waters are so choked with carcasses of the slain, that really he cannot find his way to the sea—

> Then swelled his waves, then raged, then boiled again
> Against Achilles: up flew all, and all the bodies slain
> In all his deeps (of which the heaps made bridges to his waves)
> He belched out, roaring like a bull. The unslain yet he saves
> In his black whirlpits vast and deep. A horrid billow stood
> About Achilles. On his shield the violence of the flood
> Beat so, it drove him back, and took his feet up. . . . .
> The rage did terrify
> Even his great spirit, and made him add wings to his swiftest feet,
> And tread the land. And yet not there the flood left his retreat,
> But thrust his billows after him, and blacked them all at top
> To make him fear, and fly his charge, and set the broad field ope
> For Troy to 'scape in.

And so, in a manner absolutely ludicrous to a modern reader, the flood pursues and Achilles flies, until he is helped by Neptune and Pallas; and then the Scamander shouts for assistance to his brother river, the Simoïs, but is at length forced to yield, when Juno sends Vulcan to pour fire upon the waters.

> The flood into a fire as bright as day was turned.
> Elms, willows, tam'risks were inflamed; the lote-trees, sea-grass reeds,
> And rushes, with the galingale roots (of which abundance breeds
> About the sweet flood), all were fired: the gliding fishes flew
> Upwards in flames: the grovelling eels crept upright, all which slew
> Wise Vulcan's unresisted spirit.

This combat ended, the other gods engage each other—

> Jove heard it, sitting on his hill, and laughed to see the gods
> Buckle to arms like angry men.

One of the most interesting of these episodes is the encounter of Juno with Diana—

> Suddenly with her left hand she catched
> Both Cynthia's palms, locked fingers fast, and with her right she snatched

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From her fair shoulders her gilt bow; and (laughing) laid it on
About her ears, and every way her turnings seized upon,
Till all her arrows scattered out, her quiver emptied quite.
And as a dove, that (flying a hawk) takes to some rock her flight,
And in his hollow breasts sits safe, her fate not yet to die:
So fled she mourning, and her bow left there.

Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, and drives the Trojans into their city.

The flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask or tell
Who 'scaped by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And sudden joy confused, and mixed affright.
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
And nations breathe, delivered from their fate.

BOOK XXII.

Hector alone remains to combat with the Grecian hero, his father and mother entreating him to re-enter the city, and not expose himself to the fury of Achilles; but in vain. He is determined to fight, although, when Achilles advances, he suddenly loses heart and flies, his enemy chasing him thrice round the walls of Troy. At last it is agreed in heaven that the hour of Hector is come, and Minerva is sent down to cause him to meet his fate. She approaches him in the shape of his brother Deïphobus, and by this deception tempts him to fight boldly with the Greek. Achilles, assisted by the goddess, soon takes the life of Hector, and not content with his death, proceeds to insult his body—

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred;
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead);
The nervous ankles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fixed up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trailed along the plain.
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deformed, dishonoured, in his native land,
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight, now dragged along!

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Loud are the lamentations of both father and mother at this inhuman sight—

The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerably gray,
And cast far off the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans.
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of wo.

* * * *

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor e'en his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employed her secret hours,
Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-haired handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return
In vain; alas! her lord returns no more;
Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear.

She mounts the walls, and soon discovers the cause of all the lamentation and wo that rings through the city.

Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragged along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crowned,
The veil and diadem flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal-day).
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recalled, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

BOOK XXIII.

Thus mourned all Troy, while now Achilles and his Myrmidons prepare to honour the body of Patroclus with funeral rites. Achilles, wearied with the toils of the day, is overcome with sleep, and during the night is visited by the shade of his departed friend, entreating a speedy funeral. Next morning, therefore,

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the soldiers are sent with mules and wagons to fetch wood for the pyre from Mount Ida.

> First march the heavy mules, securely slow,
> O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
> Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
> Rattle the clattering cars, and the shocked axles bound.
> But when arrived at Ida's spreading woods
> (Fair Ida, watered with descending floods),
> Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
> On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
> Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
> Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
> The wood the Grecians cleave, prepared to burn;
> And the slow mules the same rough road return.

On the funeral-pile Achilles heaps honey and oil, cattle and sheep, four horses, nine hounds, and the twelve Trojan princes that he had taken alive at the river Scamander, and then set fire to it, praying the winds, Boreas and Zephyr, to fan the flame into fury. When all is consumed, the bones are gathered and placed in an urn of gold, and a tomb is raised.

On the next day, games are instituted in honour of the dead. These are most minutely described with all their attendant circumstances, the different prizes, the different competitors, and how each happened to succeed, in the chariot-race, in boxing, in wrestling, in the foot-race, in a single combat, in throwing the discus, in archery, and in darting the javelin.

BOOK XXIV.

But all this time the body of Hector is lying exposed on the ground to the attacks of dogs and vultures, and is saved from such indignity only by the care of Venus and Apollo; and now, at the end of twelve days, even the other gods, those who were hostile to the Trojans, take pity on the unburied corpse of the hero, and determine that it shall be given up to his friends to be interred with all due solemnity. Thetis, therefore, is sent to her son Achilles, to warn him of the anger of the gods, and bid him deliver up the body of Hector; while Iris, the rainbow-goddess, is sent to the court of Priam, to bid him seek the tent of Achilles with gifts, and entreat for the recovery of the slain.

> The Rainbow to her feet tied whirlwinds, and the place
> Reached instantly.

The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for his journey, and sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon full of presents under the charge of Idæus the herald.

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Mercury, in the shape of a young man, meets him by the way, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles.

> At Priam's entry, a great time Achilles gazed upon
> His wond'red at approach, nor ate; the rest did nothing see,
> While close he came up, with his hands fast holding the bent knee
> Of Hector's conqueror, and kissed that large man-slaught'ring hand,
> That much blood from his sons had drawn. And as in some strange land,
> And great man's house, a man is driven (with that abhorred dismay
> That follows wilful bloodshed still, his fortune being to slay
> One whose blood cries aloud for his) to plead protection
> In such a miserable plight as frights the lookers on:
> In such a stupified estate Achilles sate to see,
> So unexpected, so in night, and so incredibly,
> Old Priam's entry; all his friends one on another stared
> To see his strange looks, seeing no cause.

The old man then reminds Achilles of his old father Peleus, and what his feelings would be if his son were dead; and beseeches him, therefore, to take pity on another old man who has lost so many sons, and Hector the best of all, by the hands which he—old Priam—is now forced to kiss. Achilles is moved to tears, grants his prayer, entertains him during the night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body, promising to observe a truce of twelve days, while the funeral rites are solemnised. And so, amid the pomp and circumstance of a splendid funeral, the poem ends with the lamentations of the women, Andromache, Hector's wife, Hecuba, his mother, and Helen, his sister-in-law, the cause of the war.

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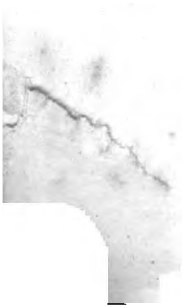

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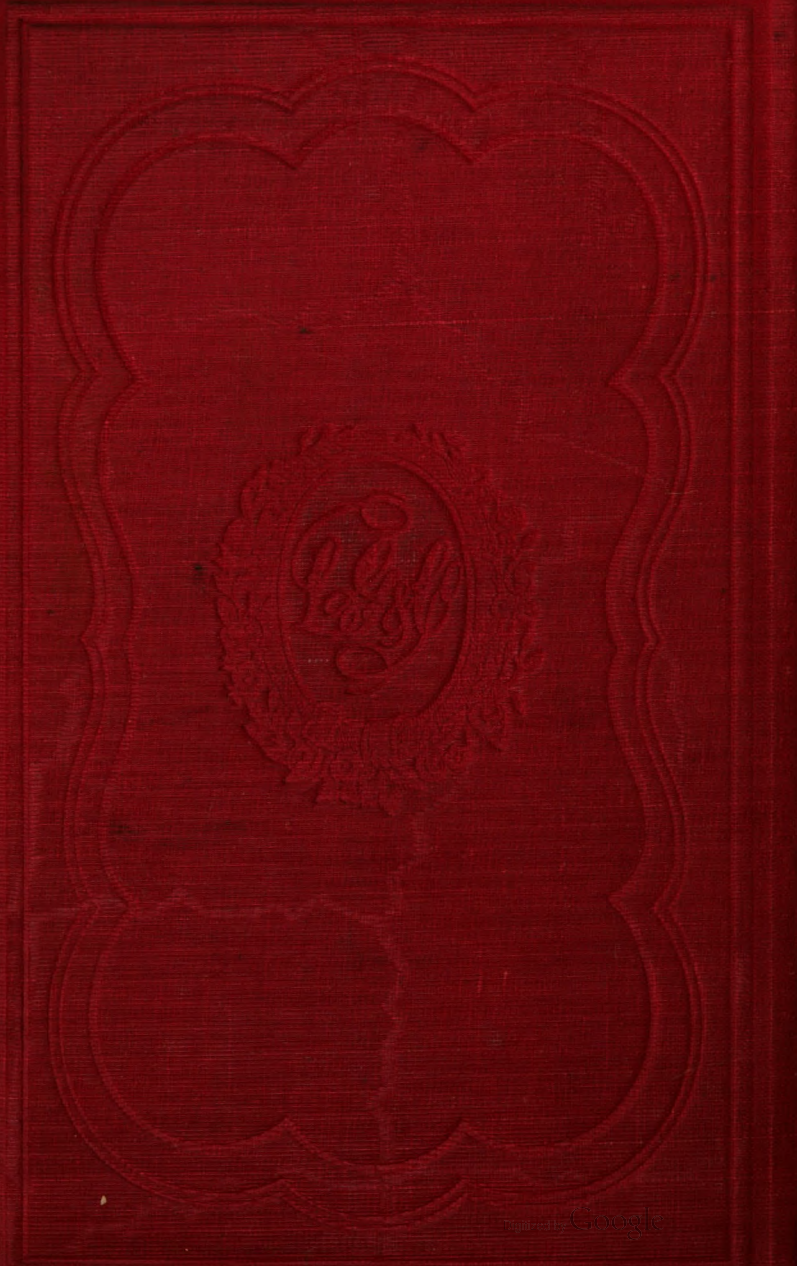
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